WILLIAM GIFFORD

TORY SATIRIST, CRITIC, AND EDITOR

BY

ROY BENJAMIN CLARK

L. G.

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
in the Faculty of Philosophy
Columbia University

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WILLIAM GIFFORD

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TO MY WIFE
ALFARETTA NISLEY CLARK

PREFACE

The aim of this book is to assemble in one volume the facts of William Gifford's life and to attempt an evaluation of his work. The book is the outgrowth of an investigation begun in a seminar in Columbia University under the direction of Professor Ernest H. Wright, at whose suggestion the present study was undertaken. The need of such a study is evident when it is recalled that there was no extended work on Gifford. The name of the man who guided the early life of that aggressively Tory organ, the *Quarterly Review*, will be forever linked, perhaps, with illiberal criticism, both literary and political; and anyone concerned with either of those fields will come into contact with the personality of the doughty editor of this periodical.

For the valuable assistance and advice which I received in the preparation of this book, I am greatly indebted to several members of the English Department of Columbia University. Professor Wright especially gave constant advice in the writing and revising of the manuscript and read the book in proof. Others who read the manuscript and gave helpful suggestions are Professors George Philip Krapp, Harry M. Ayres, Jefferson B. Fletcher, Emery E. Neff, and Henry W. Wells. Professor Ashley H. Thorndike also gave valuable suggestions for the work. All of these men have by their advice and constructive criticism made this book possible, and I wish to record here my appreciation of their help.

R. B. C.

Richmond, Kentucky
August, 1929

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Chapter I

INTRODUCTION AND BIOGRAPHY

In 1802 William Gifford published a translation of the *Satires* of Juvenal. Prefixed to the Introduction was a short autobiographic memoir of the translator, the reason for the publication of which will appear later. It recounted with modesty and simplicity the events of his early life and the circumstances connected with his translation of Juvenal. It is the only known source of information concerning the first twenty years of his life.

I

William Gifford was born at Ashburton, Devonshire, in April, 1756.[1] Of his ancestors he knew very little and professed to be unconcerned about them. In a note to the third edition, however, he says that he "derived nothing but a name" (page i) from his family; "but (to check the sneer of rude vulgarity) that family was among the most ancient and respectable in this part of the country, and, not more than three generations from the present, was counted among the wealthiest." His father, Edward Gifford, was a "very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He made his escape from the grammar school at Exeter and took service on an English warship. He was rescued from that position by his father and placed in school once more. But he again left school and wandered for a time with that notorious swindler, impostor, and gipsy king, Bampfylde Moore Carew. On his return from this adventure, he apprenticed himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he remained long enough to learn the trade. Having inherited two small estates by the death of his father, he married Elizabeth Cain, the daughter of a car-

penter of Ashburton, and set up for himself at South Molton, Devonshire. But becoming involved in an attempt to incite a riot in a Methodist chapel, he fled to escape prosecution and went to sea a second time. He was a good seaman and was soon made second in command of an armed transport in the service of the government.

In the meantime his wife returned to Ashburton, where the son, William, was born. The mother's resources were scanty, but she did what she could for the child. She sent him to a schoolmistress to be taught reading; but she herself taught him the folk literature of the country, which was disseminated chiefly by itinerant ballad readers. The father returned from sea in 1764. Although he had received considerable wages as mate and more than £100 prize money from the siege of Havana (1762), he brought little money home with him. He was shiftless, improvident, and too fond of conviviality ever to support his family. Weakened in body as a result of too frequent drinking bouts with friends, he died before he was forty years old.

The young Gifford was then only eleven years old. He had been for three years in a free school kept by Hugh Smerdon, but at his father's death he was compelled to discontinue because of his mother's inability to keep him in school. Gifford says that he did not have much affection for his father, who was always somewhat cold toward him. Moreover, he did nothing to make his father like him or be proud of him, for he learned little at school and nothing at home. The mother tried to continue the last trade of her husband, namely, that of glazier and painter; but her journeymen, finding her ignorant of the trade, wasted her property and embezzled her money. Two years after her husband's death she died in poverty, leaving a child not yet two years old, Gifford's only brother. "She loved her children dearly," says Gifford, "and died at last, exhausted

with anxiety and grief more on their account than her own."

After her death the boy's godfather, Mr. Carlile,[2] seized all the remaining property for money advanced by him to her. The younger brother was put into an almshouse and William was allowed to continue in school for a short time. He was physically weak and somewhat dwarfed. A few years earlier he had had an accident that weakened him for life and left him slightly deformed. In trying to climb upon a table he upset it, falling backwards and pulling the table so that it fell on his chest and permanently injured it. As a result he was unfit for hard physical work.

Carlile, soon wearying of the expense of sending him to the free school, tried to have him placed as an errand boy and general helper in a storehouse in Newfoundland; but the boy was rejected on account of his physical weakness. Carlile then had him placed on board a coaster that sailed from the neighboring town of Brixham. The boy's new master, though ignorant, was not ill-natured, and his mistress was always kind. One day, while he was trying to make himself as familiar as possible with his new work, he fell overboard and, by the merest accident, he says, was saved from drowning. The hardship of his life at Brixham aroused indignation among the people of Ashburton, chiefly, it seems, on account of his dwarfish stature. The women of his own town often went to Brixham to sell their fish, and they reported to their townspeople the state of things. Public opinion forced Carlile, in 1770, to bring the boy back.

All this time Gifford was unable to do anything for his little brother, who at the age of seven had been bound out to a farmer and had suffered terrible hardships. When nine years old he fell and broke his thigh, after which accident William tried to teach him to read and write. After he had recovered sufficiently, he was advised by his older

brother to try the sea. But about a year later, he fell ill and died at Cork.

Gifford was now alone in the world. After coming back from Brixham, he was allowed to go to school to a Mr. Furlong, under whom he did so well, especially in arithmetic, that he soon became the first in his class and was qualified to assist his master on extraordinary occasions. This privilege made him hope that he might be appointed to succeed his first master, Hugh Smerdon, who was now old and infirm; but when he told his plans to Carlile, he was treated with the utmost contempt and informed that he had gone to school enough. It was then (January 1, 1772) that he was apprenticed to a shoemaker.

His new master was a very arrogant and conceited Presbyterian. He was noisy and disputatious about the Exeter controversy, tracts of which on his side of the question were his only reading, with the exception of Fenning's *Dictionary*, of which he made a singular use. Gifford says that he learned the synonym of a word, or the periphrasis by which it was explained, and in his arguments constantly substituted this for the simpler term. In this way he always silenced his opponents, who were usually ignorant men.

With reference to his own reading, Gifford tells us that thus far it consisted of a black-letter romance called *Parismus and Parismenus*, a few loose magazines which his mother had brought from South Molton, the Bible, and the *Imitation* of Thomas à Kempis. Through his mother's influence he had become well acquainted with the Bible.

He found the task of cobbler's apprentice little to his liking. He hated his profession, he says, "with a perfect hatred"; and because of this attitude he was disliked by the family and soon sank into a common drudge. He pursued his favorite study of arithmetic, however, in secret. The

only book he possessed at that time, he says, was a treatise on algebra, given him by a young woman who found it in a lodging house. He could not use it, however, for it took for granted familiarity with the simple equation. A son of his master had an introduction to algebra, but kept it hid. One day by chance Gifford stumbled on its hiding place and sat up several nights in succession studying it. In this way he completely mastered it before the owner suspected that it was being used. But he could get neither paper nor pen and ink. To supply this lack, he tells us, he beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible and worked his problems on them with a blunt awl.

Of poetry he knew nothing. "Hitherto," he says "I had not so much as dreamt of poetry: indeed I scarcely knew it by name; and whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never 'lisped in numbers'." His first attempt at writing verse was inspired by seeing an acquaintance write a copy of some verses on a sign. His shopmates all agreed that this first attempt was successful. He thought no more about the incident until a similar chance presented itself. Such occasions continued until he had collected about a dozen scraps of original verse, which he says was the most deplorable stuff on earth. He never wrote these bits on paper, for the simple reason that he never had any paper. But he was also deterred from recording them because he was afraid of his master, who on one occasion had threatened him for "inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rime." He was often asked to repeat these compositions to his admiring circle of acquaintances. Sometimes little collections were taken after his recitals, one of which amounted to as much as sixpence. With the money he bought some paper and, by degrees, books on geometry and algebra, all of which he carefully concealed. This went on until one day, angered by the

boy's indifference to his trade and attempts at versification, the master searched his garret, seized his books, and prohibited all future attempts at composing verse.

About the same time another of his hopes was removed. His old schoolmaster, Hugh Smerdon, died and was succeeded by a young man not much older than Gifford and not so well qualified. With the removal of this hope, he says, he sank into "a kind of corporeal torpor; or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertions in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances whom compassion had yet left" to him. He was raised from this state, however, by the friendliness of a young woman of his own class, who, whenever he took solitary walks, usually came to the door as he passed by and attempted to secure his attention by a smile or a friendly question. Gradually, by careful effort, he won again the good will of his companions.

But all this time his master's business continued to drag and the apprentice received harsh treatment from his master. The only comfort he had was the reflection that his term of apprenticeship was drawing to a close. He made up his mind to renounce his trade and open a private school. It was during the next to the last year of his apprenticeship that a change in his fortunes occurred. He was found by William Cookesley, a physician at Ashburton, who was curious to see the author of the bits of doggerel verse that had reached his ears. Cookesley was so moved by the story of the apprentice that, with the help of his friends, he raised a subscription, with which he paid Gifford's master six pounds for the remaining period of the apprenticeship and sent the young man to school. Under his new master, the Rev. Thomas Smerdon, most probably Hugh Smerdon's successor, he did very well in his studies, and in two years and two months from the day he left his apprenticeship

he was pronounced by his teacher ready for the university.

While attending school under Thomas Smerdon, he wrote certain trifles in verse and became interested in translating the classics. He translated the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, he says, for a holiday task. Receiving praise from his master for this work, he translated the Third, Fourth, Twelfth, and Eighth Satires. He never preserved a single line of verse, he says, and took no further thought of his compositions, for he had no other end in view but that of giving temporary satisfaction to his benefactors. One of his benefactors, evidently the Rev. Thomas Smerdon or William Cookesley, advised him to make a copy of his translation of the Tenth Satire and present it on his arrival at college to the Rev. Doctor Stinton (afterwards Rector) of Exeter College. The translation was well received, and with this encouragement Gifford undertook to translate the First and Second Satires.

Gifford was matriculated in Exeter College on February 16, 1779.[3] Through the efforts of Thomas Taylor of Denbury, who gave him a letter of introduction to Dr. Stinton, he was appointed to the office of Bible clerk, or Bible reader, for the chapel; and on the strength of this position he was excused from paying "caution money," a fee charged to students as security for fines that might be levied against them on account of the destruction of furniture or other college property. Because of his proficiency in mathematics, he was excused from attending all lectures on that subject; and on recommendation of the Rector and fellows, he was given some tutorial duties. His interests were chiefly in the classics and in modern literature and language, especially the French. He was also interested in the drama, and even went so far as to try his hand at tragedy.[4] What became of his attempts he did not know. He says he gave them to a friend, who told him he was going to try to have them produced.

While in college, he was busy with the translation of Juvenal. It was either Cookesley or Smerdon who first suggested to him the plan of publishing by subscription a translation of all the Satires of this poet.[5] Gifford readily agreed to the proposal and finished translating the Thirteenth, Eleventh, and Fifteenth Satires. On the first of January, 1781, Cookesley opened at Ashburton a subscription for the publication and Gifford opened one at Exeter. Cookesley encouraged his protégé in every way possible. He himself criticized the translation and undertook, at his own suggestion, to translate the Eleventh Satire. He was compelled to give up the task, however, because he found himself unequal to it.

The part that his patron played during the years at college was an important one, nor was Gifford unmindful of the help he thus received. Upon Cookesley rested the burden of seeing that the subscription money for Gifford's support at college was kept up. He subscribed liberally himself and was always prompt in paying his subscriptions. Though dependent upon the meager income of a country physician, he often advanced the money of delinquent subscribers—for most of the subscribers were usually in arrears. Gifford was, of course, totally dependent on the subscription. On one occasion, while he was going to school to Thomas Smerdon, he was unable to buy a copy of Juvenal to make the translation of the Tenth Satire. Cookesley mentioned the circumstance to one of the subscribers, "Governor" Palk (afterwards Sir Robert),[6] who lived near Ashburton; whereupon the latter gave Cookesley a guinea for the volume and increased his subscription to three guineas annually. Cookesley also urged Gifford to collect his poems. In a letter[7] to Gifford he reminded him of "the corrected 'Pastorals' " and the new poems which he proposed should be printed and subscribed for among

Gifford's friends. Gifford proceeded with the work, and insisted that Cookesley's name should stand at the head of the list of subscribers. But the death of his patron in 1781 caused him to abandon the subscription edition of his poems; and there is no evidence that he ever renewed the attempt. After Cookesley's death the Rev. Servington Savery of Ashburton volunteered to conduct the subscription for Juvenal; but Gifford was so disheartened by the death of his friend, that he gave up, for a few years, all attempt to complete the translation, and returned the subscriptions to all the subscribers whose addresses he could find.

The affection between Gifford and Cookesley was deep and reciprocal. Gifford "sacredly preserved," says Smiles, all of Cookesley's letters to him while at college. Cookesley worked hard to earn his own income and really sacrificed to help Gifford. He often wrote to his young friend in the brief intervals between professional calls and at night when he ought to have been sleeping. He regarded Gifford as an adopted son and as "a dutiful and affectionate child," and felt that as a foster father he should give his "best assistance at all times." When Gifford left for college, the whole family wept. Gifford did not reside in Cookesley's home, but with a Mrs. Earle, who became very much attached to him and who also wept at his departure. When a favorite child of the Cookesleys died while Gifford was in college, the latter wrote an elegy on the child, which he sent to the parents, and which, though greatly admired, "caused the parents' tears to burst forth afresh." Mrs. Cookesley, as a token of regard, sent Gifford "a ring in memory of the dear child." When Cookesley died, Gifford wrote an elegy upon him also, which was sent to the family. It was published in the *Literary Gazette* for June 9, 1827, as an appendage to an article on Gifford, written most prob-

ably by William Gifford Cookesley, the grandson of Gifford's first patron.[8]

Gifford received the degree of B. A. from Oxford on October 10, 1782. While at Oxford, he had formed a friendship with William Peters, a painter then attending Exeter College, who in the early eighties exhibited a few paintings at the Royal Academy. Peters did not, however, remain at Exeter. He was under the patronage of Lord Grosvenor and lived in a house of his patron at Millbank. Later he entered the Church and received the degree of B.C.L. from Exeter College in 1788. Gifford used to write to Peters using, at his friend's request, Lord Grosvenor's franked envelopes. On one occasion Gifford (so he relates in the Autobiography) by mistake left the letter to Peters unaddressed; and Lord Grosvenor, thinking it to be his, read it. He was so much impressed by the tone and style of the letter that he prevailed upon Peters to bring Gifford out to his estate so that he might meet the young man. In this way Gifford found a new patron. Lord Grosvenor was attracted to the young man, probably by his learning, and inquired concerning his prospects for the future. On Gifford's reply that he had none whatever, Lord Grosvenor offered to be responsible for his support until he should have established himself. A few years later his new patron engaged him as traveling tutor for his son.

Here begins a period of Gifford's life for which biographical details are meager. Gifford lived at the home of his patron; in town this was at Grosvenor Manor, Grosvenor Square. He says that as tutor he accompanied young Richard Grosvenor on the Continent and "with him in two successive tours . . . spent many years." If the "many years" refer to his travel on the Continent, they were most probably spent before 1790. The only things we know with certainty during these years are that he was in France

in 1787, in England in 1788, in Italy in 1789, and back in England in 1790. There is no evidence that he visited the Continent after 1790. He published the *Baviad* in 1791 and the *Maeviad* in 1795, and he was editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* for about eight months during the years 1797–1798. The probable explanation for the meagerness of detail is that he had settled down to the commonplaces of his tutorial duties with occasional digressions to the translating of Juvenal and the writing of his satires.

Freed from the necessity of having to make his own way, Gifford lived at the home of his new patron, where he again took up the task of completing the translation of Juvenal's *Satires*. But this task was interrupted by many other things. He soon fell out with his friend Peters, who was forced to relinquish his connection with Lord Grosvenor. Gifford's quarrel with Peters was well known, but there were different stories as to its cause. The chief sources of information are John Taylor,[9] who was a friend of both Gifford and Peters, and Dr. John Wolcot ("Peter Pindar"), who became Gifford's bitterest enemy.[10]

Taylor was an optician, poet, and editor, who knew and repeated all the current gossip; and his account is more trustworthy than Wolcot's, because the latter was inspired by personal enmity and written by an unscrupulous man. The position of Gifford and Peters at Grosvenor House made it especially unfortunate for the former, whether or not he was responsible for the quarrel, for he had made his acquaintance with Grosvenor through his former friend Peters. What seems to have happened was the following:

Gifford and John Hoppner, a young portrait painter of rising prominence, had become close friends, probably through Peters.[11] Gifford invited Hoppner to visit him at his patron's home. The feeling of rivalry between the two painters, which was only natural, was increased, says

Taylor, by the fact that Gifford, assisted by Hoppner, published in a newspaper a criticism ridiculing Peters' pictures in the Royal Academy. Both Gifford and Hoppner were of a satirical turn and spared nobody. This incident precipitated the quarrel. Peters accused Gifford of using the artifice (before the quarrel he let it be regarded as an accident) of the undirected letter purposely to tempt the curiosity of Lord Grosvenor. That Gifford had taken extraordinary pains with that particular letter, Taylor says, was evident; and the plan, if it was such, succeeded. In trying to effect a reconciliation, Taylor heard both sides. According to him, the break occurred about 1787.[12]

Lord Grosvenor, to whom both Gifford and Peters were somewhat servile, was evidently coarse and unrefined. His chief interest was in horses, of which he was a great breeder. He told Gifford that he was unable to distinguish between boiled beef and a delicate loin of veal. His other tastes seem to have been equally blunt; and his practices were, in accord with the custom of many of the titled class, not sanctioned by present-day standards of morality. Gifford and Peters accused each other of disgraceful servility to the coarse and lewd habits and desires of their patron. Peters, most probably at the request of Grosvenor, painted some pictures for his patron which according to Taylor were "far from being of a decorous nature." This deed Peters ever afterwards sincerely regretted. But he, in turn, charged Gifford with being a procurer for his patron. William Combe (author of *Dr. Syntax*) was also a friend of both men and tried to stop the quarrel. But failing in this, he told Lord Grosvenor that if he did not "put a stop to this persecution of his old friend Peters, he would write an heroic epistle to Lord Grosvenor from his repudiated lady." Knowing the power of the pen of Combe, Grosvenor saw to it that the quarrel with the pen stopped;

and from that time on Gifford and Peters abused each other in private.

Gifford himself had a violent temper, and his quarrels with Hoppner were the amusement of their common acquaintances,[13] though, to be sure, Hoppner was equally to blame. Whether or not Gifford more than Peters was responsible for the quarrel, Gifford felt so bitter towards Peters that he drew up an "attested account of the rise, progress, and termination of his dear 'friend's' connection" with him.[14] Wolcot also charged Gifford with treachery to Peters and accused him of pandering to Lord Grosvenor's vices. So far he was not alone in his accusations; but in his other charges he seems to be the only accuser. In Wolcot's own words,[15] Gifford's "next glorious action was to send a cast-off strumpet of his lordship to the widow of his old friend Cookesley; who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable boarding school. She was recommended by Gifford as a modest young lady, and in a few months betrayed her old Cyprian propensities, and very expeditiously blasted the school: this was the subject of another triumph. To continue his progress in infamy with an equal splendor, he seduced a beautiful and innocent girl, called Mary Weeks, to Ashburton. Under pretense of marrying her, a fellow with a surplice was prepared to execute the nefarious matter: the sham ceremony was performed; the poor girl was ruined; and after satiety had taken place with her infamous seducer, she was sent back to Ashburton, where she pined and died of a broken heart. To support the credit of his past achievements, he published a most dirty and scandalous poem, called 'Ashburtoniad,' abusing all his old and respectable benefactors."

Such is a part of Wolcot's account of Gifford. There is enough truth in his whole account to make one wonder which is the truth and which pure fabrication. William

Jerdan records a poetical letter in heroic couplets written by Gifford while at Oxford to a girl at Ashburton.[16] It is an answer to a reproach that he had been neglecting her. After some general remarks about the power of love, the writer assures the girl that she alone is the subject of his thought and his fancy, that it is she alone whom he loves.

> Thy dear idea fill my every thought,
> Nor e'en in slumber is thy name forgot.

Among the notes to the *Baviad and Maeviad* (1811) are three poems in four-line stanzas which are also autobiographical. They are "To a Tuft of Early Violets," "Greenwich Hill," and "The Grave of Anna."[17] Gifford says that the first two were written while Anna was alive and the last at her death two years late. All three poems convey the impression that the writer believed that he himself would shortly die; in fact, Gifford says that "The Grave of Anna" was written at a time when he had no idea of surviving to provoke the indignation of Parsons.[18] In "To a Tuft of Early Violets" the poet calls upon these flowers to

> Come and grace my Anna's breast,

and then he reflects how fortunate the violets so placed would be.

> More blest than me, thus shall ye live
> Your little day; and when ye die,
> Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give
> A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.
>
> While I alas! no distant date,
> Mix with the dust from whence I came,
> Without a friend to weep my fate,
> Without a stone to tell my name.

The second poem gives an account of a day's outing the writer had spent with Anna on the first of May at Green-

wich Hill. It describes the love that each felt but suggests that for the poet it must soon end. The third poem expresses the wish that the writer himself were dead and buried with Anna. It also says that he must leave her grave and return to it no more.

The *Maeviad* (lines 181–202), in a passage clearly autobiographical, refers to the same girl.[19] These lines restate Gifford's love for her and his great loss at her death. It is only conjecture that the young woman who befriended Gifford while he was still an apprentice, the girl to whom he wrote from Oxford, and Anna were the same person. It is possible that Wolcot constructed his story of Gifford and Mary Weeks out of this material. A custom of Gifford's of keeping a female housekeeper and companion would have a tendency to give rise to scandal; though Scott said[20] he believed no scandal arose from this custom. The charge that Gifford wrote a scurrilous poem on some of the people of Ashburton probably originated from the fact that he had written a number of poems more or less satirical. The "Pastorals" have already been referred to. Young Cookesley ("Eponymos") mentioned five eclogues which are probably the same poems. It is easy to imagine that one or more of the poems were satirical. The charge that a "cast-off strumpet" of Lord Grosvenor's, whom Gifford had recommended to Mrs. Cookesley, wrecked that lady's boarding school, is almost certainly malicious misrepresentation. Wolcot called the housekeeper and companion of Gifford a "decoy-duck," whom he kept to accommodate "his Maecenas," and whom he sent "to necessitous young women of beauty and innocence, under the pretext of learning to read and write." This charge is, as we have seen, merely a repetition of the one Peters made.

It was probably during 1786 and 1787 that Gifford made his first tour of Europe with his pupil, Richard Grosvenor,

who was then about nineteen or twenty years of age and had inherited the title of Lord Belgrave. Lord Charles Somerset seems to have gone with them; for on October 17, 1787, this company of three left their inscription at the Grande Chartreuse, testifying to the romantic beauty of the place.[21] The next year (1788) Gifford was back in England. In the latter half of the year he was one of a party of friends and relatives of Lord Belgrave that gathered at Eaton-Hall to celebrate his pupil's twenty-first birthday. The party decided to keep a record of events in the form of a journal which was to be produced each morning at breakfast. Gifford was chosen editor of this journal, which was called the *Eaton Chronicle; or the Salt Box.* It was begun on August 20, and continued daily through twenty numbers. The collected numbers were published in one volume in 1789. In the "Preface to the Reader" Gifford stated that whatever changes were necessary he made "with tenderness and to the best of his judgment, conformable to the mind of the author." This is the first editorial work of Gifford, and as such it is of interest here. One of the poems, in a half humorous way, referred twice to Gifford's feeling of importance as editor.[22] The following lines from the same poem give an impression of the somewhat grotesque appearance of the editor:

> And G——— leap with all his might
> To show his clumsiness—and fright
> The ladies into fits.

The volume contains no other information concerning him. In 1789 Gifford was again in Europe, presumably with Lord Belgrave. Of the details of this visit we know nothing except a few hints or chance remarks in his writings. From a footnote in Juvenal[23] we learn that he visited Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, probably because it is spoken of both by Virgil and by Juvenal.

From 1790 to 1809 almost the only details we know of him are in connection with his work as author and editor. For most of the time he lived at the home of Lord Grosvenor, making free use of his library. He gave his patron's daughter a reading course in literature. In 1791 he issued the *Baviad*,[24] a periphrastic imitation of the First Satire of Persius, directed against a group of poetasters called the Della Cruscans. In 1795 he published the *Maeviad* in imitation of the Tenth Satire of Horace. This was directed against the same group, and was especially intended to ridicule their attempts at drama. In 1797 a one-volume edition of the *Baviad and Maeviad* was brought out by the publisher, Faulder. This edition contained an abusive note on John Williams, alias Anthony Pasquin[25], a scurrilous versifier and satirist of painters, actors, and poets. The original edition had contained merely an allusion to Pasquin (line 191), but the note in the later edition induced him to bring suit against Faulder and every bookseller who sold the edition. The case was heard in 1798 with Lord Kenyon presiding. The leading counsel for Williams was Thomas Erskine, but he seems not to have made a serious effort to prosecute. He yielded to his opponent on all but one count, and that not an important one. The counsel for Faulder, to show that the plaintiff's character was in no way injured by the publication, had some of his works read. The jury became impatient, and interrupting the reading of the evidence, non-suited the plaintiff on the spot. The judge, Lord Kenyon, declared that Gifford had conferred a favor on mankind by exposing such wretches. The actions instituted against the other parties were dismissed. William Cobbett, writing after he had turned anti-government, says[26] that this case was a blot on Gifford's record, that Lord Kenyon was "the most partial and unprincipled Judge that ever disgraced the office," and that the jury was packed

for the purpose of keeping Williams from recovering anything. He declares that the Treasury paid the expense of the trial for Gifford and it therefore could not afford to have Gifford lose. But Cobbett's testimony here should be discounted; and certainly Williams' writings were no more respectable than Gifford's. In 1797, through the suggestion of his publisher Wright, Gifford was selected by George Canning and a few other Tories as editor of the *Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner*, which he contined to edit during the life of the paper. The chief purpose of the periodical was to combat the influence of the French Revolution in England; and it was Gifford's special duty, as editor, to refute the "lies, misrepresentations, and mistakes" of the pro-Revolutionary newspapers in England. As a reward for his service in behalf of the government, he was made Paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners at a salary of £1000 annually. This office was a mere sinecure, being little else than an excuse for a pension. Shortly afterwards he received a double commissionership of the Lottery, which gave him an additional salary of £100. The latter office he retained until his death.[27]

In 1800 a literary quarrel arose between Gifford and Peter Pindar (Dr. John Wolcot), the most prominent political satirist of the time, which culminated in a personal encounter between the two satirists. In the November, 1799, number of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*[28] there appeared a damaging criticism of Peter Pindar's *Nil Admirari; or A Smile at a Bishop. The Pursuits of Literature*,[29] by T. J. Mathias, also contained an attack on Peter Pindar. Wolcot, knowing that Gifford had been editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and knowing also that a Gifford was editor of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, naturally concluded that the author of the attack in the *Review* was William Gifford. Moreover, he believed that Gifford was one of the authors of *The Pursuits*

of Literature. He therefore answered these attacks by publishing, as a postscript to *Prophetic Odes, or Lord Auckland's Triumph* (1800), an abusive and libelous attack on Gifford's character. Enraged by this postscript, Gifford replied in an equally abusive and libelous satire entitled *An Epistle to Peter Pindar.* This brought from Wolcot a threatening advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle,* which Gifford countered by advertising for some back numbers of the *Times* which contained damaging references to some of Wolcot's earlier deviltry. Wolcot sent him an anonymous letter promising him bodily injury, and on August 18, he sought out Gifford at Wright's shop in Piccadilly, where Gifford was in the habit of going in the forenoons. According to the best authenticated account,[30] he found Gifford there, reading a newspaper, and came up to him and inquired whether his name was William Gifford. Without giving Gifford time to reply, he raised his cane and struck him over the head. Although Wolcot was a huge, burly man and Gifford sickly and deformed, the latter in some way seized the cane from Wolcot's hands and was using it effectively on Wolcot's head, when two men (the only persons in the shop at the time) interfered and thrust Wolcot into the street. Wolcot had lost his hat in the scuffle and it was thrown out into the street to him. Gifford kept the cane as a trophy of his triumph.

Wolcot's signed statement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* on the following day and is considerably different. According to his story, the bystanders wrenched the cane from him immediately, whereupon he used his fist, and was making good progress when his hands were seized. Gifford then used his own cane and struck him several times over the head. Wolcot was hustled out into the street and the door was locked against him. He entreated in vain to be let in again, but he succeeded only in having a letter to

Gifford admitted, which he declared was written before the encounter. The letter stated that had Gifford possessed something more of the human form, he would have been treated as a man; but as things were, he had to be contented with being whipped as a malicious monkey. Wolcot said that he then retired to the house of a friend and after about an hour returned to Wright's shop to finish the affair; but he found the door still locked and Gifford, as he believed, still inside. He was not allowed to enter, but he asked that Gifford be informed that he could depend on every castigation due his calumny, and that in spite of his *noble* supporters, he, Wolcot, would try to accomplish it. "Gifford has given out, as a matter of triumph," he continued, "that he possesses my cane, and that he means to preserve it as a trophy. Let me recommend an inscription for it. 'The Cane of Justice, with which I, William Gifford, late Cobbler of Ashburton, have been soundly drubbed for my infamy.'" It is doubtful, however, whether Wolcot's account is a true one; all other reports are similar to the account given first.

Wolcot announced at the time that he would soon reply with the pen in a satire entitled *A Cut at a Cobbler;* but on second thought, he decided against this procedure.

> On the appearance of this gentleman's last lying Publication, which was in some measure answered by the *argumentum baculinum*, I entertained thoughts of a formal execution of the felon, in a solemn poetical Epistle; but, on reflection, thinking him beneath the dignity of such an exhibition, I determined to *hang him* in a *note:*
>
> For, should the Muse's satire bid him die,
> The Goddess really *guillotines a fly.*

He then proceeded to "hang him in a note" by quoting an alleged letter from Lord Grosvenor to Gifford relating to the latter's subserviency to the vices of his patron.[31] Taylor says that he explained to Wolcot "his mistake in confound-

ing the two Giffords and attacking the wrong one," and that when "the matter was understood by both parties, all enmity was at an end." He further asserts that he succeeded in making them send "amicable inquiries as to the health of each other," and that he himself conveyed the messages. Whether Taylor's statement is true or not,[32] one thing is certain: neither satirist withdrew his charges; each continued to republish them in subsequent editions of his work.

Gifford had, in the meantime, been working on Juvenal and writing occasional comments on politics for the papers. He said in 1803: "I have written some things which I have avowed, and more which I have not—but not a line which I shall ever blush to own."[33] When Cobbett was in America the first time he had some correspondence with Gifford, and when he returned in 1800, he looked up the satirist and formed a friendship which Cobbett was at first glad to acknowledge. He implies that Gifford had a financial interest in *The Porcupine*. He says that when he sold it to Redhead Yorke and a Mr. Bateman, who merged it with the *True Briton* in November, 1801, he himself lost about £450 and Gifford about £300. Gifford was strongly opposed to the terms of the Peace of Amiens, and was incensed with Pitt, whom he held chiefly responsible for the humiliating conditions. Writing to William Windham in 1801, Cobbett says: "Mr. Pitt's city friends (except perhaps a few of the elect) deny that he has had any hand in the Peace, while his enemies contend that he has, and while we (I mean Gifford and myself) have proof positive of the fact, a fact which we shall boldly state at all times when we think it necessary."[34]

By 1802 Gifford had translated all the *Satires* of Juvenal except the Sixteenth; and in that year he published the delayed work in a quarto volume dedicated to his patron,

Lord Grosvenor. With the translation he published his own autobiography, which he was induced to write by the fact that Wolcot two years earlier had called him a scoundrel for accepting subscription money for a work he never intended to publish. The translation involved him in a literary quarrel with the *Critical Review*,[35] which had criticized it adversely. Gifford retorted in 1803 by publishing a pamphlet entitled *An Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers on the Translation of Juvenal*, and the next year by *A Supplement to the Strictures*. During these same years he had been preparing an edition of the complete works of Massinger, which appeared from the press in 1805. In the following year a second edition of Juvenal, revised, in one octavo volume, and including the Sixteenth satire, was published.

Gifford now lived in St. James Street, Buckingham Gate, with his housekeeper and companion, Ann Davies. When the *Quarterly Review* was set on foot, he was selected as editor. During the years in this position, he found time to continue his work as editor of the dramatists. In 1813 he brought out a second edition of Massinger, in the Advertisement to which he answered with characteristic harshness and contemptuousness an adverse criticism of the first edition in the *Edinburgh Review*.[36] In 1816 he published an edition of Ben Jonson in nine octavo volumes. During the following year he issued the third edition of his translation of Juvenal in two volumes, including a verse translation of the *Satires* of Persius, which he had made during the preceding summers when he was at Ryde for his health. He began work on an edition of the works of Shirley; but when a reprint of Weber's edition (1811) of Ford's works was contemplated, he laid the former aside and in 1827[37] brought out his own two-volume edition of the latter dramatist. He had in the meantime published

his translation of Persius separately in 1821. His edition of the collected works of Shirley in six volumes was almost completed at his death in 1826.

For fifteen years Gifford continued as editor of the *Quarterly Review*. When not actually engaged in editorial duties, he was busy with contemplated editions of the dramatists or advising the publisher Murray as to the publication of various works. His health had always been precarious and gradually became worse. For years he had been accustomed to spend the summers at the seaside in vain attempts to find relief. During his editorship he used to hurry off to Ryde, Isle of Wight, in the summer months, as soon as the current number of the *Quarterly* was off his hands, to try to get a few weeks of rest. Here he was frequently visited by friends.

In 1812 Murray moved his publishing house to 50 Albemarle Street to be near Gifford's residence in St. James Street, Buckingham Gate. That Gifford suffered greatly is very evident from numerous letters which Smiles[38] gives. He was subject to asthma and had attacks of jaundice. Many years before, he had described himself in his "Ode to John Ireland" as having

> . . . . one eye not over good,
> Two sides that to their cost have stood
> A ten years' hectic cough
> Aches, stitches, all the various ills
> That swell the dev'lish doctor's bills,
> And sweep poor mortals off.[39]

And in 1811 he wrote to Scott:[40] "Here am I, a miserable invalid, old in years, older in constitution, without eyes, without strength, without anything, grubbing on, while the mighty men of war are satisfied with looking at me." Murray was very generous to him and sent him numerous gifts, sometimes of checks (once a check for £500), some-

times of books to read while he was resting at Ryde, and sometimes of various things for his comfort.

Gifford always took his housekeeper with him to the seaside. In the summer of 1814 she became very ill at Ryde and he spent much time attending her. Murray, who had just received a hare and two partridges from Byron, sent one of the latter to the sick woman. Writing to Murray on October 20, Gifford said that he was still taking care of his housekeeper, with whom, he declared, he would willingly divide his last farthing.[41] She died in 1815, and Gifford erected a stone to her memory, on which he caused an epitaph in blank verse of his own composition to be carved. He had some portraits of her made, and these he distributed among his most intimate friends after her death. He secured another housekeeper, but he had to dismiss her for misusing funds which she received for the management of his household.

His ill health kept him confined most of the time to his home or office. After 1814, or thereabout, he never went out to mingle with other people; and much of the time he scarcely ventured to walk out of doors. During the summer of 1816 he went to Dover, accompanied by a young woman whom he referred to as Phyllis.[42] Whether she was his housekeeper or not could not be determined. On his return from Dover in no better health, Murray presented him with a coach, or chariot, to enable him to get about more easily. He continued to go to Ryde, at least until 1819. In the summer of 1821, however, he drove to Ramsgate in an effort to get relief, but on his return he was not much improved. He continued to have more frequent spells of illness, and was confined to bed with a pain in his side. While in this condition, he saw in the paper that he had been drawn for the militia. He joked about the mistake in a note to Murray, exclaiming characteristically, "But what triple-turned asses are those Deputy Lieutenants!"[43]

In 1822 Gifford's illness became so acute that he was unable to carry on his editorial duties; and, for one or two numbers at least, John Wilson Croker, one of the chief contributors, assisted by John Barrow, another of the mainstays, took charge. The numbers were almost always behind time. In 1813 the circulation fell from 5000 to 4000 as a result of the delay in publication. In 1819 only three numbers appeared.[44] In 1823 he was in Ramsgate whenever he was able to be up. It was in this year that he was urged to try to secure a successor, but he seems to have made little effort in that direction. Southey had already urged on Murray and Gifford the choice of a man to take Gifford's place—namely, John Taylor Coleridge, a nephew of the poet and philosopher. Both Barrow and Croker thought Gifford ought to quit; but either because he could find no one that suited him or because he was loth to give up, he still clung to his position. The affairs of the *Quarterly* were at so low an ebb that even other reviews were advocated. Haygarth, whom Gifford had earlier mentioned to Canning as a possible successor, had now become an opponent of Murray and out of the misfortune of the *Quarterly Review* was born, says Gifford, Jeremy Bentham's organ of utilitarianism, the *Westminster Review*.[45]

During the summer of 1823, however, Gifford rallied sufficiently to go back to work. Barrow visited him at Ramsgate in August, and, finding him better, urged him to go ahead with the work and not worry about a successor. The old editor finally agreed to continue until the sixtieth number inclusive, after which he was to sever all connection with the *Quarterly*. He continued for another year; but during 1824 only two numbers appeared. Number 60, which was due in January, did not come out until August, and Number 61, due in April, did not appear until December With the appearance of the sixtieth number, Gifford resigned and J. T. Coleridge became editor.

The selection of Coleridge was, it seems, only temporary. Gifford was favorably enough disposed towards him. The veteran editor had earlier expressed his opinion concerning the young lawyer and reviewer. He considered Coleridge's articles too long drawn out, but he liked the man and thought he ought to be encouraged. Gifford himself had approached Robert Grant[46] on the subject, but he refused. Grant was a frequent contributor to the *Quarterly*, and his opinions and ability were highly respected by such men as George Ellis and Scott. Gifford had had his eye upon Reginald Heber, who before his promotion in the Church had been the first choice. Gifford told Barrow[47] that he had also suggested Nassau Senior, another contributor, but that Murray had taken some dislike to him. Smiles,[48] however, says that Gifford was mistaken in thinking that Murray disliked Senior. Coleridge was unwilling to give up a promising law career, but he finally consented to become editor. He was probably appointed, therefore, until another could be found. After two years in the position, he was succeeded by John Gibson Lockhart, whom Gifford hardly had a voice in selecting.

After 1824 Gifford lived in retirement at his home in St. James Street, Buckingham Gate, working a little at his notes for editions of Ford and Shirley. He suffered terribly from asthma, and towards the last became too weak to receive friends who came to enquire after his health. In 1824 he was offered the Doctor's degree by Oxford, but he refused the honor because he was unable to appear in public; whereupon Exeter College offered to confer it in private at the Rector's lodgings. Gifford declined this also, and begged Dean Ireland to excuse him as best he could; for, he wrote Canning, "It might, for aught I know, be a hard race between a shroud and a gown which shall get to me first; at any rate, was too late for honors." In the early

part of 1826, he received a gift, probably in money, from Canning, Frere, Lord Liverpool, and others, as a token of their esteem and affection for him. On November 15th of this year he sent Canning a copy of his edition of Ford, just off the press.[49] He died at his home on the last day of the same year; and through the influence of his friend, Dr. Ireland, who was Dean of Westminster, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. His funeral was attended by most of his friends and associates of the *Quarterly Review*. According to Nichols,[50] in the first mourning coach were Dr. Ireland General Grosvenor, "Mr. Cookesley, sr., and Mr. Cookesley, jr." Among others in the mourning carriages were Croker, Barrow, Lockhart, Murray, and John Taylor. The two Cookesleys must have been the Rev. Mr. Cookesly, son of Gifford's benefactor and chief beneficiary under the will, and William Gifford Cookesley, grandson of the Ashburton physician and the "Eponymos" in the *Literary Gazette*.

Gifford's executor was Dr. Ireland, whom he had ordered to destroy all his confidential papers, especially those relating to the *Quarterly Review*. Gifford left the bulk of his fortune, which amounted to over £25,000, to the Rev. Mr. Cookesley, son of his old friend and benefactor. He left provision for the founding of two scholarships in Exeter College, of £30 each, for boys from Ashburton or Devonshire, bequeathing for the purpose £2000 in three per cent bonds. He left £3000 to relatives of Ann Davies. To Mrs. Hoppner he left his house for the remainder of the lease (nearly thirty years), and to her children he left small legacies of a few hundred pounds. He bequeathed to Murray £100 as a memorial, and left with him 500 guineas to pay to another man who at an earlier period had advance a sum to William Cookesley. To Dean Ireland he bequeathed fifty guineas for a ring, and gave him and Bishop Heber the privilege of choosing from his library such books as they desired.

II

The impression received of the private life of Gifford is not a unified one; there is some conflicting testimony. It is difficult to separate Gifford the reviewer from Gifford the man. Moreover, almost all the evidence we have is likely to be tinged with prejudice, for it is furnished by close personal friends and admirers, or by bitter personal or political enemies.

To his friends Gifford was modest, pleasant, and genial; and even strangers were struck with his gentleness and good nature when they met him. William Jerdan,[51] who was editor of the *Literary Gazette* and a lifelong friend of Gifford, says: "I speak of him as he always was to me, full of gentleness, a sagacious adviser, and instructive upon so comprehensive a scale that I never met his superior among the men of the age most renowned for vast information, and captivating powers in communicating it." It was probably Jerdan who spoke of him as "good and mild, and overflowing with gentle affections."[52] John Taylor knew Gifford for forty years. He[53] pronounced him

> The best good man with the worst natured muse.

In domestic life he was, continues Taylor, "a kind master, and of a forgiving nature." After the death of his housekeeper and companion, Ann Davies, Gifford secured another woman and in confidence of her fidelity settled a pension of a guinea a week on her for life. But when he found out that she had been delinquent in her duties and had run her master in debt £500 by using for herself the allowance for housekeeping expenses, he merely dismissed her. R.W. Hay, one of the contributors to the *Quarterly*, said that in all his dealings with Gifford as editor he "found him most kind and considerate. . . . That his heart was quite in the right place, I have had perfect means of knowing from

more than one circumstance; e.g., his anxiety for the welfare of his friend Hoppner the painter's children was displayed in the variety of modes which he adopted to assist them; and when John Galt was sorely maltreated in the *Review* in consequence of his having attributed to me, incorrectly, an article which occasioned his wrath and indignation, and afterwards was exposed to many embarrassments in life, Gifford most kindly took up his cause, and did all he could to further the promotion of his family."[54] When young George Ticknor first came to London, he brought a letter of introduction to Gifford. "I found him," he says, " . . . one of the best-natured, most open and well bred gentlemen I have ever met."[55] Washington Irving found him "mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming."[56]

With the exception of Dr. Wolcot, whose opinion may be dismissed in this instance, and of William Peters, whose charges have been discussed above, no one worthy of notice made an attack on his character. Even Hazlitt, in his most splenetic attacks, limits his remarks about Gifford's personal life to ridicule of his pretending to be more than a cobbler. But there is no evidence that Hazlitt knew the editor personally. Hunt, to be sure, gives a picture of the man which does not represent him as very amiable; but it is colored by the author's own dislike of him. Hunt relates that when he was attending a sale of books one day, he saw Gifford. "I was standing among the bidders with my friend, the late Mr. Barron Field, when he jogged my elbow and said: 'There is Gifford over the way looking at you with *such* a face!' I met the eyes of my beholder and saw a little man with a warped frame and a countenance between the querulous and the angry, gazing at me with all his might. It was, truly enough, the satirist who could

not bear to be satirized—the denouncer of incompetencies, who could not bear to be told of his own."[57]

Cobbett, who, up to 1802 at least, enjoyed a personal friendship with Gifford, later became a vigorous political opponent. In a letter to Windham expressing his regret at Windham's defeat for Parliament at Norwich, he says: "and as to poor Gifford, be is absolutely crazy about it. I love and honor him at all times, but at times like these his heart overflows with goodness of that sort which endears him to me in a manner that I can hardly describe."[58] A few years later, however, when he began hammering away in his *Political Register* at the practice of the government of giving salaries to its supporters, Gifford came under his blows. But he always regarded Gifford as a man of genius who had fallen among evil companions. At least twice he declared that the Tory editor at heart detested the principles and system he supported. "Sinecure Gifford" was but one of the "government hirelings, living in modest quarters [in 1800] but affixing Esquire to their names."[59] He asserts that it was because of the tastes Gifford acquired from his noble patron and friends that he allied himself with the government and the established church. Gifford chose, he says, "made-dishes, wine, a fine house and a footman," instead of "a bit of bacon, a scrag of mutton and a lodging of ten shillings a week." Having made this choice, Gifford naturally became the servile editor of Canning's *Anti-Jacobin;* "and he, who had more wit and learning than the rest of the writers put together, became the miserable tool in circulating their attacks upon everything that was hostile to a system which he deplored and detested." It was this same choice, Cobbett continues, which resulted in Gifford's becoming "a sort of whipper-in" of the *Quarterly Review,* and which made his existence "a life of luxurious misery, than which a worse is not to be imagined." But

this belief of Cobbett's that Gifford was not at heart what he stood for in public, is refuted by all other evidence. It was written thirteen years after a pamphlet (*Anti-Cobbett*, 1817) was circulated against him, of which he believed Gifford was part author; and it seems to be an effort to be as generous as possible to a man whom he formerly admired and for whom he had no personal enmity.

Rogers tells us that the quarrels between Gifford and his friend John Hoppner were the amusement of some of their acquaintances.[60] But Gifford remained a firm friend of Hoppner until the latter died. The case of his former friend Peters, however, is different; and it must be confessed that, no matter who was at fault, Gifford's conduct toward Peters was extremely disagreeable and vindictive. The breach in their friendship was never repaired, and Gifford kept himself in readiness to publish, on sufficient provocation, an attested account of their relations.

The fullest intimate picture of Gifford is that found in an article in the *Literary Gazette*[61] shortly after his death. The account is frankly eulogistic, though not blind to faults in his character and literary life. The author is very probably William Gifford Cookesley, grandson of Gifford's old friend and patron, and son of the beneficiary under his will. He signed himself "Eponymos," and appended to the article a copy of Gifford's "Elegy on the Death of William Cookesley." In the article he speaks of the thoughtfulness of Gifford in writing to him and remembering him with little gifts of various kinds while he was going to school. It is known that William Gifford Cookesley attended Eton shortly before this time, and afterwards became a fellow at Eton and a classical scholar of some repute.[62] It is therefore safe to assume that he was the young Mr. Cookesley who attended the funeral of Gifford and also the author of this sketch. He is naturally prejudiced in favor of his subject.

In appearance, he says, Gifford had a low head with a square, protruding forehead, and long from front to back. He had thick, glossy, brown hair until his death, at the age of seventy-one. He had very animated and intelligent eyes. As already stated, he was noticeably deformed. (Wolcot had described him as a fellow with the shape of the letter Z. Ticknor found him "a short, deformed, and ugly little man, with a large head sunk between his shoulders, and one of his eyes turned outward. . . ." Irving said that he was "a small, shrivelled, deformed man . . . with something of a humped back, eyes that diverge, and a large mouth." Scott described him as a "little man, dumpled up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance."[63])

According to "Eponymos," he had traits that made him a general favorite. He was fond of young people. He was never ashamed of his early poverty, nor was he personally vain. He was a good story-teller, but he succeeded more by the droll way in which he told the stories than by the humor or wit of the stories themselves. He joked when he was once invited "to grace a ball;" and he drank fourteen cups of tea at an afternoon reception at which he was the "lion," before he mustered up courage to say to the hostess, "Madam, I will not," when she insisted on his drinking another. According to "Eponymos," he cared little for money, and did not know how much he was worth at his death.

He had several close friends, mostly among his literary associates. Among these were George Canning, J. Hookham Frere, and John Murray. John Taylor, poet, editor, and oculist, claimed an intimate friendship up to the very last, though there is evidence that Gifford was not eager to acknowledge the friendship.[64] He wrote a few verses to Gifford, who was one of the subscribers to a volume of poems Taylor wrote and published by subscription. The Reverend Dr.

John Ireland, Dean of Westminster, was a lifelong friend, and from 1793 to 1802 he often received Gifford at his vicarage at Croydon. When Ireland received his doctor's degree, he is reported to have said, "I hope, Gifford, you won't quiz me, now I'm a doctor?"; to which Gifford replied, "Quiz thee! God help thee! Make what they will of thee, I shall never call thee anything but Jack." He enjoyed a close intimacy with Pitt. He kept his affection for Lord Belgrave (son of Lord Grosvenor, his patron) even when the latter turned Whig. He encouraged Francis Hodgson in his translating of Juvenal,[65] and praised the work highly, although it was in a sense a rival translation to his own.

He was a member of the "Symposium," a non-political club which included such members as George Ellis, Thomas Erskine, Dr. Porson, and a few others, some of whom were extreme Tories. "As a member of the Symposium," says Beloe, "it would be impossible to conceive of anyone more unassuming, mild, and agreeable than he in his manner and conversation. Never impatient of contradiction, never dogmatic in his arguments, he always improved the 'olla podrida' of the meeting, without taking any merit from the flavor of the sauces, which he himself contributed to the mess."[66] Among the circle of his own friends he was undoubtedly regarded with respect.

He was, moreover, a man of consequence. Except for his ill health, he might almost be called a pet of fortune. After his first discovery by Cookesley, he was extraordinarily lucky. He became the protégé of an influential nobleman. He was a close friend of a prime minister and other powerful members of the cabinet.[67] He was applauded by some critics as the first satirist of the day. He was made Paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners with a yearly salary of £1000. He was appointed Comptroller of the Lottery,

for which he received yearly £100. He was editor of the most influential Review in London, and for a time in all England, receiving at first £200 a year and toward the last as much as £900. He maintained his own carriage. And for all these favors he was duly grateful to the bestowers. One cannot help feeling that he considered it his supreme duty to please those who advanced him. It is perhaps a matter of opinion whether this gratitude was servility or nothing more than was due. He performed faithfully what he was appointed to do. It was Scott's opinion that he had, as he himself said, in his "Ode to Dr. Ireland,"

> . . . . . .a soul
> That spurns the crowd's malign control;
> A fierce contempt of wrong:
> Spirits above affliction's power
> And skill to soothe the lingering hour
> With no inglorious song.[68]

Such was Gifford's judgment of himself in his earlier days. If the verses seem a bit arrogant and egotistical, they but reveal him as he actually was in his literary life.

He was a devout member of the Church of England; and he was at times her fierce champion as well as that of all other establishments of the government. In this capacity he was naturally inclined to take himself very seriously. He could joke about the spiritual impregnation of Johanna Southcote;[69] but it was no laughing matter for Hannah More to receive the sacrament from the hands of a layman, and Gifford set about finding "undeniable proof, *juridical* proof," that she had done so.[70] He was a firm believer in the social system that permitted him to rise as he did. He thought that letters ought to be patronized by an aristocracy; and he considered gratitude on the part of a writer to his patron one of the highest virtues. He was much impressed, when a young man, by the remark of Dr. Jacob

Bryant concerning Dr. Johnson, to the effect that although Dr. Johnson considered himself not a good Greek scholar, he had an extraordinarily high conception of scholarship. But it is doubtful whether Gifford was so deeply impressed with the learned doctor's independence as shown in his dignified letter to Lord Chesterfield refusing a belated offer of patronage.

Chapter II

GIFFORD AND THE DELLA CRUSCANS

The first writing to bring Gifford into notice was a satire called the *Baviad*, which appeared in 1791. This work was directed against a small group of would-be poets who were called the Della Cruscans and whose efforts at poetry came under Gifford's eye.

In 1785 a small volume of verse was published in Florence called *The Florence Miscellany*. The contributors to this volume were a group of English people then residing in Italy. They were only four in number and consisted of Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi (formerly Mrs. Thrale, Dr. John's friend), Bertie Greatheed, William Parsons, and Robert Merry. The last named was a member of the *Accademia della Crusca* in Florence, and his use of the name of the academy as his *nom de plume* caused the group to be known afterwards as the "Della Cruscans."[1]

At least two of the persons named had already been introduced to the public. Mrs. Piozzi was known to a wide circle of acquaintances as the friend of Dr. Johnson, and her marriage in 1784 to Gabriele Piozzi, an Italian musician, had attracted considerable attention. She had, moreover, written a few prologues and epilogues for plays, some of which had appeared in the magazines as early as 1781.[2] Bertie Greatheed had been one of the contributors to *The Arno Miscellany*,[3] which appeared in 1784, also at Florence. William Parsons had not published anything before *The Florence Miscellany* appeared. He was apparently a gentleman of leisure who, while traveling in Europe, joined the group of English writers in Florence. Robert Merry, although he had not up to this time published anything, was considered a scholar of some repute in Florence. Both

Greatheed and Merry were regarded by Walpole and Rogers as cultivated men;[4] and Mrs. Piozzi was the center of an admiring group of friends, many of whom considered her a gifted and brilliant woman.

If the Preface be taken as evidence, the *Miscellany* made little pretension to being literature. Mrs. Piozzi set forth in the Preface, which Walpole considered "short and sensible and genteel,"[3] the purpose of the volume. "We wrote to divert ourselves, and to say kind things to each other; we collected them that our reciprocal expressions might not be lost; and we printed them because we had no reason to be ashamed of our mutual partiality." She continues in a style that is characteristic of the whole collection. "Though we have perhaps transgressed the Persian rule of sitting silent till we could find something important or instructive to say, we shall at least be allowed to have glistened innocently in Italian sunshine, and to have imbibed from its rays the warmth of mutual benevolence, though we may have missed the hardness and polish that some coarser metal might have obtained by heat of equal force."[6] Partly on account of the motive of the poems, and partly, no doubt, on account of the false taste of the authors, the style exhibits a lack of restraint and has, as Gifford says, a specious brilliance that sometimes verges on sheer nonsense. But there is probably another explanation. While not directly connected with Jacobinism, the volume nevertheless indicates the restless spirit of the French Revolution; and it may therefore be considered as merely one of the forerunners of what has come to be known as the Romantic Movement.

Copies of the *Miscellany* naturally soon appeared in England. Some of the poems in the collection were reprinted in the *European Magazine* as early as March, 1786.[7] A little later the *Gentleman's Magazine*[8] printed the Preface

quoted above, and in the next issue one poem by each author from the *Miscellany*. The poems, within a limited circle at least, became popular. In 1787 the *World* was begun by Edward Topham, chiefly to promote the fortunes of Mrs. Wells, the actress, who soon afterwards became Topham's common-law wife. The Rev. Charles Este[9] was his coadjutor; and John Bell, the publisher, also had an interest in the paper, which soon became the chief medium of the Della Cruscans. Merry, who by this time was back in England, appears to have been the only one of the authors of the *Miscellany* to contribute much to the *World*.[10] He began with an "Ode to Simplicity," which Topham said was the most beautiful poem he had ever seen.[11] This poem was the signal for a considerable number of new contributors, among whom the leaders were Mrs. Hannah Cowley, a playwright of some note, Miles Peter Andrews, and Edward Jerningham.

It was the fashion of most of these poets to sign their verses with a pseudonym representing their given names. "Della Crusca" was, of course, Merry. "Anna Matilda" was Mrs. Cowley. Mrs. Mary Robinson, the "Perdita" of the stage and the deserted mistress of the Prince of Wales, usually signed herself "Laura Maria" when she used a pseudonym, but sometimes also "Julia" and "Oberon." Greatheed wrote some poems signed "Arno,"[12] and Gifford sometimes called him "Reuben." Andrews and Jerningham were "Arley" and "Benedict" respectively. Gifford is authority for the assertion that "Edwin" was Thomas Vaughan, that "Yenda" was Thomas Adney, and that "Adelaide" was Mrs. Piozzi; but the reviewers did not list Mrs. Piozzi as a contributor to the *World*, and "Edwin," or Vaughan, and "Yenda," or Adney, are not important enough to be considered here. There were a great number of other contributors, both to the *World* and to the magazines—espe-

cially the *European*—who used pseudonyms that have not been identified.

The *World* soon became popular, and, within a restricted circle at least, it was the arbiter of taste in literature and fashions, though it also acquired an unenviable reputation for gossip and scandal.[13] New poets were constantly appearing in its pages. Even Sheridan and Samuel Rogers were numbered among its contributors. In 1788 Bell published the *Poetry of the World* in two volumes, the first of which was made up of the poetical correspondence between Della Crusca and Anna Matilda and of a tragedy by the former. With great fervor Della Crusca, "sight unseen," wooed Anna Matilda in verse, mistaking her for a young and beautiful woman. Anna Matilda cautioned him that the rosebud on her cheek had shed its leaves, but that her "blooming soul" was " yet in youth."

The second volume contained miscellaneous poems, two of which were by Mrs. Robinson.[14] Thus far Della Crusca and Anna Matilda were not known to each other; but when the "interview" occurred, the literary correspondence ceased. This happened in 1789, and in the next year the two volumes were published under the name of *The British Album* (second edition), with some changes and, in addition, two new poems, "The Interview," by Della Crusca, and Anna Matilda's reply. In 1791 Volumes III and IV of *Poetry of the World* were published by Ridgeway. These contained verse by the earlier contributors, by Sheridan and others, and "On a Tear," by Rogers.

The chief figures in the Della Cruscan "rage" were Merry and Mrs. Cowley, or Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, as they were then known. Admitting that there are readiness of phrase and brilliance of imagery in their poems, one must nevertheless laugh at the extravagance of sentiment and the inappropriateness of epithet. It would be difficult to

find anything more absurd than the poem by Della Crusca telling of his meeting with Anna Matilda.[15] The hero met the heroine in a wood, and was so overcome with emotion at the thought of seeing the one to whom he had been addressing verses that he could not utter a word. He led her to a "woven bower," and then she spoke—but with no voice of the skylark, such as he had imagined it to be. She informed him that she was another's, and then she fled into the night. Della Crusca was thus left to bemoan his fate; but in musing over the fortune of the luckier man, he concludes that his own is, after all, the happier lot; HE to whom Anna Matilda belonged

> . . . . never knew the loftier bliss to rave,
> Without a pow'r to aid, a chance to save;
> He never bath'd him in the nightshade's dew,
> Nor drank the pois'nous meteors as they flew,
> Nor told the rending story to the moon,
> Link'd with the demons of her direst noon;
> He never *smiled* Distraction's ills to share,
> Nor gain'd th' exalted glory of despair.

Enlarging on the distinction conferred by despair, he continues:

> . . . . I will prove that I deserve my fate,
> Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate,
> With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh
> That envying friends shall think it EXTACY,
> And with fierce taunts my cherish'd griefs invade,
> Till on my pow'rless tongue the last "MATILDA" fade.

Anna Matilda's poem in reply is entitled "To Della Crusca, who said, 'When I am dead, write my Elegy.'" She proceeds in the same extravagant phrase and absurd epithet. She would "weave such verse" that the night demons

> Should learn to pity and to mourn,
> And curse their *bounded* pow'r,
> Which would not let them say RETURN! RETURN!

But in particular would she paint his mind and his true and refined TASTE. His "Immortal Muse" was one

> . . . . which *forms* a NATION'S TASTE!
> And o'er the weedy waste
> Of long neglected Poetry had thrown
> A vivid light, which so sublimely shone,
> That to its source ten thousand poets flew,
> And form'd their songs, and tun'd their harps anew.

After writing this elegy, she herself would wish to die; and she closes her poem with an appeal to "enchanting Death" to come immediately.

These poems mark the culmination of the poetical correspondence between Della Crusca and Anna Matilda. They are so absurd that J. A. Cramb thinks Merry was merely fooling his readers "to the top of their bent."[16] This view would be more charitable to Merry, but his other poems will hardly sustain it. There is too much of the same kind of nonsense in one [17] he addressed in 1791 to Miss Brunton, whom he married the same year. But that there was anything more than poetical congeniality between Della Crusca and Anna Matilda seems impossible. The former appears to have made of the replies of the latter a source of poetic inspiration. Naturally, the romantic attraction was dispelled after he saw his admired correspondent. She was a married woman at least twelve years older than he, and she was well known as a playwright who had produced two or three successful comedies[18] several years earlier. Merry, who was extremely temperamental, therefore turned to some other source. The cause of the French Revolution presented a new field to him, and it immediately engaged his attention. Boaden says that the politics of the *World* and its circle were conspicuously loyal,[19] but a contemporary satire[20] asserts that the paper's praise was so indiscriminate that it merely excited ridicule, and that even this praise

demanded a price. Merry, however, became "perfectly rabid"[21] with the French Revolution, associated with the radical press, and lost many of his former friends and admirers. In 1790 he wrote the "Laurel of Liberty," for which he was praised by Mrs. Robinson in her poem "Ainsi va le monde."

Still another thing occupied his attention at this time. He became engaged to Miss Brunton, the actress, and in 1791 addressed sentimental verses to her in which he gloried in the agony of unrequited love. He wrote a tragedy, *Lorenzo*, especially for her, but it was not successful.

If Merry was the only one of the original group of Della Cruscans to write for the *World*, all four of them, and a great many of the other contributors, wrote more or less frequently for other publications. It must be remembered, however, that many of the poems which appeared in the magazines had either appeared earlier in *The Florence Miscellany* or were the same as those that were printed in the *World*. Mrs. Piozzi wrote the fewest. Very few of her poems appear in the magazines either over her own name or over that of Adelaide. An occasional poem of hers may be found up to about 1790. She was admired chiefly for her conversational powers, and her society was sought after by many. Greatheed and Parsons also published little in the magazines. A few of the former's *Miscellany* poems were republished in the *European* and other periodicals, but only one or two new ones. He was concerned rather with the drama. He wrote a tragedy, *The Regent*, which was presented in 1788; but it was unsuccessful. Little is known about Parsons. What could be gleaned about him seems to imply that he was a sort of hanger-on at dinner parties. In 1787 he published a volume of poems called *A Poetical Tour in 1784, 1785 and 1786*, which received little comment from the reviewers. They are characteristic of the other poetry of the

group—trifles to his friends. One of his poems in the *Miscellany* was occasioned by the wedding of Gabriele Piozzi and Mrs. Thrale, which he characterized as a "union of wit and *virtu*." He published a few poems in the current magazines, but took almost no part in the Della Cruscan group after it came to England.

Of the others in the group, Mrs. Cowley and Mrs. Robinson contributed the most to the current magazines. The poems of the former were mostly those written for the *World* In one number of the *European*[22] almost the whole of the poetry section is given over to the Della Crusca-Anna Matilda poems. This was the year in which the popularity of these two writers was at its height on the *World*. But as early as 1784, Mrs. Cowley's poems appeared in this magazine[23] and in others. Her first one was an absurd horror ballad, which the *Gentlemen's Magazine*[24] thought might have been written by Anna Seward. After 1789, however, her poems signed Anna Matilda are rarely to be found. She continued to write both poetry and plays, but published them over her own name. Her tragedy, *The Fate of Sparta* (presented in 1788) was a failure. Mrs. Robinson wrote very little in the magazines as Laura Maria, but she contributed in her own name a great many poems, especially to the *European*. She was a popular poet with the public and with some of the reviewers. Of her poems, published in 1791, the Tory *British Critic*[25] had little to say except that the praise of diligence was at least due her; but the "monody to the Memory of the Late Queen of France" gave "honorable proof of her feeling and her talents." Her series of sonnets called *Sappho and Phaon*[26] the reviewer considered "sweet and melodious," the most polished production of her pen, and very satisfactory—for sonnets. The *Monthly Review*[27] thought some of her poems "equal to those of the Lesbian Dame in point of tenderness, feeling, poetic imagery

warmth, elegance, and above all, delicacy of expression." The *European*[28] was also very laudatory.

Edward Jerningham and Miles Andrews were two others attracted to the *World* when it was begun. Jerningham's poetry began to appear in the *European*[29] about 1787. In 1790 another of his poems appeared in the same magazine[30] condemning Burke and praising Helen Maria Williams's *Letters from France.* He represented the "stern chief" Burke as vanquished by a "lovely maid," Miss Williams, "in simplicity arrayed," who trusted her cause to nature and made her appeal to the heart. He wrote some further poetry, and also turned, unsuccessfully, to writing for the stage. Miles Andrews had written a few plays,[31] one or two of which attained considerable popularity. Taylor[32] thought the drama "far beyond his reach," and Boaden[33] said that his *Mysteries of the Castle,* which was borrowed from *The Mysteries of Udolpho,* succeeded only because the public taste was debauched. Andrews was a wealthy merchant and man of society; he entertained lavishly and indiscriminately. He had a knack for writing prologues and epilogues that caught the fancy of the day, and these he produced in great number. He was a friend[34] of Topham, Rogers, Merry, Holman, and a few others, all whom were members of a club called "Keep the Line." Frederick Reynolds was just coming into popularity as a writer of light comedies of manners. Thomas Vaughan had early written a comedy called *Love's Vagaries,* which was produced at the Haymarket in 1776. In 1789 he tried to revive it, but neither Kemble nor George Colman would take it. He therefore decided to publish it. He wrote a few prologues and epilogues and other poems, which appeared in the magazines. Thomas Adney was an industrious contributor to the *European.* Captain Topham, editor of the *World,* wrote in 1786 a farce called *The Fool,* which the *Critical Review*[35] pro-

nounced a good hour's entertainment, but of no lasting value. Little can be said of it except that it gave some type characters an opportunity to show their impudence and cleverness. Both Topham and his colleague, the Rev. Charles Este, whom he greatly admired, were mentioned by several contemporaries as men of real ability. Taylor,[36] Reynolds,[37] and Rogers[38] all spoke of the eccentricity of Este, and the first two praised his ability. In Taylor's opinion, he was not only the most extraordinary man he knew, but perhaps the most extraordinary of his time. He was an acute critic of the theater, said Taylor, but his style was peculiar. Rogers, whom he praised as "a young Goldsmith,"[39] was very proud of his commendation. Este was no less eccentric in his manner than in his style. He would throw himself into attitudes in the street. He finally went insane.

According to Melville,[40] the *World* made gossip a feature, and soon acquired an unenviable reputation. An unsuccessful libel suit was brought against it. Boaden,[41] however, says that the chief features of the paper during the period of Mrs. Cowley's contributions "were a more marked reflection of literary and fashionable existence than had been displayed by other papers of the day." Taylor believed that it would have acquired a greater reputation if the peculiar style of Este had been confined to only a part of its pages instead of being employed throughout. Mrs. Wells[42] attributed a large measure of its success to her own efforts. But Este must have been chiefly responsible for its composition, and he had an agreement with Topham for a share in its ownership. He fell out with Topham in 1790 and offered his interest for sale. For a time he wrote for the *Oracle*, in which he attacked Topham so successfully that he secured an annuity from his former colleague in exchange for his own quarter interest. The *World*, however, was discontinued after 1792.

Such were the leading members of the small coterie of writers who were called in their own time Della Cruscans. The period in which they appeared was not marked by a large number of good writers. Some of the verse of this group was as good as much of that produced by the popular writers of the time. William Hayley was still popular. Other leading lights among the poets were Anna Seward ("the Swan of Lichfield"), Helen Maria Williams, and Mrs. Charlotte Smith. The Rev. T. S. Whalley may also be mentioned. William Cowper's greatest poems had already been written and they had little influence. Burns was the greatest poet then writing, but he was not of England. There was no outstanding leader. It was but natural, therefore, for literature to be in the hands of various groups, each of which had its admirers. Moreover, before the close of the century, the Jacobins and other radicals had become very numerous. The outburst of the French Revolution had been the signal for Jacobinism in what the Tories considered its most insufferable form. Directly or indirectly influenced by it, a number of writers were advancing new ideas in all the avenues of life. Even before Dr. Johnson died, he had his opponents; and "legitimacy" in the field of literature had become distasteful to many before that term arose in connection with monarchial succession. The Della Cruscans may therefore be considered as merely a sporadic growth of certain qualities that, at least in some respects, were similar to those found in the great outburst about a decade later.

Against these people Gifford directed the darts of satire. Other persons brought into the group by the satirist are not important and will be mentioned later. The first satire, the *Baviad*, appeared in 1791. It is a paraphrase of the First satire of Persius, and was directed chiefly against the poetic activity of the group. Four years later (in 1795) a second satire against the group was published, directed especially

against their attempts at drama. This was the *Maeviad*, an imitation of the Tenth Satire of Horace. The two satires are so closely related in subject and by means of footnotes added in subsequent editions, that it is best to consider them together.

The original cause of Gifford's launching into satire was, according to Lowndes,[43] the appearance of *The Florence Miscellany*, a copy of which fell into Gifford's hands. William Parsons, according to the satirist, accused him of having obtained a copy of the book through a breach of confidence.[44] He held that since the book was really not for the public, Gifford's obtaining a copy and satirizing it was unfair. But this complaint is hardly justified, since the satire did not appear until about five years after the *Miscellany* reached England. By that time the poems were common property, for most of them had appeared in the magazines. Gifford declared, moreover, that he wrote both the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad* without looking at the *Miscellany*, except once when he referred to it for "a sounding passage from the odes of that deepmouthed Theban, Bertie Greathead, Esq."[45] Such an explanation as Mrs. Piozzi gave in the preface to the *Miscellany* should, perhaps, have disarmed criticism; and it would have done so, Gifford says, if the activities of the group had stopped there. The satirist admitted that writers of all sorts had "long claimed a prescriptive right to infest most periodical publications"; but when a paper "introduced their trash with hyperbolical encomiums, and called on the town to admire it," he felt that they were overstepping their "prescriptive right." "At this auspicious period," says Gifford, "the first cargo of poetry arrived from Florence and was given to the public through the medium of this favored paper [the *World*]. There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured be-

yond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose tree grove, with an ostentatious display of 'blue hills' and 'crashing torrents,' and 'petrifying suns.' From admiration, imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his expectations; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

> Hanc dedit plures, sicut grex totus in agris
> Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci."

The contagion spread and became a veritable fever, says Gifford. "The fever turned to frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names caught the infection." From one end of the kingdom to the other, extending, as Mrs. Robinson said in one of her poems, even to heaven itself, "all was nonsense and Della Crusca." When it became so bad, declared the disgusted satirist, that even bedridden old women and girls at their samplers began to rage, and still no one worthier than he appeared to stop the outburst, he could stand it no longer, and determined to crush the "upstart swarm."[46]

Gifford's account is clearly an overstatement of the case. His dislikes were, moreover, broad enough to include many others not of this circle. The account of how Della Crusca fell desperately in love with one name, Equiano Olaudo (which was misprinted in the *World* Olauda) and addressed doleful verses to it, not knowing that it belonged to a man, and a negro at that, is probably an exaggeration; but the incident is typical of the impetuous sentimentality of Merry. William Parsons had been overlooked in the first edition of the *Baviad*; and when he reminded the author that he was one of the beginners, he was honored with four lines and a note. John Bell, the publisher, had a hand in puffing these poetasters, and he received due mention. Anthony Pasquin (pseudonym for John Williams), a scurri-

lous satirist and versifier of some ability, was also included, though he was not one of the group. Joseph Weston, another versifier and a critic of Pope, was remembered in some abusive lines. Colman the Younger, O'Keefe, Holcroft, and several other popular dramatists of the time were ridiculed; and Richard Bensley and John Kemble, the actors, both had their mannerisms exposed.

The satire is a very close imitation of the First Satire of Persius; even the same characters (Persius and a Friend) are represented as speaking and the dialogue of the original is followed with but little variation in theme. Persius and a Friend are lamenting the corruptness of the literature of their time. Against the advice of F., P. speaks out and censures specific writers. Jerningham, Mrs. Cowley, "Thrale's gray widow," and Mrs. Robinson are each attacked either blunderingly or brutally. P. is warned to desist from his attacks, but he continues and says he

> . . . . was born
> To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn.

He then launches into an attack on Merry, in whose works he sees

> Truth sacrific'd to letters, sense to sound;
> False glare, incongruous images combine;
> And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.

He describes the meeting of the Friends of Freedom at Mrs. Piozzi's home, where Merry reads his "Laurel of Liberty."

> A wild delirium round th' assembly flies;
> Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes;
> Luxurious Arno drivels where he stands;
> And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

As he continues his tirade against the poets of his age, he is cautioned by F. that

> Reason is ill refuted by a sneer;

but P. indignantly vows that he will never

> . . . . prostitute the Lyre to gain
> The eulogies that wait each modish strain.

P. next disposes of the work of a number of other writers. Topham's work is "fustian," Colman's is "flippant trash," Andrews' is "doggrel," Greatheed's is "idiotic," Holcroft's is "Shaglane cant," and Merry's is "Moorfield's whine."

He then turns on the critics who had praised such work and fooled the "moon-struck tribe" into thinking they could write. Ironically he exclaims:

> Happy the soil where bards like mushrooms rise,
> And ask no culture but what Byshe [*sic*] supplies!

Some admirers, he says, turn to "Bell's Poetics" and read the verse of Mit Yenda and Anthony Pasquin, not knowing what the verse is about;

> Others, like Kemble, on black letters pore,
> And what they do not understand, adore,

and become collectors of worthless trash. He quotes some of the phrases to illustrate the nonsense; but suggests that, although the rimes of other writers are vicious and their diction coarse, and although these poets lack strength, they nevertheless have a sweetness of their own. P. again quotes some examples of "sweetness"; and when F. suggests another expression, P. thinks he too must be sneering. He then utters a brutal tirade against Weston for criticizing Pope's character and works. He quotes some more lines from Merry's poems to Anna Matilda, which he characterizes as

> The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains.

F. says that he thinks

> Silence were wise where satire will not mend,

and, besides, some of the "greater ones"[47] desire such verse and even try their hand at its composition. P. admits his error and says he will consider all nonsense divine. But still he feels that since

> . . . . fools and children void their brains by loads
> And itching grandams spawn lascivious odes;
> Now lords and dukes, cursed with a sickly taste,
> While Burns' pure healthful nurture runs to waste,
> Lick up the spittle of the bed-rid muse,
> And riot on the sweepings of the stews,

he must expose them. He is again warned to forbear, but he retorts that thought at least is free. Still F. urges caution, and P. therefore says he will bury the offending thought, which is that the whole town, like King Midas, has ass's ears. At any rate he will not be concerned over what critics or the victims think about his lines:

> Their censure and their praise alike I scorn
> And hate the laurel by their followers worn!
> Let such, a task congenial to their powers,
> At sales and auctions waste their morning hours,
> While the dull noon away in Christie's fane,
> And snore the evening out at Drury-lane;
> Lull'd by the twang of Bensley's nasal note,
> And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat.

Whatever we may think of the merits of the satire, the best gauge of its effectiveness is contemporary criticism. And although criticism in the periodicals was then somewhat weak and spineless, and often irrelevant, a brief examination of the critiques of the satire will help to show whether or not authority in literary criticism, self-constituted or chosen by common consent, considered the *Baviad* justified.

Gifford's satire was in general not unfavorably received, though its harshness and ill temper were pointed out. Scott,

William Beloe, and the writers in the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *New Monthly Magazine* wrote in retrospect a generation or more afterwards; and all but the latter speak of the effectiveness of the *Baviad* in dispersing the group of scribblers. The *Analytical Review*, which was predisposed to be unsympathetic with the old order, contained no notice of it; neither did the *Gentlemen's* and the *European* magazines. Only three strictly contemporaneous reviews appeared in the leading periodicals; these were in the *Critical Review*,[48] the *English Review*,[49] and the *Monthly Review*.[50] The *Critical* treated the satire favorably though inadequately. The reviewer commended the honest indignation of the author and, in general, the justice of his censures but felt that the satirist had been undiscriminating and unduly harsh. The *English Review*, which was somewhat iconoclastic and had many vigorous and well-written articles, also qualified its approval. It justified the choice of subject and in part the severity of treatment, but it condemned the satirist's acrimony and want of politeness. It objected specifically to the "coarse and disgusting" epithet applied to Jerningham.[51] The *Monthly Review* was the harshest in its criticism. The critic felt that the satirist was far too undiscriminating, and that, while he took Pope for a model, he was without Pope's excuse for severity. The reviewer especially objected to Gifford's attack on the lady writers, and felt that men like Jerningham could expect little else from a man who, "within the space of six lines, murders the literary reputation of Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Piozzi, and Mrs. Robinson."[52]

There were, of course, a number of minor attacks on the satire, some of which Gifford noted in later editions of the *Baviad*. J. M., whom Gifford[53] took to be John Morley, wrote a sonnet beginning "Demon of Darkness,"[54] in which he lashes Gifford for crushing the spirit of poets, and calls

him a "vile imitator of Pope." In a poetic "Tale," published later, the author refers to this sonnet by saying that he then spied in Gifford the "Satyr's cloven foot," but that on more attentive notice of Gifford, he since had wished "his hide were at the tanner's." Bell also addressed a sonnet to "the execrable Baviad," calling him a "Monster of Turpitude." Parsons reminded Gifford of his oversight by some verses in the *Telegraph* for March, 1792: "I too can laugh, I was the first beginner." Vaughan charged him with "falling upon men and things, that are much above his capacity, and seemingly for no other reason than because they are so."[54] If other attacks were made in other newspapers which were sympathetic with the poetasters thus satirized, they were ignored by Gifford. It is worthy of note, however, that in the few years immediately following the publication of the *Baviad*, not one paper or article wholly praised the work. A second edition in 1793 was very probably prompted by, and in defiance of, attacks on the satire.

It was in this year, too, that Gifford had almost completed the *Maeviad*. As said above, this satire was modeled upon the Tenth Satire of Horace, and ridiculed the same group of writers as the *Baviad*, but was directed particularly against their activity in the field of drama. Its publication was held back, however, for some unknown reason, until 1795. In 1794 T. J. Mathias published the first part of another satire called *Pursuits of Literature*. It was an obvious imitation of the *Baviad*, but its aims were more political than literary. The author had great praise for Gifford, and was equally illiberal. But whether this satire had anything to do with the decision to publish the *Maeviad*, it is difficult to say. Gifford's realization that this kind of satire might be overdone may have kept it back for a time. But he justified himself with the reflection that there were too many people who still considered these writers eagles whom

some called mere butterflies. "I know not," he says, "if the stage has been so low since the days of Gammer Gurton, as at this hour. It seems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had started up, and exclaimed *una voce*, 'Come! let us write for the theaters!' In this there is nothing perhaps altogether new; the striking and peculiar novelty of the times seems to be, that *all* they write is received."[55] Comedy was much more successful than tragedy. Andrews, Colman, Holcroft, O'Keefe, and Reynolds were all turning out farces and light comedies of manners. Reynolds, in fact, wrote almost a hundred plays.[57] That much of their work was trash is certainly true; but Gifford's description of the stage is an exaggeration, as is also that of the poetry of his time. Of the latter he says:

> Yet still, the soul of candor! I allow'd
> Their jingling elegies amused the crowd;
> That lords and dukes hung blubbering o'er each line,
> That lady critics wept and cried 'Divine!'
> That love-lorn priests reclined the pensive head,
> And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
> Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye,
> And burst between a hiccough and a sigh.[58]

The spirited description of the drama of the time, however, is more in the nature of legitimate satire, in spite of the exaggeration, and is a considerable improvement over some of the other parts of the poem.

> 'Tis not enough to dole out ahs! and ohs!
> Through Kemble's thorax or through Bensley's nose;
> To fill our stage with scaffolds or to fright
> Our wives with rapes repeated thrice a night.
> Judges—Not such as self-created, sit
> On the tremendous bench which skirts the pit,
> Where idle Thespis nods, while Arno dreams
> Of nereids 'purling in ambrosial streams;'
> Where Este in rapture cons fantastic airs,

'Old Pistol new revived' in Topham stares,
And Boswell, aping with preposterous pride
Johnson's worst frailties, rolls from side to side,
His heavy head from hour to hour erects,
Affects the fool, and is what he affects—
Judges of truth and sense yet more demand.[59]

Gifford praises William Mason's dramatic poem *Elfrida*, but he ridicules Cumberland's *Battle of Hastings* as possessing "every absurdity of every kind." Merry's *Lorenzo*

. . . . does naught but tire the laboring ear
With a wild waste of words; sound without sense,
And all the florid glare of impotence.

After pronouncing Merry's emotions mere fustian and bombast, the satirist pays tribute to "the bards of other days."

From nature's varied face ye wisely drew,
And following ages owned the copies true.

He thought that if only the writers of his own day had brains enough to understand the "pregnant scenes" of the earlier dramatists, they might be able to give their audiences truths even if only at second hand. But it was

In vain for Crusca, and his skipping school,
Cobbe [*sic*] Reynolds, Andrews, and that Nobler Fool;
Who naught but Laura's tinkling trash admire,
And the mad jangle of Matilda's lyre.

Gifford accuses Merry of "crowding with beauties every sparking line," of confounding the sense, and of producing such vacancy of thought that even Vaughan might be tempted to claim the lines as his own. He acknowledges his own attempts at writing conventional love verses.

I too, my masters, ere my teeth were cast,
Had learned, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports found in Chloe's arms,

> Coy Daphne with obstreperous plaints to woo,
> And curse the cruelty of—God knows who.

But Phoebus appeared to him, he says, and told him that there was too much worthless poetry, and that he might as well try to

> Give sense to Este or modesty to Bell

as try to match this abundant poetry. He says that he then wrote no more poetry until

> . . . . Anna came
> And chased the oppressive doubts that round me clung,
> And fired my breast, and loosened all my tongue.

He declares that his verse was simple and sincere and still remembered with affection in Ashburton; that his

> . . . . hopes, and fears, in nature's language drest,
> Awakened love in many a gentle breast.

He then gives a poetic account of his walks along the river Dart with his Anna, which is conventional and imitative of eighteenth century descriptive poetry of the pseudo-classical type. After a somewhat arrogant defense of his early efforts by a plea of youthfulness, he informs his victims that he amuses himself at times,

> . . . . as humor prompts my idle vein
> In frolic verse, that cannot hope to gain
> Admission to the Album, nor be seen
> In L———'s Review, or Urban's Magazine.

This satire lacks the vigor of the earlier one. While it is less disgusting than the *Baviad*, it also has less point and unity. Moreover, the satirist spends much time in describing attacks on him for his earlier satire, a characteristic which detracts from his effectiveness. And the last hundred lines, which are given to eulogies of friends, are pleasanter to read, but are really foreign to the satire since the persons[60] eulogized are neither poets nor dramatists.

When the *Maeviad* appeared, some of the notices in the Reviews were friendly and some were hostile. In addition to the *Critical Review* and the *Monthly Review*, two other periodicals contained comments on the satire. The *British Critic*,[61] which had been established since the *Baviad* appeared, was Tory and High Church. It was almost wholly favorable; it had extravagant praise for the last part of the poem and considered the author's ability equal to almost any poetical undertaking. The *Analytical Review*[62] found it, like most second efforts, not equal to the former, but showing the "same good sense and correctness of taste." The *Critical*[63] and the *Monthly*[64] were more hostile. The former considered the *Maeviad* inferior in strength to the *Baviad*, and admonished the author that it was now his duty to produce some work of merit that would stand the test of the criticism by which he was trying the works of others. The *Monthly* thought the satire unnecessary, and suggested that if the writers satirized in the *Baviad* were so contemptible as that poem made out, "the repetition of the stroke must be of the nature of Falstaff's valor in stabbing the dead Hotspur." Southey[65] thought the second effort unequal to the first as satire; but he liked the spirit of panegyric better than that of satire.

Thus far only the contemporary criticisms of the two poems have been given. Aside from these, opinion, in Gifford's own time and since, has attributed a large measure of credit to the satires for wiping out the Della Cruscans. Among the earliest to testify to this were Miss Berry and Horace Walpole. The former considered that the *Baviad* had a salutary effect on Jerningham's play in keeping it free from sentimentality.[66] The latter believed that it had driven Merry in shame to hide himself in Paris.[67] Some writers tried their hands at similar satire, praising Gifford for his vigorous castigation of the Della Cruscans. Mathias

observes that "the author of the *Baviad* has taken some pleasant trouble off my hands" in relieving the people of a pest of scribblers, but that "unfortunately there are too many left."[68] Later he pays tribute to Gifford's ability as a satirist.

> The climes he roams, where'er his footsteps sped,
> I pass with caution, or but lightly tread,
> Or pleas'd with flow'rs his fancy best can strew,
> I sit, and think I read my Pope anew.[69]

An American admirer of Gifford, William Clifton, testified that,

> While wearing fast away is every trace
> Of Grecian Vigor and of Roman Grace,
> With fond delight we yet one bard behold,
> As Horace polish'd, and as Persius bold,
> Reclaim the Art, assert the Muse divine,
> And drive obtrusive Dulness from the shrine.[70]

John Agg, a pamphleteer signing himself Humphrey Hedgehog, commended "the author of those spirited productions, the *Baviad* and *Maeviad*, to whose well directed exertions the nation is much indebted for the suppression of folly, and the consequent correction of Public Taste."[71] *The New Morality*, the following lines of which were written before their author (Canning) was acquainted with Gifford, urged him to fulfill his promise given in the *Baviad* to direct his satire against a prey more reluctant to yield to satire's correction:

> O! come, with taste and virtue at thy side,
> With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride,
> With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
> And empty all thy quiver on the Foe.[72]

The *Anti-Jacobin Review* was of the opinion that Gifford's satires "contributed essentially to correct the horrid de-

pravity of taste which the frantic disciples of the Della Crusca school had introduced." The American *Monthly Anthology* was extremely laudatory of the *Baviad* and *Maeviad*. It thought the former "unquestionably the best satire since the days of Churchill."[73] Later volumes continued the praise. The reviewer was sure that "their neat versification, their happy adaptation from their originals, their terse language, and their well-pointed and well-directed sarcasm must vindicate a high place among the classics of England." The *Analectic Magazine* also had nothing but praise. It considered that the existence of these poetasters was "only to be remembered in their epitaph."[74] William Cobbett, that indefatigable political pamphleteer and journalist, regarded the satires as of great importance and the author as a man of "genius and taste;"[75] but he thought Gifford's prose better than his poetry.[76] George Daniel[77] credited Gifford with a large share in dispersing the Della Cruscans. Scott declared that he "squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs who might have humbugged the world long enough."[78] William Beloe was equally sure that the *Baviad* accomplished its purpose. He says in *The Sexagenarian*[79] that Gifford "effectually put an extinguisher upon a gaudy and meretricious taste, which for too long a period, had been permitted to intrude upon the regions of poetry, and fraudulently under the guise of polish and softness, to substitute sound for sense, tinsel for gold, and profusion of false and garish metaphors, for the best and truest embellishments of the art." In *The Simpliciad*, an anonymous satire on the so-called school of Wordsworth and in professed imitation of the *Baviad*, Gifford is called

> . . . . the dread of every snivelling fool
> That loves and rhymes by Della Cruscan rule![80]

John Nichols[81] also testified to the effectiveness of the satires and even Leigh Hunt[82] quoted approvingly the observation

in the *Maeviad* on the decadent state of the English stage. To quote one more opinion, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* asserted that the appearance of the *Baviad* "effectually routed this tribe of poetasters, and laid on the ruins of their popularity the foundations of the more elevated fame of Gifford."[83]

But even among those who were favorably disposed not all the evidence is favorable; and aside from the counter attacks of those who had been lashed, there was much adverse criticism, both as to the nature of the satire and as to its effectiveness. Gifford himself[84] acknowledged that there were too many left who admired the Della Cruscans. And even before the second satire appeared, Mathias complained that if "we pass to subjects of lighter moment than Jacobin politics, even the Bavian drops from Mr. Gifford have fallen off, like oil, from the plumage of the Florence and Cruscan geese. At home, also, I am sorry to say that his success is imperfect. I am told that Mr. Greathead and Mr. Merry yet write and talk; and Mr. Jerningham (poor man!) still continues *sillier than his sheep*."[85] An anonymous attack[86] on both Gifford and Mathias appeared in 1797, beginning:

> Two rhymers from the loins of Envy sprung,
> Who spread, with liberal hand, their load of dung.

The *Critical Review*[87] averred that the *Baviad* and *Maeviad* displayed merit alloyed with vulgarity and virulence. *Blackwood's Magazine*[88] acknowledged that they had some merit, but it held that their chief characteristic was the keenness of abuse, and that the attack was out of all proportion to the importance of the object attacked. Hayward[89] thought the satire very unjust, especially in so far as Mrs. Piozzi was concerned. John Taylor, though praising highly Gifford's ability, felt that in some instances, especially those of Jerningham and Kemble, the author went too far.[90] The

New Monthly Magazine[91] censured him severely. His satire and his critical work were characterized, it declared, by a "debasing coarseness and virulence. Though vain, the Della Cruscans were not morally criminal on the score of their poetry. Many of the softer sex were among the number, yet they were all treated with a vulgarity which is inexcusable." Both Hunt[92] and Hazlitt[93] took offense at Gifford's brutality toward the women he satirized.

It is thus seen that there were two widely diverging opinions on Gifford's satires. Although it may be admitted that they now have little interest, perhaps it is not wholly unprofitable to consider which of the two opinions is most nearly correct. There can be no question that the Della Cruscans were legitimate objects for satire. What seems most evident is that Gifford became terribly alarmed, or at least pretended to be so, over a tempest in a teapot. Or, to change the figure, he called out the whole fire department to put out a little candle which he saw burning in the wrong place. More than that, when the fire department reached the spot where the flame was seen, the candle had burned itself out and only a little smoke remained. These figures illustrate what it is the purpose to show in the next few pages. If by the Della Cruscans are meant only those who, under the leadership of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, contributed their verse to the *World* and the *Oracle*, they had almost ceased writing before Gifford's satire appeared. If the term is to be used in the larger sense of all those who, choosing a pseudonym, contributed more or less absurd verse to the newspapers and popular magazines, the satire had little effect on them. Moreover, there is no real evidence that the *Maeviad* helped to correct the depraved dramatic taste of the time. A brief survey of what happened to some of the leaders after 1791 or 1795 will bear out the truth of these statements.

Merry was satirized as the leader of this coterie of scribblers. As explained above, he had by 1790 almost ceased his Della Cruscan contributions to the *World* and had became interested in the popular actress, Miss Brunton, to whom he addressed sentimental verses.[94] His tragedy, *Lorenzo*, written in 1790 especially for her, failed on the stage,[95] and was unfavorably received by the reviewers. His own friends were disappointed with it. Rogers[96] told Jerningham that Merry's style was too artificial for tragedy. Boaden[97] says Merry was "assuredly not dramatic; so that a few violent incidents excepted, the only chance it [the tragedy] had, was the elegance of its diction, and some rather too palpable imitations of Shakespeare." The *English Review*[98] was of the opinion that the plot was "not deficient in interest," but that the characters were, "in general, unnatural, and the style stiff and inflated." The *Monthly*[99] gave about the same estimate. It added, however, that the tragedy failed, not so much in itself, as because the public did not want tragedy. Even Mrs. Siddons, "the queen of tears," it said, found it impossible to keep tragedy long in vogue. The *Critical*[100] thought that the situations were dramatically improbable and unreal, but that the style, except for some absurd rant and a few strange phrases, was in general spirited and energetic.

Merry married Miss Brunton in 1791, though she continued to act under her maiden name. The objection of his own people to her continuing to act was so great that when the season ended in 1792, he persuaded her to withdraw from the stage.[101] Merry had already become a champion of the French Revolution, and he and his wife spent the next year or two in Paris. Here he almost lost his life as a result of his being mistaken for the Abbé Maury.[102] He wrote to Rogers[103] in 1793, enclosing a play which Rogers was to try to get Harris of the Covent Garden Theater to accept, or, failing

in that, was to have published.[104] The next year he wrote to Rogers that he wanted to go to America and asked him how to proceed. Clayden believed that his feeling of dissatisfaction with England was in part caused by the *Baviad*, which he erroneously thought was published in 1794; but he was of the opinion that the chief causes were Merry's liberal views and his sympathy with the Revolutionists. In 1796 he published his *Pains of Memory*, suggested by his disagreement with the views expressed in *Pleasures of Memory*. The *English Review* remarked that though it was yet a question whether the *Baviad* had completely demolished the Della Cruscan school, it had had some effect on Merry; for the piece contained little that "was marked by the genuine touches of the memorable part of the *Album*." It added, however, that the poem was superior to his former poetry in simplicity of style and sentiment. Merry came to America later in the same year and brought out a revised edition of his "*Pains of Memory*," which Cobbett[105] says he wrote in the new country "without cooling off."

Mrs. Piozzi wrote little poetry, but was busy with the preparation of some prose works. Shortly after the publication of the *Baviad*, she secured an invitation to meet Gifford at supper at a friend's house. She sat opposite him at the table, and seeing that he was extremely perplexed, smilingly "proposed a glass of wine as a libation" to their future good fellowship. She added that "Gifford was sufficiently a man of the world to understand me, and nothing could be more courteous and entertaining than he was while we remained together."[106] In return for this bit of feminine diplomacy, Gifford added a note in a later edition of the *Baviad*[107] attacking her *British Synonymy*, which was published in 1794. Evidently referring to the above incident as the source of his intimate knowledge of her vanity, he said: "Though 'no one better knows his own house' than I the

vanity of this woman; yet the idea of her undertaking such a work never entered my head; and I was thunderstruck when I saw it announced." As a qualification for such a work, he said, Mrs. Piozzi had only a "jargon long since become proverbial for its vulgarity . . . an utter incapacity of defining a single term in the language, and just as much Latin from a child's syntax, as sufficed to expose the ignorance she so anxiously labors to conceal."[108] To this estimate of the work may be opposed the fact that a rumor originated that she had retained some of Dr. Johnson's manuscripts, or had derived a posthumous advantage from her former intimacy with the lexicographer. This rumor she strenuously denied.[109] The *European*[110] praised the work; and even Horace Walpole admitted that it had some "marked and peculiar merits," although he thought the value consisted "rather in the illustrative material, than in the definitions and etymologies."[111] The *Critical*,[112] however, was greatly disappointed in it, for the reviewer had considered her especially well fitted for a work of such nature. It objected mainly to her abuse of dissenters, Frenchmen, and democrats, and to her linking the work with politics. Miss Berry[113] had nothing but contempt for her ability to produce such a work, and Miss Seward[114] thought her style exceedingly vulgar. Mrs. Piozzi, however, continued to be a favorite with many people, although she was charged by some with extreme frivolity for a woman of her age.

Bertie Greatheed never wrote much poetry. His tragedy, *The Regent*, failed, Boaden[115] thought, because of the fact that Mrs. Siddons, who played the part of the heroine, was taken ill on the second night of the performance and the play was accordingly set aside. Boaden felt, moreover, that the name was especially obnoxious at the time on account of the condition of the King. Literary and dramatic critics were divided on its merits. Miss Seward[116] liked the Shaks-

perian way of having menials speak in prose. She said that the play acted well, and that with all its faults it was worth "a thousand of such vapid rants as Mrs. Cowley's last tragedy."[117] Greatheed had genius, she held, but he was utterly without taste. The *Monthly Review*,[118] although it deplored the tendency of "catching at finery," was of the opinion that the plot was "managed with art," that the scenes were well arranged and exhibited "in succession, great variety of passions . . ." and that in such style of composition the language was "simple and affecting." On the other hand, the *English Review* was almost entirely condemnatory. It pointed out that the characters were not natural, the mixture of classical and feudal ideas was incongruous, and the attempt to write a character for Mrs. Siddons resulted in the same old, threadbare situations. Anthony Pasquin[119] characterized the tragedy as "replete with inflated language, false metaphor, and ridiculous incident." An attempt to have it revived on the stage was made later (by 1797 at the latest), but it too was unsuccessful.[120] Greatheed translated Boccaccio's *Lisabetta and Her Brothers* in verse, but there is no evidence of his having published his collected poems. He was highly esteemed as a scholar and a man by the Berry sisters and others of their circle.[121]

Little is known of many of the other persons satirized, and little needs to be said. William Parsons must have been a sort of bore to some members of the circle in which he moved. One of the Berry sisters characterized him as "that high priest of ennui."[122] In 1796 he published an "Ode to a Boy at Eton, Three Sonnets, and One Epigram." The Ode was written to correct what he considered a wrong impression of Eton given by Gray's "Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College." The "boy at Eton" was Bertie Greatheed, Jr.[123] The poem is, of course, not the equal of Gray's, though the *British Critic*[124] observed that the senti-

ments were true but inspired by different feelings from those of Gray's. Gifford ridiculed this publication in the 1797 edition of the *Baviad*. Parsons published his collected poems in two volumes in 1807.

Edward Jerningham continued writing, though in 1796 he contemplated giving up writing poetry. In 1793 a play of his was presented on the stage, which Miss Berry thought improved by the *Baviad*, being freer from sentimentality than many of the current plays.[125] But his plays were not successful. *The Welsh Heiress* was acted only one night, and was not favorably received by the reviewers. Jerningham was an intimate friend of Miss Berry[126] and wrote lines in praise of her "magic's softer pow'r." He saw in her "summer mind"

> Italia's skies and Albion's soothing green.[127]

Exception was taken by the *English Review*[128] to the *Baviad's* ridicule of Jerningham. It called the reference[129] to him "harsh and illiberal abuse . . ." totally unjustifiable, and consisting of "coarse and disgusting" epithets, which were "infinitely more disgraceful to the user than to the object" of them. Taylor[130] also thought Gifford wholly at fault here. "No unfavorable allusion to him appeared," he said, "until my late friend, William Gifford wrote a couplet in his poem." The *Monthly*[131] also objected to the couplet.

Mrs. Cowley and Mrs. Robinson both continued to write drama and poetry. The former's epic poem, *The Siege of Acre*, met with a more favorable reception at the hands of the reviewers than did her tragedy, *The Fate of Sparta*. The *Monthly Review*[132] thought it not devoid of merit, and the *Critical*[133] was even more favorable. Mrs. Robinson continued to be popular. Even Coleridge addressed a poem[134] to her. As late as 1794 she was called by Robert Oliphant the "queen of the laurell'd lyre." She also wrote novels that

were as highly lauded[135] as her poems. Referring to her *Vancenza, or the Dangers of Credulity*, the *English Review*[136] thought she had more "successfully climbed the Parnassian heights than any female votary of the Muses" that England had produced. It considered the language of the novel, however, too florid and ornamental for prose. She did all of of this writing, moreover, to the accompaniment of intense physical pain, which her indomitable spirit seems to have conquered. Boaden[137] said that she was a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and lost almost the entire use of her legs; but she never let her pain lessen the pleasure of others in conversation with her.

Many of the playwrights and actors ridiculed by Gifford continued their connection with the stage. The type of drama they produced was, to be sure, not a very high one, but it had a popular appeal. Frederick Reynolds, who was really just beginning his career as a playwright, was a prolific writer of comedies, which he continued to turn out to the end of the first decade of the next century.[138] Many of these were popular. *Speculation*, *Management*, *The Rage*, *The Will*, are typical of his comedies. They were intended to picture the fashions and follies of the day. Boaden[139] says *The Rage* was very successful, partly because of the name "Gingham" which was given to the character acted by Lewis,[140] the comedian. He declared that Reynolds "passed his whole time in *thinking* comedies; and only lived by writing them. He was so popular, that he had all the gay world running after him; and the grave preferred their exhilaration to their criticism." Holcroft, O'Keefe, and Colman the Younger were popular in their day. Holcroft wrote comedies and light operas, some which had merit. *The Road to Ruin* is his best comedy.[141] It was acted thirty-eight nights during one theatrical season. His comic opera, *The Noble Peasant*, reads pretty well even now. O'Keefe's

entertainments pleased the galleries.[142] *The Irish Mimic* and *Sprigs of Laurel*[143] are typical of his comic operas. Colman was a successful actor, and he tried his hand at drama[144] and poetry. Croker's ridicule of his *Poetical Vagaries* in the *Quarterly Review*[145] brought forth his spirited *Vagaries Vindicated*, which Croker also ridiculed.

Most of the other victims of the satires may be disposed of very quickly. One[146] died three years before the *Baviad* appeared and another[146] before the *Maeviad* was published. Kemble accumulated a valuable dramatic library, which he turned over to Gifford for free use to prepare his edition of Ben Jonson's works. Samuel J. Pratt (Courtney Melmoth) remained prominent enough to be mentioned in the first edition of Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Cumberland was well known as novelist and playwright. He proposed to establish a rival of the *Edinburgh Review* to be made up of reviews signed by their authors.[147] James Boaden continued as actor and dramatist and later (1825) published his *Memoirs of John Philip Kemble*, in which he remarks that, though the Della Cruscans deserve a high place among those who write with ease, some of their flights are "so utterly absurd as not to be worth the labor of serious exposure."[148] He does not mention the *Maeviad* or anything Gifford said about him. Richard Bensley remained "a deserving favorite of the public" until he retired, says Taylor.[149] James Cobb wrote about twenty-four plays in all, some of which achieved a measure of success.

Another victim of the *Baviad* was John Williams, alias Anthony Pasquin. Though not one of the Della Cruscans, he was nevertheless attacked in the satire, and he sought revenge by means of the law.[150] He was the most despicable individual, but not the most insignificant writer, that came under Gifford's notice. Not only was he held in contempt by most respectable people, but even John Wolcot, a man of his

own stamp, could not endure him. Much of his verse is made up of villification of the character of prominent people.[151] He had a keen pen, and his ridicule was feared by actors and painters, against whom he directed a sort of literary blackmail. But he also wrote a considerable amount of respectable poetry, some of which is as good as the average magazine verse of the time. He was a frequent contributor to the *European.* In 1786 he published *The Children of Thespis,* a verse satire on a number of actors, dramatists, and poets, which in part anticipated the *Baviad.* In 1787 and 1788 he added a second and a third section respectively to this satire. After his defeat in court he left for America. Here he engaged in a bitter fight between the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists, on the side of the latter. *The Hamiltoniad,* which he published in 1804, is a coarse satire against the Federalists. Taylor[152] says that Cobbett's pen was too formidable for him and forced him to return to England, where for a time he lived in obscurity. Later, however, he was engaged to write for a morning newspaper.[153]

The accounts given above are far from complete. They are intended merely as a basis for determining the extent of the effectiveness of Gifford's two satires in routing the Della Cruscans. Though it is impossible to measure exactly the effect of these satires, it seems probable that it was not so great as Scott, Beloe, and other writers stated. Aside from the fact that the reviewers were not wholly in sympathy with the satirist, and that he himself, as well as others, testified that the Della Cruscans were not completely routed, the accounts given tend to show that the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad* had little or no effect on them. A recapitulation of the evidence will make the situation clearer.

The *European Magazine* was the best repository for contemporary verse that was found. Since it printed, ap-

parently indiscriminately, the poetry of a host of psuedonymous and other writers; and since it gave considerable space to the Della Cruscan group and made no mention whatever of Gifford's satires, it may be taken as a fair indicator of the popularity of these writers, and the period of time in which they wrote. It shows the Della Cruscan rage to have been at its height in 1788. After that year the names of Della Crusca and Anna Matilda rarely appear. The *Universal Magazine* and the *Town and Country Magazine* reveal the same situation, but less markedly. Very few Laura Maria poems appear at all, but Mrs. Robinson's poems are frequent. She published her collected poems in 1791 and 1793. Greatheed, Parsons, and Mrs. Piozzi contributed very little to the *World*, and very few of their poems appeared in the magazines. Both Parsons and Jerningham continued to write poetry, and both published their collected works later. The published volumes of *Poetry of the World* reveal the same things as the magazines. The 1791 volumes are made up mostly of imitators or new writers. Since no more volumes were published, it is possible that Gifford's satires checked these imitators; but Adney and Andrews and "Edwin" continued to furnish the *European* with their verse. That Merry ceased almost entirely to contribute to the *World* is certain. His disillusionment (if there ever was an illusion in regard to Anna Matilda) occurred in 1789; and by 1790, or the early part of 1791, he was in love with Miss Brunton. His going to Paris in 1792, which Walpole[154] ascribed to the *Baviad*, is much more likely to have been caused by his disappointment over the failure of his tragedy and his sympathy for the Revolutionists. His plan of having his wife act in plays that he himself should write failed in two ways, and his disappointment was keen. Neither does the *Baviad* seem to have had any influence on the discontinuance of the

World. Mrs. Wells's reason, that it was discontinued because she was no longer able to assist, may be partly true; but it is more likely that the damper put upon it by the suit for libel and the loss of Este's help were the real causes. What the satire may have accomplished was the cessation of the publisher Bell's activities in behalf of the Della Cruscan group. But this too is doubtful, for Ridgeway published Volumes III and IV of *Poetry of the World* before the *Baviad* was given to the public.

That the *Maeviad* exerted any appreciable influence is still less likely. It may be admitted that the taste of the people for drama was depraved; but many of the writers and actors satirized were very popular. Such a satire was therefore less likely to be successful than the former. Besides, it appeared four years after *Lorenzo* was acted, and seven years after *The Regent* failed, though the latter was revived for only one night a few years later. Mrs. Cowley's *Fate of Sparta* was also a failure seven years before this satire appeared. Greatheed wrote no other drama; and none of Merry's, Jerningham's, or Mrs. Robinson's subsequent plays was successful. Mrs. Cowley wrote a few more comedies, but they did not equal her earlier ones in popularity. So far as these writers are concerned, therefore, a satire would have small merit in attacking them; the impression of such an attack would be that of trying to kill something already dead. In fact, Frederick Pilon and John St. John were actually dead before the satire appeared, the former several years before. But this was not true of some of the others. Andrews, Colman the Younger, Cobb, Cumberland, Holcroft, O'Keefe, Boaden, and Reynolds continued before the public from ten to fifteen years after the appearance of the *Maeviad.* They had their successes and their failures as in former years. Furthermore, the complete ignoring of the satire by these people, as their biographies indicate, tends to

show that it never made more than a ripple on the surface of their lives.

An explanation of the lack of effectiveness of the satires may be found in their inferior quality. It has been shown that they were not well timed. In addition, they are indiscriminate and exaggerated, and lack the happy judgment of knowing when to stop. They are without humor, and reveal ill nature and personal animosities. They lack epigrammatical point and the force of epithet-fixing lines so necessary to effective satire. The good lines are exceptional.

Exaggeration is almost everywhere evident. Taken as an independent group, the Della Cruscans were much more insignificant than the satires lead one to suppose them to have been. Their popularity extended little beyond the circle of the *World* and of Bell's publishing house. Although the former had considerable prestige within its own circle, it was extinguished without regret except on the part of the persons immediately concerned with it.[155] The general public was indifferent or about equally divided as to the merit of the group. One of the most popular poets of the day, Anna Seward, had only contempt for much of their poetry. Boaden[156] says, it is true, that so long as it was not known who wrote the Della Crusca-Anna Matilda poems, their authorship was ascribed to and never formally denied by "the brightest geniuses of the age," Sheridan being one of them. But it must be remembered that these "brightest geniuses" (Mrs. Piozzi and Sheridan) were then or shortly afterwards associated with this circle, and their praise of the poems would not indicate a wide range of popularity. The *English Review*[157] gave a really withering criticism of *The Poetry of Anna Matilda*. Such a review, characterized by humorous ridicule, was much more appropriate than Gifford's lumbering couplets, for it showed the absurdity of the poetry in an utterly ridiculous light without abusing the writer.

Even before the *English Review's* damaging criticism appeared, Anthony Pasquin published a satire on many of the same characters Gifford afterwards satirized, making light of some of the same peculiarities he later ridiculed. When Kemble and Siddons appeared on the stage together, they laid claim, he said,

> . . . . to our praise in the very same tones,
> The same ahs, the same ohs, the same starts, the same groans.[158]

He bade the reader

> Hear Bensley, whose hollow and sepulchral note,
> Seems heav'd from the lungs to be forc'd thro the throat.[159]

He accused Greatheed, Ann Yearsley, Anna Seward, and Hannah More of thinking first of harmony and then of sense; of gleaning from Bysshe[160] all their knowledge of poetry—of being merely poetry grinders. His criticism of Greatheed's *Regent*[161] is much fairer than Gifford's. The latter states that the style is "grovelling and base. In a word, the whole piece is the most execrable abortion of stupidity that ever disgraced the stage."[162] Such criticism, like vaulting ambition, "o'er-leaps itself." Though too full of absurd and stilted expressions, the tragedy is not wholly contemptible.

Besides Pasquin's, two other satires were written before the *Baviad* appeared, which dealt with almost the same material. J. H. Leigh's *New Rosciad* was published in 1790. The name is sufficiently descriptive. *Modern Poets* appeared anonymously early in 1791.[163] It ridiculed Hayley's efforts at didactic poetry as producing

> A hard unnatural birth, that woeful strains,
> And not the effect of poetry, but pains.

It also observed that

> . . . . Satire's meaning line is worth whole loads
> Of Laura's sonnets and of Arno's odes.

Gifford was therefore not alone in satirizing these writers, as he would have us believe from his Introduction to the *Baviad*.[164]

Lack of discrimination is a charge more easily made, perhaps, than supported. It is next to impossible to make a selection of persons to be satirized that would be agreed upon by even two persons. Yet to one familiar with the period, some names prominent at the time immediately occur as belonging to the group. Gifford did not limit the group to those of *The Florence Miscellany*; neither did he include all who contributed to the *World* and the *Oracle*. In the absence of a definite list, it may be permitted to add a few names that contemporaneous opinion, similarity of tastes, or resemblance of works would place in the group. Hayley, Anna Seward, Helen Maria Williams, T. S. Whalley, Ann Yearsley, and perhaps Hannah More, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Inchbald might be included. Whalley's friendship with Mrs. Piozzi, as well as his tastes and style of writing, place him there.[165] Miss Seward, during the height of the Della Cruscan popularity, was a great admirer of Mrs. Piozzi. The latter[166] even thought that she was the author of the Anna Matilda poems, a possibility which the *Gentleman's Magazine*[167] also considered. Her own style is little different from Merry's or Mrs. Cowley's at times, although she considered their poetry "a heap of fustian, vulgarity, and nonsense, with now and then a charming line, that makes one wonder 'how the devil it got there.' " And the average of her sonnets is very little better than that of Mrs. Robinson's. Her fulsome praise of Hayley[168] as "Britain's darling bard," and his extravagant eulogies of her[169] are not less ridiculous than those of Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, and Della Crusca. In fact, their continual praise of each other is made the subject of ridicule in one of the Della Cruscan poems.[170] The ridicule is well enough

deserved, but not, perhaps, at the hands of the Della Cruscans. The *English*[171] and *Critical*[172] Reviews were hostile to Miss Seward and found much to ridicule in her forced and unnatural style and her obscure and inappropriate metaphors. Croker[173] considered her definitely as a Della Cruscan. Walpole[174] put Merry, Mrs. Barbauld, and Miss Williams, whose poetry Miss Seward admired, in the same class as disgusting eulogists of everything belonging to the French Revolution. Miss Williams's poetry, though not so absurd as Merry's worst, is nevertheless more than a little Della Cruscan. Miss Seward[175] classed Mrs. Charlotte Smith's poetry, especially her sonnets, with Merry's.

It is futile to go farther. If the group is considered as a particularly absurd part of a larger movement, it is still insignificant, though some of its tendencies successfully defied criticism for the next twenty years and finally won. They may be said to have belonged to Bowles's sonnets, to Coleridge's earlier poetry especially, to Moore's sentimental "cosmetic" poetry, as Hazlitt[176] expressed it, and to Leigh Hunt's "softy" epithets. They are also found in some of Keats's and Shelley's poetry. Even in the most extreme form, they are not more ridiculous than the regularly recurring seasonal and birthday odes of Pye, the poet laureate.

The motive in writing the *Baviad* was professedly an honest indignation at the debauched state of poetic taste; and Merry, being the acknowledged leader of the group, was singled out for the chief attack. But the ring of sincere indignation is lacking, and in its stead is an arrogant and complacent self-assurance, which is not in accord with the motive of merely reforming the public taste. There is at least the suspicion that the satire was timed to cast ridicule on Merry's pro-French sympathies. Merry was also a defeated candidate for the laureateship, the court being for Pye.[177] If the satirist's thrusts partake somewhat of Fal-

staffian valor, they also reveal something of the bully. His couplet on Mrs. Robinson aroused the ire of Hunt and Hazlitt. He ridiculed Kemble for being a collector of black-letter plays, and then in a note explained that he too liked to look into marked catalogs for old plays[178]—but with a difference. A note on Bensley's peculiar quality of tone is arrogant and ill-natured.

The lines against Joseph Weston for his part in the controversy with Anna Seward over Pope's character are a good example of these qualities, and are wholly unjust. The controversy arose over some remarks Weston made about the harshness and unnaturalness of Pope's style. When Miss Seward took him to task, he called Pope a usurper upon Parnassus, and the *Dunciad* a thing "with a rotten carcase." He protested that all he was reprobating was Pope's poetic diction, but he also brought charges against his character. Miss Seward was really more extravagant in her defense of his character than Weston was in attacking it; but she worsted him completely in controversial skill. After much blundering, he finally with great common sense said that their difference was a matter of taste and could not be reconciled. He considered inflation the chief blemish of modern poetry, and Dryden's poetry, on account of its inequalities (i.e., freedom from monotonous "correctness") superior to Pope's. Such heresy Miss Seward did not believe, and the matter was dropped.[179] For Weston's part in it Gifford called him a "reptile accurs'd," which

> Swells like a filthy toad, for secret spite,

and

> spits its black venom at the dust of Pope,

a "nightman of literature."[180]

The introduction to the *Maeviad* also shows anger rather than righteous indignation. It was to answer the attacks

on himself that Gifford resolved to publish this satire, which had been written two years before. He says[181] in the Introduction to the *Maeviad* that the *Baviad* was successful, but in the satire itself he qualifies the statement. The tone of the Introduction is very much like that of an angry man stamping his foot because those whom he had ordered to be silent still dared to talk.

In his discussion of the condition of the stage[182] he touched its weak spot, but with characteristic exaggeration. The "bards of other days" he addresses thus:

> From nature's varied face ye wisely drew,
> And following ages owned the copies true.

But to Merry he says:

> . . . . from first to last,
> Your joy is fustian and your grief bombast.

His charge that the reviewers had lauded *The Regent* and *Lorenzo* to the skies is not borne out by an examination of the leading reviews of the time. Opinion was divided as to the former, but Anna Seward's estimate (p. 65 *supra*) is pretty accurate. The latter was condemned by Merry's own friends, Rogers and Boaden, while the reviewers were also hostile to it. The *World*, however, may have praised it extravagantly.

Lack of humor and wit is another marked characteristic of the satires. The lines do not turn the laugh on the victim, but more often arouse disgust for the author. It seems entirely erroneous to characterize the satire as "scorching, because his very playfulness of talent possessed a giant's force; and if he wanted to crush only a reptile, he (unconsciously) hurled a mountain over it."[183] It is not indicative of a sense of humor, or of a giant's playfulness, to treat in all seriousness absurd nothings like Vaughan's "To a Mouse" and "Lines to a Mastiff."[184]

It is hard to believe that Vaughan, or "Edwin," was writing serious verse, or that Bell, in his sonnet beginning "Monster of Turpitude," and in the note on "Grecian Mare," was not merely baiting Gifford.[185] The lines by "Edwin" are not without a certain kind of wit, such as one might find in newspaper columns; and if Bell was serious, he deserved much more withering ridicule than Gifford bestowed. The satirist's lines on Parsons,[184] added later, are within the canons of satire; but the four lines which he first used as a motto for the *Maeviad* and later relegated to a footnote are nothing but childish scurrility.

The lack of wit and invention is made the more evident by the complacent assurance of his own poetical powers, which obtrudes itself upon the reader. He too, he declared, tried writing poetry in his childhood; but when he saw the kind of stuff that was passed off as poetry, he quit writing. This resolution he kept, he said, until "Anna" came into his life and inspired him. Then his verses were in his opinion simple and sincere, and were still remembered in Ashburton. His

> . . . . hopes and fears, in nature's language drest,
> Awakened love in many a gentle breast.[185]

Some of the poems "in nature's language drest" are found in footnotes to the *Maeviad;* and Hazlitt, with malicious glee perhaps, exposed the vanity of their author.[186] A charge of plagiarism is brought against the satirist by the *New Monthly Magazine*[187] with reference to the poem beginning "I wish I was where Anna lies," which the writer says was copied from a well known Scotch song and dirge beginning, "I wish I was where Helen lies."[188] His satires, especially the first one, are confessedly close paraphrases of their models, and the "Ode to Dr. Ireland" is an imitation of Horace's "Otium divos." In the last named poem he boldly sets forth his own poetic powers as

> A skill to charm the lonely hour
> With no inglorious song.

The large number of editions of the satires between 1791 and 1811 (8th edition) would seem to imply a wide circulation, and such may have been the case. This is doubtful, however, for changes or additions were used as excuses for issuing new editions.[189] The method of revision was "to grace some succeeding edition of the *Baviad*" by a notice of an attack made on him. These changes indicate a more or less bitter quarrel between the author and his victims. Besides minor changes of words and phrases, more significant ones were made. The omission of the note on Kemble has already been mentioned. The note on Parsons, added in 1797, was lengthened in 1811. Colman's name was left out in 1811, and the epithet "flippant trash" was applied to the works of Reynolds, whose name was added. Andrews' name was also omitted and the note on him dropped. But Holcroft received a note in which he was called a "poor stupid wretch, to whom infidelity and disloyalty have given a momentary notoriety." To the discussion of the low state of the stage, was added a remark on the German drama and Schiller's *Robbers* and the effectiveness of the *Anti-Jacobin* parody, *The Rovers*. An extremely laudatory estimate of John Hoppner, who died in 1810, was also appended to the lines to him in the *Maeviad*. The note does no credit to the satirist's judgment. The account of the case of Pasquin against Faulder, referred to above, was published with the satires in this edition.

The satires have slight literary value and they have justly been forgotten. One must look elsewhere for their author's contribution to literature. The verses have none of the polish of Pope's, nor do they have the ease of Churchill's, though they are more like the latter's than the former's. Oliver Elton describes the sound of the couplets as that of

"a sledge-hammer hitting wild;"[190] and, indeed, this characterization also describes the clumsy inappropriateness of much of the subject matter. His blows are hard but often ill directed. For downright abuse he shows at times great skill in the selection of words. He is a master of obloquy when he is characterizing the Della Cruscan product as "The ropy drivel of rheumatic brains," or telling how

> . . . . lords and dukes, curs'd with the sickly taste,
> . . . . . .
> Lick up the spittle of the bed-rid muse,
> And riot on the sweepings of the stews.[191]

But he never overcame the childish tendency to fling dirt. There is, for example, utter irrelevance in the last line just quoted. It was this tendency that incited in the reader disgust with the satire rather than contempt for the objects of the satire. His verses to his friends, though not smooth or pleasant to the ear, do not arouse disgust; and even his commonplace directions telling modern writers to

> . . . . let your style be brief, your meaning clear,
> Nor, like Lorenzo, tire the laboring ear
> With a wild waste of words; sound without sense,
> And all a florid glare of impotence,[192]

are more acceptable to the reader than the dirt collected in the lines first quoted. In execrating the reviewers[193] he little thought that he was bringing a charge that was soon to be brought against him. Many people were soon to wish that he and his coadjutors "could divest themselves of their partialities, when they sit down to the execution of . . . .their solemn duty" as reformers of public taste. But consistency of this sort was not a prominent characteristic of his (perhaps it is rare in most people); and if his indignation was honest, his sour temper was in part excusable, especially in the light of his early hardships and his ill health.

Chapter III

THE ANTI-JACOBIN; OR, WEEKLY EXAMINER

The would-be poets and playwrights against whom Gifford had hurled his darts of satire, were the offspring of a parent that bore a hardier political progeny. Just as the Della Cruscans had been the scorn and loathing of those who assumed certain fixed and unchangeable poetic standards, so were the liberals, and especially the Jacobins, of the strict Tories. Besides, Jacobinism was much more formidable than Della Cruscanism (in its narrower limits) had been. Something had to be done to combat its pernicious influence. According to John Agg,[1] a Tory pamphleteer, the *British Critic* owed its origin partly to the efforts of a society formed "for the express purpose of preserving the morals of the rising generation from the corruption of Democracy and Presbyterianism, to serve as an antidote to the poison of these forces." He said further that the Jacobins had "command of three out of four of the regular reviews; namely, the *Monthly*, the *Critical*, and the *Analytical;* of seven daily newspapers—the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Gazetteer*, the *Morning Post*, the *Courier*, the *Star*, the *Express*, and the *Evening Chronicle;* besides two weekly papers, and one that was published twice a week,—of various magazines; and the *New Annual Register*. In addition to these, they have a constant supply of Light-Armed Troops, in the shape of Handbills, Pamphlets, and detached Volumes: to say nothing of their Auxiliaries in the Provinces, known by the name of *Country Papers*." Besides this fact, "the available talent of the Reform party, in and out of Parliament, greatly preponderated over its opponents. An engine was wanted that would make up,

by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources.'"[2] The need of a strong government organ was the greater in view of the danger from France. Negotiations for peace, at Lille (1797), had failed, and John Hookham Frere, who held a minor diplomatic post in the government and had gone with Lord Malmsbury to Lille, had returned to England. Bonaparte, having been made commander of the army by the Directory, had conducted a victorious campaign in Italy and forced a treaty with Austria.[3] England, by a separate treaty between France and Portugal (England's sole remaining ally), had been left to wage war single-handed with the enemy. The Directory had proposed that Bonaparte should attack London while the English navy was engaged with the Dutch and Spanish fleets. The United Society of Irishmen were expecting help from France against the tyrannical policy of Parliament in Ireland. Fox, one of the ablest statesmen in England, was an open advocate of the Revolution. With all of these conditions facing it, the government was trying to make the great mass of the English people believe that there was a real social danger from France. Consequently, with the Jacobin clamor becoming louder and louder in England, and with the best talent in the opposition, some of the strongest Tory supporters of the ministery resolved on more aggressive measures. George Canning, who in 1796 had been made Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, was the leader of this group, and set about to put the measures into effect. He was a man of some literary reputation; he had been editor of the *Microcosm* at Eton, and had written at least a part of *The New Morality*.[4] Upon him, then, devolved the chief work of manufacturing this engine. It was agreed that a newspaper should be published during the coming session of Parliament, and Canning himself wrote its prospectus. As

its chief purpose was to combat Jacobin influence, it was called the *Anti-Jacobin; or, Weekly Examiner.*

There were, of course, a number of other men associated with Canning either as political backers or as contributors to the paper. His political supporters, who seemed to have had little part in the contributions, were Charles Long (later Lord Farnborough), Charles Jenkinson (afterwards the Earl of Liverpool), Lord Mornington (later Marquis Wellesley), Lord Clare, and others. According to Cobbett,[5] John Bowles was the power that set the *Anti-Jacobin* on foot, but Canning and his followers soon got rid of him, either because they thought his matter would be "too heavy for the wire-drawn work in which they excelled," or because they were "afraid that he would, as senior tradesman and projector of the establishment, aspire to be head of the firm."[6] How much truth there is in this statement it is difficult to say. Bowles was an industrious pamphleteer, and Cobbett asserted that he received the commissionership of bankrupts on the strength of his pamphlet against Paine's *Rights of Man.* His pamphlets, though pretty well written, are heavy and ineffective because of the extravagance of their denunciation of all that the French Revolution stood for or was alleged to stand for. But biographical facts about Bowles are lacking, and the biographers of Pitt, Canning, and other men of their group do not mention his name. Neither does he appear to have contributed to the paper, though the *Letters to Lord Moira*[7] may possibly have been his work. Those most actively associated with Canning were John Hookham Frere and George Ellis, a former Whig but at this time a follower of Pitt. Ellis had shown his ability as a writer in the Whig satire, *The Rolliad*, which had appeared a few years earlier.[8] Pitt himself is said to have contributed in a few instances to the satirical poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin.*[9]

For editor of the projected paper, Canning had, according to "Eponymos," originally selected a Dr. Grant[10] who, he says, was well known as a contributor to the Reviews. But becoming ill a few days before the first issue was to appear, Grant sent for Wright the publisher, told him of his utter inability to perform the work, and advised him to confer with one of the projectors. Wright accordingly went to Charles Long and told him what had happened. On Long's asking him if he knew of any one else who might be secured, Wright mentioned Gifford's name and was immediately commissioned to offer Gifford the editorship, which the satirist accepted without an instant's hesitation. Canning himself had sufficient ability for the editorship; but "it required," says Bell, "a rougher hand than his . . . . one, too, not likely to wince from mud and bruises. The author of the *Baviad and Maeviad* was exactly the man—hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit."[11]

Whether this estimate of Gifford is too harsh or not may be a question. The taste of the time allowed brutal methods in political and literary criticism; and in the opinion of the Tories, the occasion demanded them. The purpose, as we have already seen, was to expose what the Tories considered the vicious doctrines of the French Revolution, and to turn into objects of ridicule and contempt or hatred the advocates of these doctrines. The method was largely that of trying to blacken the adversaries, and the editors would not be inclined to spare any journalistic means, fair or foul, in the attempt. The more extreme Tories certainly were in no mood to work with gloves on; and just as certainly was Gifford selected merely to carry out their orders. "Eponymos" relates[12] that Gifford used to dine with one or more of the group, including Pitt, once or twice a week, and that in these meetings many of the "most exquisite"

articles were concocted. Gifford's sympathies were in accord with those of his more extreme associates, and he fitted into the group without any friction on the question of editorial prerogatives.

Parliament assembled on November 3, 1797, and the first number of the *Anti-Jacobin* appeared on November 20th. There were a number of incidents that offered rich opportunities for the new paper. Fox and some of his chief supporters in both houses had seceded from Parliament. In December of the same year the King proclaimed a solemn thanksgiving for the naval victories of the English; and while the King and Queen and Pitt were driving to St. Paul's to return thanks, the mob hooted Pitt. At a celebration of Fox's birthday, several years earlier (1789), the Duke of Norfolk had proposed as a toast "our sovereign's health, the majesty of the people." Fox repeated the toast at a great Whig dinner as a reaffirmation of the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people. Norfolk had been removed from his lord-lieutenancy and deprived of the command of his militia regiment, and Fox was removed from the Privy Council. The special tax for carrying on the war met with some objection, and the Duke of Bedford, who was a follower of Fox and very much interested in agriculture, got into trouble for an alleged failure to enter seventeen horses for taxes. Lord Moira, an Irish member of the upper house of Parliament, was criticizing the government's policy in Ireland. Moreover, during the year 1797, before the British victory over the Dutch at Camperdown, there had been a series of mutinies among the British sailors. These and a number of less important incidents formed the chief subjects for discussion between the pro-French newspapers and the *Anti-Jacobin*.

Larger aspects of the Revolution, both political and literary, were, of course, also dealt with, but Gifford had

little to do with the actual writing of articles discussing these aspects. In the field of literature there was much to attack. Goethe's *Sorrows of Werther*, Erasmus Darwin's botanical poetry, Southey's English Sapphics, and Sheridan's and Holcroft's use of sentimental German drama, all fell an easy prey to the brilliant wit of Canning, Ellis, and Frere. Morley,[13] on the authority of Wright the publisher, credits Gifford with the authorship of the "Imitation of the Dactyllics" and the "Imitation of Bion," but Frere[14] excludes Gifford from the authorship of all poetry except lines 318 to 327 of "*The New Morality*," which Morley ascribes to Ellis. The "Imitation of Bion" is not like Gifford's satire; in fact, the kind of satire exhibited in the *Anti-Jacobin* poetry was not Gifford's forte. As shown in his earlier satires, indignation and abuse, not brilliant wit and cutting ridicule, were his chief instruments, and these he employed in the prose of the paper. The section devoted to "Lies, Misrepresentations, and Mistakes" found in the opposition press, Gifford had direct charge of,[15] and this work he was especially fitted for. It is difficult to determine what other prose contributions he was author of, for the authorship of all the articles was kept a profound secret. All the contributions were copied by an amanuensis in order that no one might recognize the handwriting of the manuscripts. The section of the paper of which Gifford had direct charge is of chief interest in our study, and a brief survey of that part will make clear the nature of Gifford's editorial work.

From the very first the *Anti-Jacobin* was clearly on the defensive, and its method of defense was to beat the enemy with their own weapons. The devices used to defeat the radical papers were the usual ones. Exaggeration and abusive condemnation of the statements of the Jacobins were stock tricks. Branding a statement emphatically as a

lie without any further comment was a common device. Twisting the meaning of a quotation, or utterly ignoring its evident intention, was another. Sometimes the editor assumed a tone of contempt for the bungling efforts of the papers to villify the ministry. At other times he took a keen delight in tripping up the papers on little mistakes of quotation or interpretation, or on slips in regard to history. A favorite device, which he thought very clever, was to assume errors in printing and then supply the proper words. Not infrequently the *Anti-Jacobin* did the same thing that it attacked its enemies for; but such inconsistency is to be expected where the purpose was to break the influence of the Jacobins by fair means or foul. The chief aim of Gifford was to defend the King and government, the nobility, and the Church of England.

When the *Morning Chronicle* called the style of the ministerial journals "scurrilous," the *Anti-Jacobin* replied that the opposition papers indulged in the "most rancorous and venomed sarcasms against the Political and Religious Establishment of the Country."[16] One issue of the *Chronicle* carried an account of a taxgatherer's complaint about the difficulty of his work because of the distress of the taxpayers; and the editor merely commented: "Very circumstancial! but a *Lie* nevertheless." In one instance,[17] when the *Post* quoted a statement by Fox concerning the Duke of Norfolk, the editor called upon the Duke through the pages of the paper[18] to state whether Fox or the *Post* had lied. When a paper persisted in sticking to a statement that the *Anti-Jacobin* had branded as a lie, it was characterized as a dog returning to its vomit. A slur on the Prime Minister by the *Post* called forth a clumsy attempt at ridicule by the *Anti-Jacobin*. The *Post* had asserted that it was a good thing England was an island, "else the Minister would have completed our destruction:—he would not have dared

to have insulted the French nation unless he had been Prime Minister of an island." To this Gifford exclaimed: "O! the blessings of a clear head! This ingenious Gentleman 'apprehends a world of figures here'; but we doubt whether we clearly understand him. He seems to say that if Great Britain had not been an Island, the Minister would have ruined us by *going to war with France;* BECAUSE, if it made part of the continent he would NOT *have gone to war at all*!!!"[19] The meaning is clear enough. There are two conditions named; the *because* is imagined by Gifford and is not implied.

A clumsy attempt at evasion is the reply to the remark of the *Morning Chronicle* that the press of England was striving fast to imitate that of Turkey. Ignoring the obvious meaning—viz., that it was becoming more and more a mere government tool—the editor observed that he supposed the *Chronicle* alluded to its ridiculing of "our Blessed Savior." He then rather inanely reminded that paper that Turkey had no press.[20] An instance of misrepresentation is seen in the *Anti-Jacobin's* remarks on the *Morning Chronicle's* attacks on Wilberforce. This Jacobin print had said that Wilberforce would have been an admirable coadjutor to Oliver Cromwell, "whose seeking the Lord was of as much benefit to his country as Mr. Wilberforce's looking unto Jesus." The *Anti-Jacobin* twisted this to the assertion "that a man was fitted for an Usurper and Murderer by 'reverently looking unto Jesus.' "[21]

Two "corrections" of the *Anti-Jacobin* are interesting because they show the utter difference in point of view between the Revolutionists and the Tories. When the *Post* had ironically cautioned a certain nobleman who was inclined to adopt French phrases "not to stumble on the world Guillotine" while talking of capitalists because of the close relationship between the two ideas, Gifford observed

that the statement was a mistake "only as it was calculated to produce an effect directly contrary to the writer's intention."[22] And when the *Chronicle* stated that the erasure of Fox's name from the list of privy counselors caused no surprise, but that the escape of Sir Sidney Smith from a French prison did cause surprise, Gifford made the comment that he put the paragraph in question under the head of "mistakes" only because it appeared in the wrong paper—that the observation itself was correct.[23] This is one of his neatest strokes; but the clumsy efforts at other times leave the suspicion that he really did not understand what the *Chronicle* meant.

Abuse of the Jacobins is plentiful. The Duke of Bedford is called a "wretched sycophant," who "insults the just and honorable determination of the Commissioners"[24] by refusing, as was alleged, to enter seventeen horses for taxation. Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution* is termed "profound," and the author a "Great Man," who, "with prophetic eye piercing far into futurity, discovered, and laid open to the astonished world the dreadful and inevitable consequences of the principles on which the Founders of the Revolution acted." But the opponents—Price, Priestly, Mackintosh, and others, are spoken of as a "miserable race of politicians, utterly ignorant of human nature, and not capable of looking beyond the present moment," and their replies are described as "indecent levity."[25] Radical reform to Gifford is "atheism, . . . universal robbery, . . . murder."[26] The mutineers among the sailors are "most vile and profligate."[27]

The attacks on Fox were due chiefly to his seceding from Parliament; on Erskine, to his championship of the cause of Fox; on Lord Moira, to his criticism of the government's policy in Ireland. Fox was likened to Jack in the satiric *History of John Bull*, "who by the advice of his friend

Habakkuk, fairly hangs himself, in hopes that certain persons will come with the greatest possible eagerness to cut him down." Erskine was the friend Habakkuk. But not having been cut down, Fox, the editor said he had heard, "*applied* to some of his Friends, to *apply* to his constituents, to *apply* to him to attend his duty in Parliament when the Budget was opened."[28] The editor in one instance clearly misrepresented Fox's words, only for the sake of stirring up prejudice against him and making him out a rebel. Fox, in a speech quoted in the *Morning Post*, May 2, 1798, urged the Friends of Liberty to exert themselves to the fullest to avert a foreign yoke, but not to forget that "in happier and more favorable times, it will be equally their duty to use every effort—(I mean every justifiable and legal effort) to shake off the yoke of our English Tyrants." Gifford commented as follows: "Ask any man of plain understanding, in what words he could, (with a common regard to his own personal safety) put to the disaffected *more plainly* the incitement to turn to purposes of REBELLION at home, the SAME ARMS which shall have been placed in their hands to repel an invading Enemy?"[29] Fox's phrase, "the majesty of the people," Gifford branded as objectionable only as being complete *nonsense*;[30] and his toast to the "Sovereignty of the People" was the height of treason, for which the king justly had his name erased from the Privy Council. Gifford assumed throughout that Fox was reduced by this act to a mere cipher in the country. He believed that Fox would recant and never secede again. He was sure that only a few old women were aghast at first at his desperate measure, but that Fox himself felt that "the United voice of the country would speedily recall him to the post he had so peevishly abandoned." Assuming that Fox was disappointed in this hope, Gifford rejoiced in the lesson that "the ill-judged

experiment taught him." He doubted whether there were ten people in the country who "would inquire once a year whether Mr. Fox prefers the Whig Club to Parliament or Parliament to the Whig Club."[31] Lord Moira was accused of making statements in his speech to the English House of Lords which he would not have dared to make to the Irish Parliament, because members there knew them to be untrue.[32] Later Gifford said in reference to the same alleged misstatements: "We have frequently heard the Gentlemen of that country (Ireland) celebrated for their adroitness in *speaking* a bull; but for acting one, none of them, if we may trust the Jacobin papers, ever came within a thousand leagues of Lord Moira."[33]

The difference between the humor and ridicule found in the department of "Lies," and that in the poetry and some special prose articles, is very striking. In the former there is scarcely any humor and the ridicule is clumsy; in the latter both the humor and the ridicule are shrewd and biting, as may be well illustrated in such parodies as "The Needy Knife-Grinder," "The Loves of the Triangles," and "The Rovers." But as these have been shown to be not even in part the work of Gifford, nothing more need be said of them. Besides, they are much better known than the prose. The section of "Lies" contains very few effective comparisons. Most of them are only clumsy or abusive and brutal. The comparison of Fox to Jack in *The History of John Bull* is a typical example; so is also the reference to Lord Moira's ability to act a bull. When the Jacobin papers kept bringing up the doubt as to the Duke's guilt of evading taxes, Gifford angrily exclaimed, "We flattered ourselves we had done with the Duke of Bedford and his assessed taxes—

> . . . . The times have been,
> That when the brains were out, the man would die
> And there an end—!"

The quotation is vigorous and, though brutal, not inapt in one sense; but the same quotation might with equal aptness be employed to show the similarity of the jumpy state of the editor's and Macbeth's nerves. Another awkward attempt is found near the close of the life of the *Anti-Jacobin.* In what seems to be a supreme effort at satire, since the editor was really on the defensive, there is the most absurd form of ridicule.[34] A writer in the *Morning Chronicle* who had been a source of irritation to Gifford used a few uncomplimentary figures to describe the ferociousness of the *Anti-Jacobin* writers. Gifford thought he was blasting his antagonist with ridicule by assuming that the latter was just learning to write. The writer in the *Chronicle* had said that the editors of the *Anti-Jacobin* were "acting over again, but with a moral object, the schoolboy cruelties of their greener years;" that "nothing escapes the scratch of their ferocious gambols, nothing is safe from the sportive barbarity of their tiger play." The meaning is clear enough, and the figurative language is not far-fetched. But the *Anti-Jacobin* editor pretended that "greener years," "sportive barbarity," and "tiger play" were the height of the ridiculous. He tried to translate the article, first into Latin and then into French; but being unable to finish, he concluded that the original was therefore unintelligible—that the writer was "not yet out of his Nonsense."

One of the most noteworthy controversies, however, in which Gifford was involved was that with William Lamb, later Lord Melbourne; and it too is typical of the satire of the department of "Lies." Lamb made his one fling at satire against the *Anti-Jacobin* in a poem which was published in the *Chronicle* of January 17, 1798.[35] It is a political satire, and the part most often quoted was directed against the unsuccessful embassy to Lille. The lines are as follows:

> I swear by all the youths that Malmesbury chose,
> By Ellis' sapient prominence of nose,

By Morpeth's gait, impatient, proud, and big,
By Leveson Gower's crop-imitating wig.

Four other lines of the poem were quoted as a motto for the issue of the *Anti-Jacobin* for January 22. The lines thus used give ironical praise to the shrewdness of the *Anti-Jacobin* editors:

Hail justly famous! who in modern days
With nobler flight aspire to higher praise;
Hail justly famous! whose discerning eyes
At once detect mistakes, misstatements, lies!

All Gifford furnished in reply was, "What, can the devil speak truth?" It was left for others to write the poetic answer.[36] When Lamb's satire appeared, its authorship was unknown, nor were any of Gifford's surmises as to the author correct. But it created a flurry of comment in the papers, one of which published an epigram that cast a slur on the *Anti-Jacobin*. The epigram is addressed to the author of the "Epistle" and is as follows:

Rash critic, that pronounced in evil hour,
To be more stupid was beyond their pow'r—
Scarce dist thou think thy satire would provoke
The Anti-Jacobin to write a joke.

Gifford pounced upon this quatrain, criticized a little bad grammar, and immediately offered a prize of five shillings for any other four lines that exceeded these in dulness, folly, flatness, and stupidity. After a contest in which a great many lines were submitted and diligently examined, nothing was found worse. The only spark of humor in connection with the contest is a fictitious letter from the publisher Wright's housekeeper Deborah to her mother-in-law on the subject, and it is not Gifford's work.

The *Chronicle* made some comments on the notes in Canning's reply to Lamb, and Gifford immediately took up the dispute. In Canning's reply occurred the line,

And loads his blunderbuss with B-df-rd's brains,

which was explained in the notes as referring to a passage by Robert Adair in his *Part of a Letter to Fox*. The passage referred to charges Burke with "unplumbing a dead Russell, and hewing him into grape and cannister to sweep down the whole generation of his descendants." Adair was, of course, adapting Burke's remark in the *Reflections* that the French were "unplumbing the dead for bullets to assassinate the living." Burke had also made an attack on the Duke of Bedford, who was a descendant of the Russell mentioned by Adair, and it was this attack that inspired Adair's charge against him. The *Chronicle* took exception to the *Anti-Jacobin's* remark that Adair was "mistaking a coffin for a corpse," and it accused the editor of intending the reference to Bedford's brains as an insult to the Duke of Bedford. The *Anti-Jacobin* protested that no insult was intended and again ridiculed Adair and the *Chronicle* for mixing up brains and coffin. The *Chronicle's* second article took up the question of Adair's or anyone else's right to use the expression figuratively, asserting that Burke himself so used his reference to "unplumbing the dead." The *Anti-Jacobin* then pointed out exactly where Burke used the expression and dismissed his antagonist of the *Chronicle* with the remark that the critic "dexterously *omits* the whole of the only passage which has hitherto been the subject of dispute—that about 'B-df-rd's brains.' We presume, therefore, that he gives up the point. If so, we have no further quarrel with him. Anything that can proceed from his own 'brains' will give us little trouble or uneasiness."

While the *Chronicle* was clearly in the wrong as to what Burke meant by the remark, it was very probably right in believing that the reference to "Bedford's brains" was intended to cast a slur on the Duke of Bedford, in spite

of the *Anti-Jacobin's* protests to the contrary. Moreover, it is a curious fact that the Tory organ never let an opportunity slip by to ridicule a figurative expression. It seemed to feel sure of its ground in such instances, and in a way points toward the type of criticism employed later in the *Quarterly Review.*

Of the newspapers mentioned by John Agg as belonging to the Jacobin press, the *Morning Chronicle* as the leading party paper received the most frequent notice. It was outspoken against the government and the church and was often accused of blasphemy. The *Courier*, "that most contemptible farrago of fury and imbecility," was taken for granted to be a subsidized French Directory organ;[37] and both it and the *Morning Post* were considered the mouthpieces for the Corresponding Secretary.[38] The *Morning Herald* was declared "simply Jacobinical, and conducted by some unsuspecting innocents, apparently in the pay of *Ladies' Maids.*" The *Morning Chronicle* drew frequent fire from the *Anti-Jacobin* on account of its attacks on established religion.[39] It called the solemn thanksgiving for which the King issued a proclamation, "a Frenchified farce;" to which Gifford replied: "Depraved indeed must be that mind, to which his Majesty's proclamation . . . retraces the objects and the ceremonies of the Revolutionary Festival of France." Its comment that Wilberforce's religious zeal[40] was of as much value to his country as Cromwell's seeking the Lord, caused the editor fairly to burst with horrified indignation. After pleading with his readers to put down such anarchy and infidelity, and to abhor such blasphemy, Gifford apologizes for the show of emotion: "We beg pardon for this warmth, but when we see a good man singled out for ridicule and likened to an Usurper and Murderer, for reverently looking to the author of his Salvation, we know not how to repress our

feelings."[41] The "diabolical perseverance" of the paper in its "frantic hostilities . . . against Christianity" was again shown when it sarcastically observed that "the esteem in which Mr. Wilberforce holds the Cross of Christ and the Treasury Bench cannot be expressed in terms of sufficient admiration."[42] But perhaps the supreme example of impudence on the part of the *Chronicle* was its announcement[43] that "The prostitutes of Jermyn Street have agreed to subscribe *six nights* to the cause of *Religion*, because the *end*, as Mr. Wilberforce says, *sanctifies the means*." Scandalized to impotency at such blasphemy, Gifford could do nothing but congratulate himself and his paper on their high sense of duty and their unrelenting zeal in the cause of truth and religion.[44]

For a time, however, the attention of the *Anti-Jacobin* was directed to the *Courier*, and the *Chronicle* and the *Post* were neglected. A correspondent had suggested to Gifford that perhaps he was too hard on the *Chronicle;* whereupon the editor announced that on account of his feeling for humanity, which was his weak side, he would consent to spare that paper; "not that we shall abstain," he added, "altogether from noticing its Lies, Misrepresentations, etc., but that it must be satisfied, in future, with a secondary place in our paper, in which it lately occupied so conspicuous a position." He expressed the hope[45] that the *Morning Post*, as a result of the castigation it had received, might in time "become a respectable Opposition paper."[46] Once he even commended it for its remarks concerning the attack on the canal at Ostend by the English. The *Courier*, "written by madmen for the use of fools," for a time gets its full share of attention. In reply to a statement in it, Gifford remarked: "Known to be a lie at the time of writing it: seven days after, however, this dull and despicable *Vade Mecum* of the Corresponding

Society turned again to its vomit."[47] The greater activity, however, of the *Chronicle*, and the greater keenness of its attacks soon drew once more the chief attention of the *Anti-Jacobin*. In the last issue Gifford felt the necessity of defending himself against a certain writer in that paper, who seemed to give more trouble than any other and made him somewhat uneasy. The defense is a rather poorly covered retreat.

An examination of the *Anti-Jacobin* shows that, as "Eponymos" stated, the work of detecting lies, misrepresentations, and mistakes was very largely, or even entirely, Gifford's. It is of the nature of editorial routine work, and more or less drudgery. The method used is very much like that employed in the notes to the *Baviad and Maeviad*, and in the later editorial work; passages are quoted from the Jacobin papers and followed with sputtering, indignant remarks. Sometimes the editor merely brands the quotations as lies, sometimes he purposely gives them a wrong meaning, sometimes he points out contradictions in the papers, and sometimes he only hurls abuse. The exposition is not direct and forward-moving, but is interrupted by exclamations and expressions of the writer's feelings and lacks the organization found in articles on special subjects such as were contributed by others. Throughout this work there is also a characteristic Giffordian lack of humor.

The illustrations quoted above have all, with one exception,[48] been taken from the section that was ascribed to him. There are other articles, however, that are harder to place. The whole work has been carefully gone over and those articles selected which, from their similarity in form and style to the work of detecting lies, may reasonably be ascribed to Gifford. The following is the list:

1. The prose introduction to "The Needy Knife-Grinder."[49] It has a note of indignation unrelieved by humor and foreign to the tone of the poem.

2. The review of foreign affairs.[50] It condemns, denounces, and interrupts with passionate utterance, and contrasts clearly with the direct exposition of the articles on finance.[51]

3. The article[52] on Ireland and the Irish papers, the *Northern Star* and the *Union Star*. It is very much like the section on "Lies."

4. "Neutral Navigation."[53] The authorship of this article is doubtful.

5. The controversy[54] with the *Morning Chronicle* over the notes to Canning's answer to William Lamb's "Letter." This controversy is conducted in a manner which is decidedly like Gifford's.

6. The article on detecting falsehoods.[55] There is little doubt that this is Gifford's. The nature of the article and the style both place it in the list of his contributions.

7. A review of several newspapers outside of London.[56] The review is interrupted with feeling, but is hardly violent enough for Gifford's. Its authorship is doubtful.

8. The article on Switzerland.[57] This article offers a striking contrast to that on Rome. It contains exclamations of the writer and sarcasms in parentheses; apologizes for "such outrageous nonsense;" uses the word *cant* in the sense of any objectionable doctrine; and speaks of "a good Peasant . . . . guzzling champagne, and slobbering General Brune's hand." That on Rome is written in a straightforward way. The writer seems chiefly concerned with getting the facts to the reader. The article on Switzerland illustrates Gifford's method, but that on Rome does not.

9. The article on America.[58] The authorship of this is doubtful.

10. A survey of the work of the *Anti-Jacobin*, showing the number of lies detected and the number of people set right by their exposure.[59] This, from its very nature, looks like Gifford's.

Gifford's part is by no means an unimportant one, both as to the amount actually contributed and its function. Especially is this true of the amount contributed. Almost one-fourth of the entire space in the paper is devoted to the department of "Lies"; and if to it are added the special articles which for various reasons may be assigned to Gifford, the total is increased to almost one-third. Whether this part of the paper was as effective in accomplishing its purpose as its prominence seems to indicate, it is difficult to determine; but it is reasonable to conclude that the constant hammering away at the radical press prevented the excesses that might have been expected to follow the wild enthusiasm of the less restrained well-wishers of the Revolution.

The most effective articles from the standpoint of satire are those on the feigned meeting of the Friends of Freedom, which give supposed speeches of Fox and Erskine;[60] the letter of Letitia Sourby[61] to the editor telling of the ruinous effect the French Revolution was having on her father; and the account of "Mr. Fox's Birthday."[62] The second volume contains fewer articles of this type. Instead, it contains several letters from correspondents, one of which is in opposition to England's warlike preparation.[63] Two of them are extremely narrow and bigoted,[64] but being letters from correspondents, are not Gifford's. The letters to Lord Moira are attacks on Moira, but are more courteous and freer from abuse[65] than Gifford's work. With two or three conceptions, Gifford's part is far the most abusive of the whole paper. In one of the accounts of the meeting of the Friends of Freedom,[66] Fox is made to say that he "could declare with confidence that squeamishness or hesitation in the choice of means (to secure freedom) was a weakness of all others the most alien to his nature;" and one of the letters to the *Anti-Jacobin*[67] is very much like

Gifford's work in harshness and narrowness. But here the similarity ends.

The *Anti-Jacobin* contains coarse personal invective. It called Lord Moira a cowardly liar; it called Fox a traitor and a blasphemer; it denounced in abusive terms the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Norfolk; it heaped abuse on the *Chronicle* and the *Courier*, but in return for equally severe abuse of the ministry by those papers. A biographer of Canning[68] described the *Anti-Jacobin* as written in the true *spirit* of Jacobinism, though it was avowedly directed against the *letter*. "It was the literary Robespierre of the day." So far as literary offenders are concerned, one may agree with Bell[69] that "the *Anti-Jacobin* had on its side justice and the thanks of every person of good taste." Sapphics, dactylics, and sentimental tragedy may have needed correction; but the main object of the paper was not to reform the literature. In so far as literature was related to Jacobinism, it was a subject to attack. Canning's strength, however, did not lie in weighty or savage satire. "The tomahawk of right belonged to the author of the *Baviad and Maeviad*, who wielded it with the rude force and the ruder courage befitting such a weapon."[70] Such methods of attack must have had their effect at the time, and, as Bell says, they were written for effect.

Bell asserts that the personalities in which the paper indulged and which he characterizes as "not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, and slaughtering, . . . the dissection of the shambles," gave great offence to some of Pitt's strongest supporters. Edmonds,[71] also, declared that "the more moderate supporters became alarmed at the boldness of the language employed, and Pitt was induced to interfere." There is no direct evidence to corroborate these assertions; but there is internal evidence that such methods were reprehended by some of the minister's supporters.

When a correspondent suggested that the *Anti-Jacobin* was too hard on the *Chronicle*, which was earlier dubbed "that diabolical receptacle of blasphemy and treason," Gifford yielded to the wishes of the correspondent,[72] and later he printed letters from correspondents which criticized the government.[73] A week or so later he was acting on the defensive and making a somewhat poorly covered retreat.[74] These facts indicate a decided change of temper from that earlier shown, although they are not enough to justify the conclusion that condemnation forced the *Anti-Jacobin* to close. Neither is Cobbett more nearly correct when he says that the publication stopped suddenly because "Canning and Company ran out of material and were ashamed to call on their journeyman, Gifford, for his store."[75] Though these may have been contributing causes, it is more likely that the excesses of the French Revolution had turned many of its former supporters away, and the need of such a paper was no longer so great; and that the session of Parliament having ended, the originators had fulfilled their promise and therefore disbanded. Besides, the failure of the French plans to assist Ireland, the suppression of the Irish insurrection at Vinegar Hill, and the halt given to the Indian revolt by the death of its leader, Tippu, released the tension of fear in England. Only the poetry in the *Anti-Jacobin* has lived, and that was not the work of Gifford. It continued to be popular; it was compiled, and by 1801 had run through the fourth edition.

When the two-volume edition of the *Anti-Jacobin* appeared, the *Critical*[76] regretted that the *Anti-Jacobin* conductors had not been "studious of preserving their work uncontaminated by the faults of virulence and misrepresentation, of which they have in many instances convicted their adversaries." The reviewer agreed that the

avowed purpose of the paper was a laudable one. It is the opinion of a more recent writer[77] that "that bright and patriotic paper the [*Anti-Jacobin*] played no small part in arousing national ardor." Bell, on the other hand, saw in the personal attacks "such low depravity and baseness, violating so flagrantly all truth, honor, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder."[78] These extreme views cannot be reconciled, and indeed it is not necessary that they should be. To the dispassionate observer the latter view is a somewhat exaggerated statement of the truth.

Chapter IV

THE EPISTLE TO PETER PINDAR

Gifford's next attempt at satire was the *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, which was directed against Dr. John Wolcot. "Peter Pindar," as he called himself, was a scandalmonger and scurrilous versifier like Anthony Pasquin, but he had greater ability and was much more prominent than Pasquin. Though educated as a physician, he had largely given up the practice of his profession, and at the time Gifford's satire appeared (1800), was making writing his chief employment. He was a critic of painting and befriended the young painter, John Opie. It was chiefly through his efforts that Opie attained the early prominence he held, but the two afterwards fell out. Wolcot had been in the West Indies and while there decided to take priest's orders in the Church of England. Though he could and did write poetry other than satire, it was in the latter field that he became notorious.

He was in reality a strange mixture of genius and infamy, of originality and wit and almost unspeakable grossness. He was charged by some of his enemies with having first practiced his knowledge of pharmacy with the greatest cruelty on insects and small animals and with having lampooned a magistrate in an article, for which lampoon he was beaten in his own home by the magistrate.[1] A contemporary biographer[2] stated that when Wolcot was asked how he came "to assail persons of the fairest reputation, of whom he could know but little, and nothing to their disadvantage—his answer constantly was, 'Why, they have a name, and that's enough for me. A satire upon scoundrels and people about whom nobody cares a farthing would never sell.'" John Agg[3] called him "a venomous reptile, . . . a vile compound of Blasphemy and Obscenity,"

one who "ought to be scourged out of Society as he has already been horse-whipped out of his native country."

As a political satirist he was anti-government, and he soon came to be feared. He was given a pension of £300 by the government with the understanding that he was to cease his attacks and use his pen in behalf of the King and government. According to his friend, John Taylor, he thought the pension ought to be £500; and since he was not able to write with the same vigor in support of those whom he had formerly lampooned, he decided to give it up and returned the amount already advanced to him "to bind the bargain."[4] He was later brought into the court of the King's Bench on an action for criminal conversation, but was not convicted.

Wolcot's satire, though often gross, was effective. Rogers[5] preferred it to Churchill's and Hazlitt[6] admired the author's ability. C. W. Previté-Orton in the *Cambridge History*[7] thinks as a caricaturist in verse he is possibly the best England has produced, especially in his power to depict a comic situation, and that the works in which he shows this power to the best advantage are his *Instructions to a Celebrated Laureate*, where he gives an account of the royal visit to Whitbread's brewery, and *Bozzy and Piozzi*, which is an excellent take-off on the zeal of two of Dr. Johnson's biographers. It must be admitted also that, in spite of halting meter and absurd rimes, Wolcot had considerable skill as a versifier.

The incidents leading up to the writing of the *Epistle to Peter Pindar* have already been stated (page 19); but a more detailed account of the literary relationship between Gifford and Wolcot will make clear the motive of the former's satire. Gifford[8] believed that Wolcot was the author of an attack on him in the *Critical Review*. This the *Critical* denied.[9] On the other hand, Wolcot believed that Gifford was at least part author of *The Pursuits of*

Literature,[10] which had attacked him, and that he was also the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*.[11] This periodical contained a damaging criticism of Wolcot's volume of poems entitled *Nil Admirari, or a Smile at a Bishop*, which a correspondent (quoted in the review) said "stung him to the quick," and "drove him almost to madness."[12] Wolcot retaliated by appending to his ode, *Lord Auckland's Triumph*, a postscript containing a violent attack on Gifford. In this postscript he recounted what he *may* have said about Gifford and his satires. He *may*, he said, have called the authors of the *Pursuits of Literature* the "rag-men of Parnassus," etc. In this indirect way he called Gifford a swindler, who deserved the rope, a pimp for Lord Grosvenor, a demon and a fool, a scoundrel, and a villain, at the same time naming the specific acts of Gifford for which he deserved these terms. He ended with the following protest: "Truth and Candor are the Deities at whose shrine I sacrifice, or may I resemble

> A poor mean, sneaking literary shrimp;
> Lie like Mathias, and like Gifford pimp."[13]

Gifford was now determined on revenge. He wrote in furious anger his *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, inviting in no uncertain terms the physical assault that Wolcot was shortly afterwards to make.

> Come then, all filth, all venom, as thou art,
> Rage in thy eye, and rancor in thy heart,
> Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,
> Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies;
> I brave 'em all. Lo, here I fix my stand,
> And dare the utmost of thy tongue and hand,
> Prepared each threat to baffle, or to spurn,
> Each blow with ten-fold vigor to return.

The satire professes to review only the actual incidents of Wolcot's life, and to cover the earlier period up to the time

when he came to London. It recounts what it declares to be the quackery of Peter's practice of medicine and pharmacy, the hypocrisy and blasphemy of his life in the West Indies as a minister of the Church of England, the villainy and infamy of his satiric writings. The Introduction and the 172 lines of the poem are one continuous stream of abuse and vilification. "But what is he," thunders Gifford,

> that, with a Mohawk's air,
> "Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war"?
> A bloated mass, a gross, unkneaded clod,
> A foe to man, a renegade from God,
> From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
> Sacred to infamy, through every stage.

The satire is a collection of the most loathsome and disgusting details and epithets imaginable. One of the Reviews friendly to Gifford considered[14] one allusion unprintably indecent, and the editions after the first one left blank one couplet. The author closes the satire with an angry and contemptuous dismissal of his victim.

> Pause from thy pains, and take my closing word;
> *Thou* canst not think, nor have I pow'r to tell,
> How much I SCORN and HATE thee—so farewell.

In the notes, the author was even more vindictive than formerly. He stated that he had drawn up a parallel between Peter and Anthony Pasquin, "after the manner of Plutarch"; but that, as he did not wish to mingle levity with this serious piece, he was reserving it for future publication. Although the satire gave an account of Peter only to the time when he came to London, the author threatened to give his subsequent history if he was provoked further. He announced that he had in his hand a letter from an officer who had assisted in kicking Peter out of a certain place (Maker Camp) for his indecencies. He defended himself against Wolcot's charge of villainy for his inconsiderateness

of Mrs. Robinson's infirmity, by observing that probably neither Wolcot nor Mrs. Robinson "understood a syllable of what they read; otherwise they must have seen that no reflection was intended on her 'disorder,' whatever was the cause of it, but on the improper use she made of what the pious Peter is pleased to call her divine visitation." But immediately afterwards he pounced upon Mrs. Robinson, charging her with wantonly falling in his way the second time, with relying on Peter as her "flash man"; and then informing her, with true schoolboy bravado, that she might with infinitely more wisdom rely on a broken reed. "To tell you a secret," he continues, "which I care not how soon you repeat to Peter, I fear him even less than I do you—and *c'est beaucoup dire, ca.*" In answer to the charge of treachery toward his former friend Peters, he announced that he had many years ago drawn up "an *attested* account of the rise, progress, and termination of his dear 'friend's' connection" with him; that he had kept it concealed from every eye, intending to destroy it; that it was in Peter Pindar's power to compel him to publish it; and if he were compelled to publish it, Peter would see what a loathsome monster Peters was; that Peter Pindar, William Peters, and Mrs. Robinson formed "such a constellation of chastity, morality, and piety, as not often appeared to enlighten and sanctify this lower world."[15]

The *Epistle to Peter Pindar* was clearly prompted by personal animosity and desire for revenge. It therefore lacks the proper motive for the highest type of satire. The language, to be sure, is vigorous, but its vigor is overshadowed by its brutality; and the satire lacks the saving merit of making its object ridiculous, a merit that Peter Pindar's satire does at times possess. The *Epistle* is entirely unrelieved by humor. That Gifford was aware of this weakness is evident; for he observes in the introduction:[16]

"I can forsee but two objections that will be made to the following epistle: its severity, and its unvarying tone of reprobation." But he justified these two characteristics by the kind of man he was writing about. He maintained in defense of the latter characteristic that Wolcot's life presented a "horrid monotony" of depravity; and in defense of the former, that Wolcot had to be "cut to the bone" before he would wince.

That the postscript to *Lord Auckland's Triumph* was, as the *Critical Review*[17] said, the immediate cause of Gifford's determination to write his *Epistle*, is undoubtedly true. But this satire was as violent and scurrilous as the postscript, and stirred up Wolcot to retaliate a second time. He put an abusive and threatening advertisement in the *Morning Post.* Gifford placed a copy of this note in his publisher's hands for publication and advertised for some back copies of the *Times* which contained the accusations against Wolcot referred to in Chapter I. When Wolcot saw this advertisement, he sent Gifford[18] a letter calling him an "infamous rascal" and threatening him with bodily injury. Gifford immediately issued a second edition of the *Epistle* to which he appended a facsimile of the threatening letter to him.[19] The publication of this edition led Wolcot to attempt to carry out the physical attack which has already been related.[20]

Gifford, meanwhile, having received the back numbers of the *Times*, resolved to be avenged by publishing, in a third edition of the *Epistle*, some of the advertisements from the *Times*, which accused Wolcot of rascality and indecent actions at Buckingham House and warned him to stop abusing loyal prints.[21] The charges referred to had been made twelve years earlier, but the third edition nevertheless appeared with a copy of them in the latter part of August, 1800.[22] Wolcot had the last word in the controversy.

In 1801, in a note in his ode, "Out at Last," on Pitt's fall, he made another attack on Gifford's character and writings. He repeated[23] the charges which he had made earlier in the postscript to *Lord Auckland's Triumph*, and added a severe though nearly accurate estimate of Gifford's writings.

Outsiders to this quarrel, including most of the Reviews, justly regarded the *Epistle* as the result of a personal quarrel between the author and Wolcot. Some sided with Wolcot and some with Gifford; others took a neutral attitude. To some, therefore, the language of the *Epistle* was "compounded of . . . low and Billingsgate abuse." Cobbett, looking back after sixteen years, reprehended Gifford's conduct toward his fellow satirist as "certainly characteristic of everything that is venomous and base." So incensed were the people against Gifford on this occasion, he declares, that the subscribers to a new edition of the *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* which Wright the publisher was preparing withdrew their names because they feared to be connected with Gifford. "From this time," he adds, "you have avoided to engage openly in political contests and have, ever since, been spitting out anonymous venom."[24] But to other commentators it seemed that Gifford was justified in setting aside the old rule for satire; that is, *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.* The quarrel reminded one man of some lines[25] written by an earlier satirist which described a fight between a chimney sweep, a barber, and brick-dust man. It suggested to still another that for the first time Wolcot had found "an opponent capable of contending with him on equal terms."

Wolcot's assault on Gifford was itself the subject of more than one satire. The Irish poet, Thomas Dermody, saw the incident as a comic episode and wrote a mock heroic epic of the event.[26] He said that he took a neutral position; but

the *Anti-Jacobin Review* regarded him favorably,[27] and some of the lines show a leaning toward Gifford. He says, for instance, that Peter,

> . . . . at some blund'ring demon's call,
> Delug'd on innocence his missile gall;
> (Here innocent, at least, could he restrain
> Such odious hints as his own manhood stain.)

An erudite English divine, the Rev. Alexander Geddes, felt induced to contribute a mock-heroic poem in "Macaronico-latinum," which he himself translated.[28] This poem gives a really impartial account and closes with a vigorous denunciation of the malignant pens of the rival bards. An anonymous writer saw in the incident material for a "St. Giles Eclogue," which he designated *Peter and Aesop*. He also took a neutral stand and was disgusted at the way the two men were exercising their talents, which he held undeniably great. There were other attempts at satire, but they are of no merit.

Dermody and Geddes were correct in their estimate of the incident and of Gifford's *Epistle*. This satire adds little to the reputation of the author. Lacking the virtue of personal disinterestedness, it also lacks felicitous and telling phraseology. Although it possesses the virtue of reprehending villainy, its tone and manner reveal so forcefully the motive of personal revenge that whatever effectiveness it might have had as a corrective was lost in its brutality, which was so great that it could only inspire fury in the victim. The first edition contained an allusion which, even according to the friendly reviewers, was unprintably indecent. In all the subsequent editions the allusion was omitted and its position indicated by asterisks. The *Epistle* lacks the merit of being poetic enough to be read for its own sake. Its versification is heavy and clumsy and many of its details are repulsive. Peter Pindar himself

gave a fairly accurate estimate of the style when he compared it to a "stiff, staring cabbage-rose Brocade," and of the versification when he observed that "so much inequality pervades his verse that the Faculty would pronounce his Muse afflicted with the rickets."[29] Without Peter's malice, and yet in his exact words, one could say of Gifford's satire: "So far from originality of thought and luxuriance of imagery in his lines, there remains a pitiful famine: awkward and obscure inversions, with verbose pomposity, form the leading feature of almost every couplet." Contemptuous anger and personal animosity overpower completely the satirist's calmer judgment in this instance. And we leave his satires to turn to his work as a translator of other satirists.

Chapter V

JUVENAL AND PERSIUS

The translation of Juvenal, upon which Gifford's fame as a man of letters largely rests, was published in 1802 by John Nichols, publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. That it was long in preparation we have already seen. Gifford was working at it before 1779, for he took a translation of the Tenth Satire with him to Exeter as a sort of testimonial to his ability. For more than twenty years the work was carried on, with many interruptions and in an unsystematic way.[1] Before publication, however, Gifford carefully revised all of his earlier translations except that of the Third Satire. By 1797 the report that the translation was soon to be published had spread to America. In that year William Cobbett, in a letter to Gifford,[2] commended him on the forthcoming translation, which Murray had written him was soon to appear. In 1800 the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*[3] stated in connection with the review of Gifford's *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, that several years earlier he had been given a copy of the Tenth Satire and had seen the Sixth. The latter he considered a most admirable piece of poetry and both of them superior to Dryden's translation.

When the translation finally appeared (in one quarto volume), there was prefixed to it a short autobiographic sketch, written in a simple, direct narrative and modestly setting forth the few facts of the translator's life and the circumstances of the long delay in the publication of his translation. The volume also contained a long introduction consisting of a discussion of previous translations, a statement of the present translator's aims, a life of Juvenal, and an essay on the Roman satirists.

Gifford employed the heroic couplet, the accepted medium of satire. In setting forth his own criterion for translating his author into English, he exclaimed, " . . . but shame and sorrow on the head of him who presumes to translate his grossness into the vernacular tongue!" It was his aim to give the poet entire, but "to make him speak as he would have spoken if he had lived among us; when refined with the age, he would have fulminated against impurity in terms, to which, though delicacy might disavow them, manly decency might listen to them without offence."[4] He explained that when vice formed the immediate object of reprobation, it was not spared in the translation; but that he did omit a few exceptionable lines, amounting, in all, to about half a page. He denied making any references whatever to the vices and follies of his own times, or gratifying any private spleen. He declared that he had attempted to follow, as far as he judged it feasible, the style of the original, which varied considerably; and that he had fought against every inclination to say more than the author meant. With these declarations he submitted his work to his readers and to the mercy of the critics.

The story of Gifford's translation suggests, in part at least, his method. From the very beginning of his attempts at riming, his inclination had been toward satire. He undertook the task of translating his favorite satirist, first as a holiday exercise, and later with a view to publishing the whole by subscription. The work was desultory and extended over a period of about fourteen years. The translating, therefore, begins in immaturity and inexperience and continues through activity in other literary work and through years of travel. But the whole was revised immediately before publication; so that the inequalities do not appear to any marked extent. The beginning was, of course, not scholarly or critical; it was merely a schoolboy exercise.

Nor is the critical work of the whole translation scholarly in the modern sense. It contains no textual criticism, but deals for the most part with a comparison of other translations. The same method is followed in the notes and the life of Juvenal.

The translation is a painstaking one. The quality of plainness, which Gifford says he strove for, is present. The lines are not smooth and polished, nor is the diction elevated. But these characteristics are not necessarily weaknesses. If, as the *Edinburgh Review* declared, "abruptness of transition, and a colloquial plainness of phraseology, are not less characteristic of this poet than sweeping declamation and flowing lines," Gifford has, perhaps, given a pretty faithful copy, especially of the first-named characteristics. But the translator says that "dignity is the predominant quality" of Juvenal's mind; and this quality the translation very imperfectly preserves. Only a few times does Gifford rise to dignity; much of the time there is a somewhat monotonous jog-trot movement in the verse Moreover, as will be pointed out more specifically later, there is a persistent tendency to exaggerate the disagreeable and emphasize unduly the somewhat low diction of the original. This characteristic may be accounted for from Gifford's tendency to be abusive and illiberal toward other commentators. Admitting these faults, one may nevertheless say that this work has a reasonable degree of accuracy and faithfulness to the original.

The translation met with a very favorable reception from the readers and critics of his own time. One reviewer[5] thought Gifford peculiarly fitted for translating Juvenal, and considered his work superior to that of others, even Dryden and Johnson. Another[6] was of the opinion that no prior version, "excepting Dr. Johnson's admirable imitations of the third and tenth Satires," conveyed to the Eng-

lish reader "so complete an idea of the stateliness, force, and point, which are the prominent features of this Bard. A correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine*[7] thought that Gifford had "insinuated himself completely into the nature of his author's style and opinions, tracked his latent meanings, and caught his spirit"; that the transition preserved "a uniform tenor, rarely forsaking either the letter or the spirit of its archetype." But in the person of the reviewer in the *Critical*, Gifford caught a Tartar. Through three numbers of several pages each, this industrious critic, with a goodly array of illustrative quotations followed by appropriate comment, pointed out the faults of the translation.[8] The *Anti-Jacobin Review*[9] took up the quarrel. The reviewer in this perodical was, as would be expected, extremely partial to Gifford; and since he had read the *Critical's* somewhat peppery article, he did nothing but review that criticism. He proceeded in an ironical tone to set forth four principles underlying 'candid criticism'—if one wished to depreciate a work of acknowledged excellence "out of pique to the author, either because he is a friend to a social order and legal government, or because he has dared to chastise a man whose every word is a libel, and every action a crime."[10] The four canons cover what he considered the principles employed by the *Critical*.

The article in the *Critical Review* was not, however, wholly condemnatory. It commended Gifford for his candor and for not depressing Horace and Persius for the sake of elevating Juvenal. It acknowledged qualities of strength in the translation; but it always offset the good points with undesirable ones. Moreover, the tone of the review is one of impudence and spitefulness as if the reviewer remembered Gifford's charge against the *Critical* two years earlier.[11] The reviewer regarded the autobiographic memoir as announcing the translator, "his pedigree, and his pristine

meanness, with a revolting self-complacency scarcely exceeded by the 'luminous' Gibbon." He censured Gifford for not sticking to his translation, but suffering himself to be carried into satire by the "ephemeral trifles of a newspaper." He ridiculed Gifford's reason for not including the Sixteenth Satire. He charged him with over-stuffing the reader, "unmindful that a caricature is not a copy." He pronounced him "languid and prosaic in his commencement, . . . careless in his progress, . . . torpidly incurious, not sensitively timid, and insensible to the sweetness" of certain passages. He complained that the translator had not realized that the language of emancipated slavery[12] was not necessarily disgusting, and he charged him with being unnecessarily coarse and offensive to modern taste. He accused Gifford of borrowing notes from sources of easy access and couching them in a phraseology "contemptibly colloquial"; of following preceding translators "principally in their faults"; in short, with few exceptions, of *travestying* Juvenal rather than *translating* him. Although the reviewer admitted that in his wanderings through the dreary regions of this translation, he had been enchanted "by occasional passages of elegance and humor," he was forced to conclude that Gifford was rarely "guilty of the crime of Poetry." "At the approach of the enchanter Gifford," he continued, "eloquence, grace, majesty, and magnificence sink into Cimmerian darkness." Aside from employing numerous imperfect rimes and sounds that "mortally offended" the reviewer's ear, Gifford was indecent in not changing Juvenal's coarseness so that it would have the *elegance* of the eighteenth century diction. The reviewer assumed a tone of lofty superiority and gravity of position (a position for which Gifford himself was soon to be cursed) and announced: "We have already supported our censures by adequate evidence. Examples still more decisive will

excite every scholar to hope that fortune may rather reduce this *élève* of Crispin to his ancient craft, than allow that he should again

> . . . . idly poke
> His awkward nose into the "classic" yoke."[13]

The reviewer declared that with the material he had, he might have " 'whirled' this pretender from the heights of his usurpation, 'to bitter scorn and sacrifice' "; but he felt that he might "administer justice in mercy, and protect this humblest culprit from *farther* punishment."

This well-written but malicious review roused Gifford to his fighting mood. With a great deal more vigor and virulence than judgment, he wrote, in the following year, a reply[14] to the *Critical*, in which he "carries fire and sword into the territories of the enemy; and undertakes to punish, as well as repel, the aggression."[15] He charged the *Critical* with reviewing books "with cursing and swearing"; he accused it of forgery and falsehood. He admitted the legitimate function of critics; but when "they descend from their station, revile instead of examine, and, in the attitude of a drunken porter, thrust their fists into our faces, they lose their privilege and become just objects of attack in their turn." He declared that the articles in the *Critical* were furnished by Bedlam and Billingsgate in conjunction; that the reviewer of the Juvenal in particular was "scottish" and his criticism "infantile puling." He said that he would just as soon be told by the *Critical* as by anyone else that he could not write verse or prose. "I have heard it all and more," he added, "from Parsons, Jerningham, Morley, and Weston, and though it might discompose my muscles, it never disturbed the serenity of my mind." The one thing he did object to was a charge of impiety. He answered the arrogant superiority of his detractor by equal arrogance, and formally stated his reason for noticing the attack. "It is not for

the true interests of literature, that obtrusive and malicious blockheads should be forgotten:—they should be gibbeted, for the scorn of wise men and the terror of fools. This has always been my opinion; and I rejoice when a name, whose impotence would not have preserved its rancor from oblivion for a day, is snatched from the gulf and hung up *in terrorem*!"

His defense against the charge of vulgarity was that only this critic made it; other writers of a different stamp had called the language of the translation and notes, "light, elegant, and easy." Moreover, by a careful study of the masters of style (from the last years of Elizabeth to the death of James I) he had learned, he said, that their style was "pure, copious, elegant, nervous, flowing, light, airy and harmonious. These I have studied; if without profit, it is not from want of industry, but of ability; and I could never perceive, either that they shunned the use of familiar phrases, and such as were employed in ordinary conversation; or that, if they did, their language was much improved by it." Though he spoke slightingly of Dryden's learning and of the value of his criticisms, he praised highly the sweetness of his style, which in his opinion possessed this quality by reason of the colloquial expressions diffused throughout his writings. This he thought especially true of Dryden's *Fables*.

In justifying his own style, Gifford passed severe judgments on several writers of his own time. The prose of Gibbon and the poetry of Darwin, he declared, were "stuck full of points and sparkles, that dazzle and confound the sense no less than the judgment." He called the *Critical* reviewer a cockatoo, who merely repeated another's words. Especially ridiculous did he think that writer's remark about Gibbon's style being "luminous." Gibbon might be luminous, he said, to one who brought to his work a greater

portion of information than Gibbon himself possessed, but hardly to the purblind reviewer in the *Critical.* Another of the "admired writings" of his time that jolted and startled was Landor's *Gebir*,[16] which he called "a jumble of incomprehensible trash—the most vile and despicable effusion of a mad and muddy brain that ever disgraced, I will not say the press, but the *darkened walls of Bedlam.*" In this way he paid his respects to the *Critical* reviewer and other writers he did not like, and incidentally gave considerable insight into his own literary tastes and theories, which will be noted later.

He then drew a picture of the *Critical* reviewers,which has not inaptly been pointed out as a peep into his own future. He compared the reviewer to a huge toad sitting under a stone. During his apprenticeship to a cobbler, he said, he was sometimes engaged in tending cabbage, and he took every opportunity of attending to what he liked better, "which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, a huge toad. I never loved toads," he continued, "but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember, that every living thing had the same maker as myself, and the words always rang in my ears. This toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone which shelters it, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glaze of its eyes then brightened into a vivid luster, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honey-bee. Since I have remarked

the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me."

This pamphlet was also noticed by the reviewers. The *British Critic*[17] defended Gifford vigorously. It observed that only the *Critical* reviewer's anonymity saved him from a worse fate than that of Luke Milbourne,[18] who had tried to belittle Dryden. The *Gentleman's Magazine*[19] merely remarked:

> Our brethren of the Quill have drawn an old house over their heads; and the British Juvenal has given them a *Rowland for their Oliver*, but, Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

The *European*[20] thought the *Critical's* strictures so partial and so personal in acrimony that it was not surprised that Gifford had given the "retort courteous." The reviewer admitted the severity of the retort but supposed that it was justified. The *Critical* naturally retaliated[21] and its reply is in the vein of its earlier article. "The rancorous vulgarity of this publication adds effect to our remarks and disgrace to its author," declared the reviewer. He said that Gifford was *ultra crepidam*, and accused him of making inaccurate quotations from the *Critical*. He declared that Gifford was an adept in "the art of evasion, mis-statement, and subterfuge"; and to Gifford's charge that the *Critical* had altered passages, he replied that Gifford pretended to have found the alterations and then accused the *Critical* of making them. He charged Gifford further with deliberately changing the meaning of Juvenal in

> . . . . Sed qui mordere cadaver
> Substinuit nil umquam hac carne libentius edit.[22]

which Gifford rendered thus:

> But least you doubt, if those who came in time,
> First at the bloody banquet, and the crime,
> Relished the treat; know those who came the last.[23]

He asserted that Gifford's "futile defence of corrupted diction is accompanied by arguments of adequate inanity;" that Gifford employed obsolete words ("without taste or effect") merely because the old writers used them; that he assumed, in the last publication, "the airs and so forth" of a gentleman. Finally he charged Gifford with threatening, or blustering most heroically" because he knew that the *Critical* could not reveal the individual who wrote the review. Gifford replied to this article with a *Supplement* (1804) to his former *Examination*, in which he warned the *Critcal* as follows:

> Do not deceive yourselves: the honor I do you in noticing your malicious trash, proceeds from no personal interest I take in it, but from motives on which I have acted "ever since I wrote man"—a desire to chastise conceited dulness, and to expose literary quackery and imposture. I told you long ago in the *Baviad*, a book with which you are much better acquainted than I am,
>
> ". . . . that I was born
> To brand obtrusive ignorance with scorn,"
>
> and you now find it. As the clown in Shakspere says, " 'Tis meat and drink to me to see a fool," and I delight in shaking about his cap and bells for the amusement of the public: at the same time, this in no violent passion; I wait with perfect composure till a fit occasion offers, and the humor takes me, and neither quit for it my ordinary pleasures nor pursuits.[24]

This retort seems to have ended the quarrel between Gifford and the *Critical*, unless the review of Rhodes's translation of Juvenal[25] is included. This review compared Gifford unfavorably with Rhodes.[26] The *Critical* disdained to take any notice of the *Supplement;* and when Gifford's edition of Massinger appeared, it was very friendly. A further reference was made to the translation in 1808, when, in a review of Hodgson's translation,[27] the reviewer remarked that Gifford had made Juvenal "a very intelligible and most entertaining work," though he added that he considered Hodgson's translation superior.

In spite, however, of Gifford's avowed contempt and loathing for the *Critical* reviewers, he felt called upon in 1806 to bring out a second edition of Juvenal, "corrected and enlarged." One of the reasons advanced for a new edition was that the public wished a smaller volume. But there were evidently other reasons,—reasons which it seems almost certain the *Critical* helped to furnish. That Review, it will be remembered, had objected to the exclusion of the Sixteenth Satire; this edition included it and a note explaining why the translator had omitted it before. The *Critical* had also objected to Gifford's diffuseness; and Gifford shortened the translation by over two hundred lines. It had found fault with Gifford for not supplying an index and the names of the original subscribers; and he supplied the index but not the list of subscribers.[28] Furthermore, with but very few exceptions, every part noted by the reviewer and criticized adversely was revised, sometimes completely, and sometimes by substituting a less objectionable phrase or word. Not many changes were made, however, in rimes that were criticized; a fact which suggests the nature of his revision. Changing the rime was more difficult than substituting a synonymous phrase within the line; and Gifford was not disposed to spend a great amount of labor on the revision. Other changes than of parts criticized were not frequent; they were such as would be suggested by those already made, and such as were required by the shortening of the translation. Often whole lines and couplets were dropped out. A comparison of the two editions with the *Critical's* review clearly shows that the changes were prompted almost entirely by its adverse criticism. It is amusing to find that the translator, after calling the reviewers "obtrusive and malicious blockheads," mere cockatoos for being able only to repeat what some one else said; after likening them to toads devouring unwary insects as

they passed too near its mouth; after branding them (in a second pamphlet) as "fools" and their criticism as "conceited dulness" and "malicious trash"—after doing all this, should take their remarks to heart and correct his translation accordingly. The changes Gifford made were almost always for the better. As a rule they were in the direction of greater vigor and power of visualization and away from the general and the conventional. Often the translator eliminated vulgarisms and harsh combinations of sounds, though he did not free his version from these faults.

A few quotations will show more clearly the nature of the criticisms of the *Critical* and the way in which Gifford revised. The first two lines of the First Satire—namely,

> Semper ego auditor tantum? numquamne reponam
> vexatus totiens rauci Theseide Cordi?

Gifford translated in the first edition as follows:

> What! while with one eternal mouthing hoarse
> Cordus persists on my vex'd ears to force
> His Theseid, must I to my fate resign'd,
> Hear, ONLY hear, and never pay in kind!

The reviewer criticized this passage for its inelegance and harshness of diction. Gifford changed it, contracting the four lines to three.

> And must I, while hoarse Cordus perseveres
> To force his Theseid on my tortured ears,
> Hear, ALWAYS hear, nor ONCE the debt repay!

Lines 35 and 36 of the Second Satire the *Critical* pronounced diluted. The first edition has them as follows:

> . . . . But all must hear, the while,
> The Gracchi rail at faction, with a smile.

Gifford revised them to

. . . . but patience' self must fail
To hear the Gracchi at sedition rail

certainly a stronger and more coherent sentence than that in the first edition.

The passage next given shows how carefully the translator followed every suggestion of the critic. Juvenal[29] is telling that the doings of men, from the flood to his own time, will be the subject of his satire.

Ex quo Deucalion nimbis tollentibus aequor
navigio montem ascendit sortesque poposcit,
paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa
et maribus nudas ostendit pyrrha puellas,
quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
gaudia discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.

The lines picturing the renewal of human life after the flood Gifford rendered in the first version as follows:

E'er since Deucalion and his Pyrrha stood
On old Parnassus, (by the general flood
Upraised,) and, taught by Heaven, behind them threw
Their mother's bones, that softened as they flew,
Softened, and with the breath of life made warm,
Assumed, by slow degrees, the human form.

On this passage the *Critical* commented:

How languid and prosaic is his commencement—how careless is Mr. Gifford in his progress! He suffers the *navigium* to founder at sea; and leaves Deucalion drenched on Parnassus, deprived of his bark. Torpidly incurious, not sensitively timid, he overlooks the *nudas puellas* whom Pyrrha *maribus ostendit;* and

While melting stones with grateful life grew warm,

remains insensible to the sweetness of

Paulatimque anima caluerunt mollia saxa;

unexpectedly introducing his own Deucalion and Pyrrha with *their mother's softened bones*—flying!

In the revision Gifford adhered much more closely to the original than in the first edition, and at the same time

made the meaning clearer. He restored the boat, eliminated the misleading "their mother's bones," and the somewhat ridiculous picture produced by "flying," and restored the expression telling of the creation of the two sexes. This version reads:

> E'er since Deucalion, while on every side,
> The bursting clouds upraised the whelming tide,
> Reach'd in his little skiff the forked hill,
> And sought at Themis' shrine the Immortal's will;
> When softening stones with gradual life grew warm,
> And Pyrrha showed the males each virgin charm.

One other example will suffice. In the Sixth Satire, in which Juvenal fulminates against the corrupt, degenerate, and indecent practices of his age, occurs an account of one of the licentious revelries of the women which ends as follows:

> . . . . . tu calcas luce reversa
> coniugis urinam magnos visurus amicos.

This Gifford translated,

> . . . . . At break of day
> Thou to the levee go'st, and, on the way,
> Wad'st through the plashy scene of thy chaste moiety's play.

The *Critical's* comment—"Our modest translator veils *one* indelicate word by this long, lame, unauthorized, and filthy Alexandrine" . . . resulted in a revision to,

> You pass, aroused at dawn, your court to pay,
> The loathsome scene of their licentious play.

In 1817 Gifford issued a third edition "assiduously revised." In this he restored, he said, "not a few lines" from the quarto, which his friends thought superior to those in the second edition. An examination of the edition shows that this statement is in general true, though the revision is on the whole more like the second than the first.

Where readings are different from the two previous editions, they are usually, though not always, better. There was in this revision also little attempt to correct imperfect rimes.

With this edition he published a verse translation of the *Satires* of Persius, which he had worked at for several seasons while on the Isle of Wight. He wrote for the translation an Introduction of forty-seven pages, containing a discussion of previous translations, a brief account of the life of Persius, a review of the *Satires* and the sources of Persius's theories, and defense of his poetry against the charge of obscurity. In the translation he abandoned his former policy of using almost exclusively end-stopped lines and closed couplets, and much more frequently employed the run-on line and even the open couplet. In setting forth his aim[30] in the translation, he said that, "not content with giving the author's sense, I have entered, as far as it was in my power, into his feelings, and exhibited as much of his manner, nay of his language (i.e., his words) as I possibly could." The distinguishing feature of his translation, he maintained, was that it gave all of the original and no more.[31] Indeed, he aimed to follow Chaucer's advice to

> . . . . reherse as neighe as ever he can
> Everich word; if it be in his charge,
> All speke he never so rudely and so large—

advice which he professed to reject and did for the most part reject in translating Juvenal. His translation follows somewhat closely the original. Sometimes he failed to secure the vigor and sweep of Persius; but he was more uniformly excellent than in his version of Juvenal. Maturity of scholarship and leisure to reflect (when he was not suffering physical pain) resulted in a more finished, if not a more forceful, production. He published the translation separately in 1821, with the Latin text parallel to the English verse.

To what extent the *Critical* was justified in making the attack on the "Juvenal" has been suggested above. A further examination of the charges, however, is necessary, especially since the reputable critical periodicals of a decade or two later gave contradictory estimates of the work. The *Edinburgh Review*, which was established the year the translation appeared, made no comment on it at the time; but when Hodgson's version was published, the critic in that periodical thought it inferior to Gifford's. He declared that the earlier version "united in no common degree, fidelity with spirit; and appeared to us, when we first read it, to be with few exceptions, the best version of a classic in our language."[32] The *New Monthly Magazine*, in an article which appeared immediately after Gifford's death, took the same position that the *Critical* had earlier taken. It declared[33] that Gifford had "failed to 'make Juvenal speak as he would have spoken among us.' Mr. Gifford's translation presents us rather with the flail of an infuriated rustic than with the exterminating faulchion of Juvenal. His faults as a translator are chiefly a general insensibility to euphony, a diffuseness which at once deviates from and weakens the original, and lastly a perpetual use of the most vulgar phraseology." The *Edinburgh Review* expressed its praise in general terms;[34] the *New Monthly* was specific in its condemnation. All three faults had been pointed out by the *Critical*, as had a fourth also mentioned by the *New Monthly*, namely, the tendency to indecency.

The *New Monthly Magazine* is more nearly correct than the *Edinburgh Review*. A meticulous critic, especially one opposed to the formalism of the eighteenth century, could make out a severe case against Gifford; and even one belonging to the school of Pope would find many objections to his translation. Gifford gave an opening to the critics in some of the declarations he made in the Introduction

(which have already been stated on page 113), and the reviewer in the *Critical* declared that he had not adhered to his own principles. The changes found in the second edition were confined chiefly to passages that had been specifically criticized in the first. The charge of indecency was not without foundation. Gifford's literary taste was formed, as he himself said, by such men as Ben Jonson and his successors. He enjoyed the rough, robust, and coarse humor and wit of that period; and he was not at all squeamish about his use of language, except when the language used involved what he considered impiety or blasphemy. His tendency to offend in the use of vulgar phraseology has already been pointed out. He was inclined, in his translation, to embellish a plain, unadorned Latin expression with epithets which emphasized the suggestion of indecency and loathsomeness. This tendency is especially noticeable in the Sixth Satire, where, instead of rendering depravity loathsome, he seems to have aimed merely at producing a loathsome picture.[35] For example, in describing the disregard of a woman for her husband (as typical), Juvenal asked the question,

> . . . . . quando videri
> vult formosa domi?[36]

which Gifford rendered,

> But rots in filth at home, a very pest.[37]

In other places he put a contemptuous rage into the feelings of the poet that is not warranted by the original. In the Third Satire, for instance, he translated Juvenal's "Hic tunc Umbricius . . . inquit" as follows:

> Umbritious here his sullen silence broke,
> And turn'd on Rome, indignant, as he spoke.[38]

But, as has already been observed, perhaps only a carping critic would take exception to all such variations from the literal meaning.

The charge that Gifford did not make Juvenal speak as he would have spoken in Gifford's time is perhaps true if it is taken for granted that Juvenal would have used the style of Pope or Dr. Johnson. In defending[39] his colloquial style, which he employed especially in the notes, Gifford discarded Dr. Johnson's style and held Gibbon's up to ridicule. At the same time, he held that familiar phrases lent to poetry a charm and sweetness that were absent from more elegant compositions. Dryden's inequalities and colloquialisms were in Gifford's opinion the source of the charm of that poet. To be sure, Weston, several years before, had said the same thing, or he said rather, that for the same reasons he preferred Dryden to Pope: and Gifford had likened him to "a filthy toad" that "swells for secret spite" and "spits his black venom at the face of heaven." But as consistency was not characteristic of Gifford when he was defending himself, his lack of it here may be excused. At any rate his style is certainly not that of Pope nor that of Johnson. And just as certainly is it not that of Dryden. Gifford was not able to equal the latter poet's ease of versification, in spite of an admiration for his style. He is undoubtedly vigorous, but he shows here, as he does in his own satires, though to a less degree, a "general insensibility to euphony," and, it must be admitted, at times he uses really vulgar phraseology. In the Advertisement to the second edition, Gifford admitted that the reader might readily find versions "with more spirit and beauty;" but he insisted that the reader would not so easily find one so minutely accurate and "constructed with more anxious attention to render him fully acquainted with the author,

as well as with the manners of the age in which he wrote." In the first edition he considered the general character of the translation to be "plainness."[40] These estimates, especially the latter, are fairly accurate. Plainness and a reasonable fidelity to the original, with a lack of dignity, ease, and elegance—due no doubt to the circumstances of his own education and an absence of real poetic inspiration—are the chief characteristics of the translation. Though it is sometimes an exaggeration of the original, it is no such travesty as the *Critical* averred. It was considered by many at the time as a scholarly work, and has since been so held. Scott[41] thought it one of the best versions ever made of a classical author. Professor Oliver Elton[42] thinks that Gifford in translating shared "the moral indignation of his originals." Professor G. G. Ramsay[43] calls it a vigorous and scholarly version, . . . which may still be read with pleasure." There is no doubt that Gifford's temper fitted him better for translating such satirists as Juvenal and Persius than one like Horace. He did not have and could not catch the subtlety, grace, and sophisticated ease of the latter. The translation is occasionally marred in the notes by uncharitableness towards his predecessors in the field of translation or annotation; but this tendency Gifford never overcame. It is to be found more prominently in his other field of scholarly endeavor—that of editor of the works of some of the old dramatists. We shall now take up the study of this field.

Chapter VI

THE EDITIONS OF THE DRAMATISTS

Gifford's work as critic and scholar may be studied in his editions of the post-Shaksperian dramatists, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley. He contemplated editions of Shakspere and Beaumont and Fletcher, but he actually completed only a few notes on the former.[1]

It is not known definitely when he began collecting materials for these editions, but it is probable that he was engaged in the work at an early date. His interest in the drama has already been noticed.[2] He was fond of the old dramatists. His attitude towards contemporary drama we have seen in the *Maeviad*, and it is further shown by incidental references throughout his editions of the dramatists. The "bards of other days," who "from nature's varied face . . . wisely drew,"[3] were the same writers, it seems, that had served as the basis of his study of style.[4] His fondness for the old dramatists is also shown in a letter to his friend, Henry Drury, at Harrow, written in 1806.[5] The letter is of enough specific interest to be given at this point. Besides referring to the old dramatists, it mentions a contemplated edition of Ben Jonson and throws some light on the second edition of Juvenal. The letter follows:

> My dear Sir: I ought to have written long since, but I may say to you in confidence what the beggar said to Louis XIV: "O sir, if you did but know how idle I am, you would pity me."
>
> I am delighted with your good opinion of Massinger. I take refuge in the old plays, from the execrable trash of the present stage; and should, in my plodding way, have no objection to revise the twin writers of whom you speak, who abound in beauties of every description. But I am not rich enough to do it at my own expense, and booksellers engage with reluctance in whatever does not

promise an immediate sale. . . . I am not certain, if my sight does not totally fail me, but that I may be tempted to print the original of Ben Jonson's works with additions of scenery, etc., somewhat in the manner of Massinger, to facilitate the understanding of him, who now requires more attention than the general reader can or or will bestow.

Juvenal drags heavily. At one time, all Bulwer's [Bulmer's?] devils arrant, passant, couchant, and rampant, are at my heels, roaring for copy; at another I cannot get sight of them; and if I make inquiries—why they are gone for twelve days to get drunk with the blameless Ethiopians. So we proceed. . . .

I want a poetical friend, for the gods have not made Dr. Ireland poetical, and most of my other acquaintances are over ears in politics.

I have scarcely been out of doors since I wrote last. You would therefore have found me in my elbow chair, and I should have been truly proud and happy to have seen you. I am now meditating a south sea voyage to New Market for a fortnight or three weeks, as I have some reliance on the change of air. "Pray make me happy," as Scindish says, "by your letters!"

The "twin writers" referred to are Beaumont and Fletcher. The state of Gifford's health, as here shown, was always more or less critical. Having given up original satire, he was now engaged in revising his translation of Juvenal, translating Persius, and editing old dramatists. By inclination, as well as on account of ill health, he lived a life of retirement; and politics did not interest him, except in so far as to cause him to repel any attack on the principles he himself held.

I

It is necessary, however, to go back a few years. Almost immediately after Juvenal was off his hands, Gifford set about to prepare an edition of the works of Massinger. The suggestion for his undertaking such a task, he said, came from Mr. Evans of Pall Mall.[6] The four volume collection prepared by Monck Mason (1779) had become very

scarce, and the price exorbitant. Besides, Gifford did not consider it worth the paper on which it was printed; and since one of his favorite dramatists had fallen into such incapable hands as Mason's, he readily consented to prepare another edition. Having decided to undertake the work, he sought for the old copies, and found all the first ones. He considered the first quarto consistently more accurate than the later editions; " . . . the spirit, and what I would call the raciness, of the author only appeared complete in the original copies." Octavius Gilchrist, the Rev. P. Bayles, and Edmond Malone furnished him with material. Gifford saw in Malone, says Prior,[7] who considered Gifford well fitted for the work, "a superior in research, added to [*sic*] the possession of materials conducive to his own success." Though previously unacquainted with each other, they had similar political sentiments; and Gifford's letter of inquiry served the purpose of a formal introduction. In the early part of 1803, therefore, Gifford wrote to Malone concerning a manuscript of *The Parliament of Love*, which he knew the Shaksperian editor possessed. Malone very readily consented to let him use the manuscript to transcribe, and sent it by his servant to Gifford. The latter was very profuse in his acknowledgement of gratitude to Malone for the manuscript and for some books and notes he had also received, and he promised a good transcription copy of the former as soon as it was ready. There was more correspondence, in which we find Gifford apologizing for having retained Malone's volumes "for an unconscionable time," and thanking him for additions and corrections he had suggested.[8] This was in May, 1805, and the work was then ready for the press.

In preparing the edition, Gifford seems to have gone about in a very systematic manner to determine the original form and meaning of the text. He gave the impression, at any

rate, that such thoroughness as he employed had been almost unheard of before. He stated[9] that he had collated every edition, and even several copies of the same edition; that he had made at least five close comparisons of each play with the original. Indeed, so sure was he of the absolute correctness of the work, that he applied to it the claim of Mason that accuracy was all the merit to which it pretended. The two distinctions of his edition, he declared, were strictness of revision and proper placing of exits and entrances.

But in maintaining his own excellence, he was extremely ungenerous and savage towards his predecessors, especially Coxeter and Mason. These two men were obviously very inaccurate; but Gifford invited by his attitude the same kind of criticism he measured to his predecessors. They commenced the trade of authorship, he declared, "with little more than the negative qualities of heedlessness and inexperience."[10] Coxeter had "not the smallest pretentions" to critical sagacity. "His conjectures are void alike of ingenuity and probability, and his historical references at once puerile and incorrect. . . . Every page of his work bears the strongest impression of imbecility."[11] Mason's edition he considered much worse than Coxeter's. "The oscitancy of Mr. M. Mason is so great," declared Gifford "that it is impossible to say whether he supposed there was any older edition than the one before him. He talks indeed of Massinger, but he always means Coxeter; and it is beyond any common powers of face to hear him discourse on the verbal and grammatical inaccuracies of an author whose works he probably never saw."[12] Mason, he said, followed Coxeter "as a hound that fills up the cry."[13] In his opinion, no other writer was so unworthily handled as Massinger. He asserted that often neither Coxeter nor Mason "understood a syllable of what they were mangling under the idea

of reforming [it];"[14] that they revised by the use of their ten fingers[15] the verse of the most harmonious of poets and the one whose ears were exquisitely tuned to the rhythm and modulations of verse. He accused[16] Mason of *silently* introducing changes which made detection very difficult; but he admitted that he himself "silently reformed the meter" of the plays in numberless places.[17] He charged his predecessor with continually vouching for readings of the copy which "he never condescended to look into,"[18] and with altering passages he did not understand.[19] He sneered at what he considered[20] the trivial and disgusting mass of useless notes collected by Mason and other commentators; and he professed to omit purposely all but those which he considered important. And then, with superb inconsistency, he increased the length of some of those useless notes by waspish additions that tell nothing more. When Mason explained, for instance, that 'scarabs' meant beetles, Gifford added: "Very true; and beetles means scarabs."[21]

But other commentators were scarcely less severely dealt with. Gifford declared that the practice of making a "cheap and miserable display of minute erudition" was instituted largely by the "knight-errant Warton" and "his attendant Bowles, the dullest of all mortal squires."[22] Steevens, whom Gifford called "the coryphaeus of commentators;"[23] Warburton, "who contrived to blunder with more ingenuity than usually falls to the lot of a commentator"[24] and who was always "too refined for his subject;"[25] and even Malone —all receive due notice in the comments scattered throughout the pages. The new commentator accused the rest of delighting to dwell on ideas that were suggestive of indecency; but he was himself not entirely free from this charge.[26] Such is in general the nature of his annotations.

The work presented a very tempting morsel for a hostile critic. But the strictly contemporaneous notices were either

extremely laudatory or at least friendly. The reviewers hailed the work as an excellent edition of an author who had been unjustly neglected. They expressed agreeable surprise at the edition. They reprehended Warburton, Johnson and Blackstone for "making observations and proposing emendations that would not be tolerable in a boy of ten years old." They reprobated the inaccuracy of the preceding editions and ridiculed the "vain boastings" of Coxeter and Mason. They considered Gifford's edition of the text as "a model of the most valuable kind of emendation," and thought that the editor had rescued Massinger's plays "from the teeth of time." If they found any faults, it was with the asperity of the censure of former editors and with scarcity of notes. But these same reviewers nevertheless acknowledged the acuteness of Gifford's remarks in the Introduction and believed that the edition was a final one.[27]

Since the *Edinburgh Review* had come into existence, however, most of the other critical periodicals had waned considerably in prestige. This Review, in the few years of its life, had given the Tories in politics and the radicals in literature uncomfortable feelings on many occasions. What it had to say, therefore, about Gifford's Massinger was immediately noticed, even though its remarks were belated by almost three years.

The immediate cause of the *Edinburgh's* attack after so long a period is not apparent. Gifford's statement that it was a previously planned attempt to discredit him is not plausible, in spite of the assurance of Gilchrist that such was the case. Scott, it is true, told Ellis, in the latter part of 1808,[28] that Jeffrey had said to him that he feared four men—Scott, Southey, Ellis, and another man whom he did not name. There is little reason for assuming that Gifford was the fourth man, for he had then little reputation as a writer.

At any rate, the reviewer on this occasion,[29] in a tone of arrogant rebuke, began by observing that it rarely happened "that any person who has indulged himself in severe reflections and dogmatical assertions on various subjects, can pass through life without occasionally running foul of some of his own sentences." He then, while acknowledging and reiterating the general excellence of the edition of Massinger, proceeded to take Gifford to task for inconsistency and unnecessary asperity. Only the rapidly spreading corrupt taste of the Della Cruscans, he said, had saved Gifford's satire from exciting merely disgust, so much lacking was it in "the fair spirit of enlightened censure." The reviewer found fault with Gifford for his illiberal remarks on Kemble's fondness for collecting old plays,[30] and for his reprobation of Warburton (John Warburton, the Somerset Herald) for not taking care of his valuable collection of manuscript plays. He suggested that perhaps Gifford's ridiculous attitude toward Kemble had prevented him from taking advantage of that actor's library in preparing the edition of Massinger. "Under all these disadvantages, however, Mr. Gifford has certainly produced a valuable edition of these dramas. That of Coxeter was very incorrect; and the idle liberties which Mr. Mason had taken in altering the text of Massinger and overturning the meter, were very numerous; and it required considerable acuteness and attention to restore it to its original purity."[31] The reviewer was forced to admit, however, that he could not give unqualified praise of accuracy even to Gifford's edition. He regretted that, "instead of aiming at the fair fame which he might have gained by the production of a very improved edition, he should have made his notes the vehicle of satirical animadversions upon the former editors, and appear to have been more anxious to exhibit the absurdities of other writers, than to enrich the publication with annotations which might have been useful

to the reader."[32] He pointed out a number of errors in one note[33] and criticized the editor's interpretations in several others. He protested, however, against any desire to reproach Gifford with mistakes, "to which men of genius, who write from recollection, are frequently liable;" but he declared that the editor's asperity was so severe that if either Coxeter or Mason had been within his reach, he greatly feared that the irate editor would have "closed his argument" like George a Greene in *The Pinner of Wakefield*:

> . . . . and for greater proof
> Give my man leave to fetch for me my staff;
> I'll prove it good upon your carcasses.[34]

He accused Gifford (justly enough) of professing to be sparing of notes and then indulging in waspish sarcasms that merely added more worthless comment; of falling furiously foul of some of Coxeter's emendations[35] on the score of disturbance of meter, and then substituting his own lame and halting "improvements;" and finally of going outside of Massinger[36] for opportunities to fling sarcasm. The reviewer expressed disappointment over the fact that Gifford had left it to Dr. Ireland to supply "dull and pious dissertations" on particular plays, instead of giving his own estimates. One remark especially, he declared, would have excited Gifford's spleen if Coxeter or Mason had made it. Dr. Ireland had said that since *The Virgin Martyr* contained much that was objectionable, "its popularity must therefore, in a considerable degree, be attributed to the interest occasioned by the contrary agencies of the two spirits; to the glorious vision of the beautified Dorothea, at the conclusion of the piece, and the reappearance of Angelo in his proper character, with the sacred fruits and flowers from the heavenly gardens, and the crown of immortality for Theophilus."[37] This vision, said the reviewer in the same words Gifford had elsewhere used, "with the poor helps of

which the stage was then possessed, must have been somewhat worse than ridiculous." He asserted that Gifford, because of his close study of Massinger, had lost the sense of value and had unduly praised his author. The reviewer himself thought that Massinger was much better fitted by nature for heroic verse than for dramatic writing; and he did not share Gifford's opinion as to the excellence of *The Parliament of Love*. In the whole article, however, though the reviewer preferred some of Mason's explanations to Gifford's, he never for a moment considered Coxeter and Mason superior to Gifford. He said Gifford's alterations were made always with strict regard to the style of Massinger, while Mason's were notoriously otherwise; and that the former's explanations were for the most part accurate and useful, and in some instances gave for the first time the proper meaning.

Though the main contentions of the reviewer were strictly true, the criticism was without doubt tinged with malice. The Preface to the one volume edition of 1845, however, is incorrect in stating[38] that the *Edinburgh* reviewers "appeared as the champions of Monck Mason and Coxeter." Gifford's attitude certainly subjected him to attack. The review rankled in his heart for five years before he unburdened himself of his resentment toward the *Edinburgh*. In the Advertisement to the second edition (1813) he paid his respects to that review in a characteristic answer to the charges. "I will take upon me to assert, that a more perfect text of an old poet, never issued from the English press. It was revised, in the first instance, with a care of which there is scarcely an example, and a subsequent examination enables me to speak with a degree of positiveness on the subject, which sets all fear of contradiction at defiance."[39] As stated earlier, he charged the reviewers with a predetermined plot to overthrow his reputation. He declared that all they

knew about Massinger they learned from his edition. In the mood, therefore, of one determined to annihilate utterly those who dared to try to destroy his reputation, he proceeded to answer every derogatory statement the reviewers made. In one instance especially he went to great lengths to justify his remarks. Massinger speaks of "three memorable overthrows"[40] of the Duke of Burgundy by the Swiss, in the last of which the duke was killed. Gifford observed in a note: "These were indeed memorable, since they were given by illarmed and undisciplined rusticks (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearless spirit of genuine liberty) to armies superior to themselves in numbers, and composed of regular troops from some of the most warlike nations in Europe. . . . . In this [the battle of Nancy], Charles (or, as he is called from the Latin Charolois) Duke of Burgundy fell." The *Edinburgh Review* pounced upon the last part of Gifford's note and asked: "How would Mr. Gifford have handled Coxeter or Mason, if they had written *The battle of Agincourt, gained by Henry* (or, *as he was called from the Greek*—Wales) king of England?" The reviewer then pointed out the inaccuracy of the historical statement also. He said that the Swiss were not "ill-armed and undisciplined rusticks," nor were they contending for liberty since they were the agressors in this case.

Gifford's reply is thoroughly characteristic of his method of meeting attack. He declared that the remarks of the reviewer were "execrable trash" and "abortive ribaldry;" that he had not explained the relation between the terms "Duke of Burgundy" and "Count of Charolois" because he disliked long notes. He said that he had expected the attack on his explanation of the origin of "Charolois," for he could not himself find the authority for his statement, although he was sure that he had seen such explanation. But he accused the *Edinburgh* reviewers of objecting to his note chiefly

because it appeared to "obscure the renown of 'regenerated France,'" and of watching "the moment of divine visitation to trample rudely on a just and merciful Sovereign—their own soverign too, be it remembered—while they crouch, and tremble, and abjectly crawl in the mire to lick the gory feet of a frantic and ferocious usurper."[41] He announced with great pleasure that he left the note objected to precisely as it stood in the first edition.

In answer to the charge that he wrote from memory, he said that although he never possessed in his life so many books as would cover one of the reviewers' tables, yet he had always had access to "noble libraries." He declared that Kemble had voluntarily offered him the use of his library, but that he had declined the offer because he had no need of material in Kemble's library.[42] To their charge that he was so angry as to endanger physically his predecessors if they had been near enough, he replied with scandalized indignation: "Certainly not. If I had *called* for a *staff* (which the goodness of Providence has hitherto made unnecessary) it would be to support my steps. Such 'knock-me-down doings' are fitter for the Edinburgh Reviewers." He interpreted the reviewer's criticism of Dr. Ireland's part in the notes, as well as of his own remarks about a certain Dr. D . . . . n's atheism, as an attack on Christianity. Throughout the Advertisement, he expressed extreme reluctance and disgust at having to go into details with those imbeciles, the reviewers.

In mere crushing power, the Advertisement was a pretty effective answer to the *Edinburgh's* criticism. In vituperation and show of spleen Gifford far outdistanced the reviewer, but in the field of interpretation and emendation he was not always so successful. He kept in the foreground the charge of a plot against him; and three times he referred to the discomfiture the reviewer must feel over his own vindi-

cation of himself and his edition of Massinger. In explaining why he made certain notes, and in ridiculing the critic's remarks on improving the meter, he fell back on some of the cheap pettifoggery of *Anti-Jacobin* days. The foolish sarcasm on the meaning of scarabs, and other similar remarks, he tried to explain away or justify by further sarcasm about the reviewers. In the expression, "a man of strange parts," Mason had explained the meaning of "strange" as "distant." Gifford added a sputtering note to the effect that he could not pretend to furnish any explanation of Mason's interpretation. The reviewer in the *Edinburgh* referred him to Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*, in which *strangeness* is defined as "distance of behavior"; and he suggested that, though perhaps Mason's explanation was superfluous, it was perfectly accurate. This remark Gifford answered by declaring that it was not his fault if the critics would not or could not understand what was before them. In truth, he himself refused to understand what they said, and his observation is mere petulance.[43] At another time[44] Gifford, coming across an improper alteration of *caroch* into *coach*, in Mason's edition remarked: "If the reader would have a specimen of what can be done by a nice ear in editing an ancient poet, let him cast an eye on this line as it stands in Coxeter and Mason. *Her footman, her coach, her ushers, her pages.* Tumtiti, tumtiti." The reviewer admitted that Gifford might have been justified for expressing in this way his sense of error; but he added that if the expression had been forced from him involuntarily by the exquisite sensibility of his ear, there were places in Gifford's edition which did not reveal the same sensitiveness of ear. He then pointed out some examples in which Gifford proposed emendations to improve the meter. Gifford explained in the Advertisement that by "tumtiti, tumtiti," he was merely expressing his disgust at dactylics. He then became extremely sarcastic about the

critics' knowledge of meter. His own illustrations of Massinger's fine sense of harmony are not in themselves happy ones; and the reviewer in the *Edinburgh* was justified in expressing his astonishment over the passages selected by Gifford for special commendation.[45]

The second edition was very little different from the first. Gifford acknowledged a few mistakes in notes, but he declared[46] that the text was just as it stood. As a matter of fact, however, he made a few changes. But it was a matter of principle with Gifford not to acknowledge error, to the *Edinburgh Review* especially. He was then editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and he felt in duty bound, as well as impelled by "the perversity of poor human nature," not to yield an inch to his enemy. He retained all the waspish additions to some of the useless notes of Mason; and although he reiterated his aversion to useless notes, he could not forego a sneer at the *Edinburgh's* review of Weber's edition of the works of John Ford, which had appeared in 1811.[47]

Gifford's contribution to literature in his edition of Massinger was undeniably great. The excellence of the work would have been more evident if he had made more modest claims and had not shown so much spitefulness toward his predecessors. The tediousness of collating and the liability to error are very great; and only one who had complete reliance on his own judgment, or an aversion to be discovered in error, could make a second examination and not find "a single variation for notice."[48] Subsequent editors until 1885 felt justified in following his edition without further investigation. The editor of Harper's Stereotype Edition (1831) considered "every, even the slightest surmise" of Gifford deserving of attention and respect.[49] The publisher of the one-volume edition (1845) of Gifford's Massinger thought that "never was an author under greater obligations to an editor than is Massinger to Gifford." He

agreed with another whom he did not name but "who was himself no common master of the art," that Gifford was "a giant in literature, in criticism, in politics, and in morals, and an ornament and an honor to his country and the age in which he lived." Francis Cunningham[50] thought that as Gifford appeared in the Massinger volumes, "very few 'editors' would not be inferior" to him. He considered it necessary, however, to make some emendations of his own, which are not better, perhaps, than Gifford's. Hartley Coleridge followed Gifford's text, though he disagreed with Gifford in some of the conclusions as to Massinger's life.[51] Arthur Symons, in the first volume of the Mermaid Series, followed Cunningham's reprint of Gifford, but in the second volume he went to the originals. He states that "Gifford's notions of textual fidelity were rather lax, notwithstanding his solemn protests to the contrary. Many of his alterations, indeed, are in themselves of little importance, but others, now for the first time corrected back again, are of really serious significance."[52]

While there is some truth in the statement that Gifford's edition seems especially excellent because of the inferiority of his predecessors' work,[53] such an assertion belittles the actual achievement. For a hundred years or more the edition has stood as the standard complete one. It is the most authoritative so far published and is perhaps one of the best editions we possess of the early dramatists. The mistakes that occur in it, the untrustworthiness of the text because of changes from the original, and a carelessness of detail are, however, recognized defects and show that a more perfect text could, and perhaps ought to, be made.

II

Another favorite dramatist, whom Gifford contemplated editing as early as 1806, was Ben Jonson. "Gifted," as

Cunningham observes,[54] "with an enthusiasm which led him to regard Massinger first, and Ben Jonson afterwards, with the fierce affection which a tigress bears to her cubs," he set to work to prepare a complete edition of the works of the latter author, which appeared in nine volumes in 1816. But something more than a "fierce affection" was required to stimulate him; this was a capacity to feel a fierce scorn or contempt for the work or opinions of someone else. As the blundering of Coxeter and Mason spurred him to bring for his Massinger, and the adverse criticism of his enemy, the *Edinburgh Review*, determined him to prepare a second edition, a feeling that there was a concerted attempt to blacken Ben Jonson furnished him with the stimulus to undertake the enormous labor of editing this author. An admiration for Jonson's classical tastes and learning also attracted him. At any rate, he became the antagonist of everyone who dared to utter a disparaging word against his favorite.

The chief person this time to fall under the lash of Gifford's pen was Malone, to whose help he had been indebted in the Massinger and for whose writing on the early English state[55] he had professed great respect. There appears to have been no specific break in the friendly relations between Gifford and Malone. The latter had asked Gifford to write a life of William Mason. But on account of the press of editorial duties and a lack of sympathy with the politics of Mason, Gifford had refused, though in terms satisfactory to Malone.[56] The latter had confessed to Whalley several years earlier "that he had no tastes for the productions of Ben Jonson; and that he had doubts whether his professions of friendship for Shakspeare were sincere." This attitude was enough to comdemn him in Gifford's eyes. For, continues this biographer, "the gall in his system lay too near the surface not to ooze through the thin layer of suavity upon

the smallest provocation." When he became editor of Jonson, therefore, he turned upon Malone, who was no longer living, and heaped upon him a liberal supply of such terms as "false," "mean," "base," "malicious," as if, says Prior, the Shaksperian editor had been guilty of a serious moral offense.

But in the Introduction, and throughout the volumes, very few commentators satisfied him. He took the position at the outset that Jonson had been maligned; then he proceeded to pick up every scrap of petty detail against him and contradicted it with savage glee. Sometimes it seems as if he quoted absurd stories merely for the pleasure of ridiculing them and thereby adding glory to himself for his cleverness in detecting their untruth. Malone, Chalmers, and others were accused of being in utter ignorance of the subject about which they wrote. Aubrey was a "maggoty-pated" man.[57] William Drummond of Hawthornden was outrageously libeled as a traitor to friendship, and accused of having "decoyed Jonson under his roof," of having "set down in malice, abridged without judgment, and published without shame" Jonson's remarks to him.[58] A letter from Drummond to Jonson expressing affection for the dramatist caused Gifford to exclaim, "Hypocrite to the last! What, the 'liar,' the 'drunkard,' the 'atheist'? This is almost too much. A voluntary plunge into infamy was by no means necessary here."[59] Though it may be assumed that the charges of jealousy and of malignity on the part of Jonson toward other dramatists were greatly exaggerated the "oscitancy" of Gifford in making him out to be a mild, gentle, good-hearted, much maligned author, who never cast aspersions on any one but was always the butt of the persecution of his inferiors in the field of authorship, is really amusing. Gifford asserted positively that Jonson was not envious of his contemporaries,[60] but that he was the

most placable of mankind.[61] He called the "Apologetical Dialogue" to *The Poetaster* "a vein of high-toned indignation springing from conscious innocence, and worth" and he thought there was a "generous burst of pathos and poetry in the concluding speech to which the equal will not easily be found."[62] He admitted, however, that Jonson sometimes "contrived to pay an indirect compliment to himself,"[63] and that he "knew little of the golden curb which discretion hangs on self-opinion."[64] But he insisted that when Jonson made any attack on others, they were always the aggressors, and that he was pursued from his earliest years by the envy of other writers.[65] Any apparently unwarranted aggression made by Jonson upon others is therefore explained by Gifford as due to a "disinclination" in the dramatist for those people, which he was unable to account for, "unless it arose from a difference in taste."[66] Such are the tone and method of Gifford in his biography of Jonson and in his notes on the text, the former of which caused Moore, three years later, to write in his diary:[67] "Have got through half of Gifford's 'Memoirs of Ben Jonson.' What a 'canker'd carle' it is! Strange that a man should be able to lash himself into such a spiteful fury, not only against the living but the dead, with whom he engages in a sort of sciomachy in every page. Poor dull and dead Malone is the shadow at which he thrusts in 'Jonson,' as he did at poor Monck Mason, still duller and deader, in his 'Massinger.'"

The strictly critical periodicals did not take formal notice of the new edition. The *Critical* and the *Monthly* had sunk into insignificance beside the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. The *British Critic* had become or was becoming a High-Church theological Review. A sense of delicacy naturally kept the work out of the periodical of which Gifford was editor. But even the *Edinburgh* made only incidental re-

ference to it,[68] in which it declared that the charges against Ben Jonson had "just been finally confuted in the preface to Mr. Gifford's excellent edition." The newly established *Blackwood's Magazine*,[69] however, probably more in the spirit of impudence with which the editors were conducting it, than on account of any deep-seated antagonism toward Gifford, or even of any disire for fair critisicm, made a severe attack on the new edition of Jonson. The review, moreover, gave the editors of that magazine the opportunity to relieve themselves of their resentment over the aspersions of the *Quarterly* against the Scots; and the attack was accordingly leveled at Gifford's remarks about Drummond. The reviewer also condemned the "needless asperity" of Gifford's satires and the "most lacerting flagellation" Coxeter and Mason received at his hands. Besides, he pointed out, in the Preface to the second edition of Massinger Gifford "flays alive the *Edinburgh Reviewer* of the first, and then rubs him over with gun-powder—in the *Quarterly Review* he has often revived the obsolete practice of torture—and in his life of Ben Jonson, leaving such 'small gear,' he flies at nobler game, and aims to fix his poisonous talons in the heart of Drummond of Hawthornden." Protesting against any attempt to injure Gifford, the reviewer nevertheless felt that in this edition the editor had, "as it were, dug up with profane hands the consecrated ashes of the dead, and given them to the winds with mockery and insults." He exposed the inaccuracies and prejudices of Gifford and turned some of the editor's own remarks about Drummond, with greater, justice, against him, He closed with the observation, in reference to Gifford's attitude toward Drummond, that "as it has been said that all men are mad on one subject or another, this seems to be the one by which the reason of the Editor of Ben Jonson is o'ermastered." He made no attempt at a critical study of the work.[70]

This edition, though a real contribution to scholarship, is not equal to that of Massinger. Gifford's temper seems not to have improved with age and experience. The last collection of the works of Jonson had been that of Peter Whalley (1756), which Gifford used as a basis for his edition. Whalley's life of Jonson Gifford rejected because of its "uncouth and antiquated" style.[71] Instead, however, he wrote his own "memoirs of Ben Jonson," which (in the first edition) occupied two hundred and forty-eight pages largely made up of sputtering and splenetic discussion of earlier biographers and commentators. He does not seem to have done much research. He said that he had used the same method of collation that he employed for Massinger; but he did not carry it out consistently. He left to others the task of supplying additional information. Whalley had begun the revision of his own edition, when death stopped him. F. G. Waldron, with whom Whalley lived and who wrote a completion for the unfinished pastoral drama, *The Sad Shepherd*, continued the revision, and had already done much of the collating, which Gifford approved. Thomas Turner[72] (of the office of Bulmer the printer) gave much assistance in marking exits and entrances and in dividing the text into scenes. Octavius Gilchrist had published two articles on the injustice of the charges against Jonson,[73] both of which Gifford used as well as some of his notes on separate passages. Several other men also lent their assistance.

It was one of the avowed aims of the editor to make Jonson more accessible to the average reader. Perhaps this fact helps to explain why his edition possesses no great critical value. He would be more concerned with making Jonson readable than he would with making the text critically accurate. While he showed more critical acumen in textual values than did his predecessor, he continued some of the practices formerly used. He made emendations,

changed the order of speeches and scenes, and modernized the text without comment even more freely than Whalley had done. His edition may therefore be considered a popular rather than a truly critical one. The explanation of this fact will be made clearer from a study of his methods.

The text he considered most authoritative was that of the first folio (1616), the printing of which he assumed Jonson had himself supervised. Although he censured his predecessors most severely for changing the text, he justified himself for making numerous alterations. Struck with horror at Jonson's tendency to use the name and attributes of Deity profanely, he toned down the oaths to avoid wherever possible the name of Diety. His excuse for altering the text in such cases was not only that he observed that Jonson had in the folio "softened many of the profane ejaculations which deformed the first copies," but also that "no considerations on earth can tempt me to wanton or heedless propagation of impiety."[74] He sometimes substituted a quarto reading even when the folio (1616) was satisfactory; he occasionally added a brief speech without recording the fact; and by accepting Whalley's text as a basis, he perpetuated many trivial errors. Finally, Gifford seems to have hurried over the last volumes. The last three have no table of contents other than that found on the title page. The last volume, especially *Discoveries*, has almost no notes except a few by Gilchrist. Cunningham[75] thought that Gifford intended at first to print (in Volume IX) the Newcastle manuscript entire, but becoming frightened, expurgated the text and tried to put the purified portions in footnotes. M. Castelain,[76] in summing up his impression of the edition, says that though Gifford pretended to give an accurate critical edition of Jonson, "he has taken the most unwarranted liberties with his author, arguing, changing, abridging, following his own caprice without scruple and without hesi-

tation. The notes which he gives are sometimes interesting and the pugnacious personality of the author of the *Maeviad* is revealed in a most amusing manner; but he was not equipped to give us a definitive edition of Jonson, and the work remains to be done."[77]

In annotation and interpretation, this edition is as untrustworthy as in textual criticism. M. Castelain has pointed out Gifford's weakness in this field, and his judgment is borne out by the findings of other scholars. Gifford was proud of the fact that he had given especial attention to naming and locating scenes and marking exits and entrances; but he considered every different place a new scene, whereas Jonson regarded a situation as a scene. In selecting notes he said that he was determined to adhere to the plan used in Massinger, although he had been "openly reproved for the nakedness" of the pages in the latter. He objected to the kind of notes Whalley had used and to their copiousness.[78] Many of those which his predecessor had borrowed from others, Gifford held to be little more than an idle accumulation of examples upon every trite and indecorous expression.[79] But in their stead he gave notes that are too often nothing more than outbursts of temper over alleged mistakes of Malone and Steevens. He furthermore determined, he said, to cast aside the method of "the grovelling editors of our old dramatists," who toiled sedulously to explain all the filth and obscenity possible, without realizing that such matter was invariably better understood by the readers than by themselves."[80] His notes were to be "chiefly illustrative of obsolete phrases and customs, of personal and historical notices connected with the subject together with such incidental touches on the character and conduct of the respective pieces, as the occasion seemed to demand." The notes follow, in general, this classification; but at the same time they form an interesting commentary on the editor's

tastes, prejudices in politics and religion, and scope of reading.

Besides the life of Jonson and the notes scattered throughout the volumes, forty-three pages were given over to a special refutation of the charge of malignity on the part of Jonson toward his fellow writers. Injustice had without doubt been done to Jonson by many commentators, and Gifford's purpose was a laudable one. Unfortunately, however, he himself used so much intemperate speech in referring to Malone and was so blind to faults in his author, that the "refutation" is not convincing.[81] The use he made of some of the arguments is at least questionable. There is too much that is the mere branding of statements as lies and too much that is mere assertion.[82] Sometimes Gifford changed the meanings of quotations by italicizing other words than those so distinguished by the authors,[83] a trick he employed as editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*. Besides, the evidence of Jonson's guilt, to the extent that he bullied his audiences and treated his colleagues scurrilously in plays, is met with too frequently to be set aside. Whether or not he was usually the aggressor is another question, which has not yet been decided. Barry Cornwall[84] believed that Gifford's Memoirs of Jonson "must constitute the foundation of all arguments touching the Poet's moral character." But he also felt that the "critic's indignation at the many calumnies propagated, during so many years, against his favorite author, led to his rendering him (so to speak) *extreme* justice." R. A. Small[85] decided, in reference to the quarrel among the playwrights that culminated in *The Poetaster* and *Satiromastix*, that both sides were in the wrong, "but Jonson much more than his opponents." Prof. J. H. Penniman[86] thinks that Jonson was envious of Samuel Daniel because of Court preferment, and that his attack on Daniel[87] in *Every Man in His Humor* started the war. Prof. Tennant, moreover,

points out that Jonson in 1598 entered upon a self-created dictatorship that lasted until his death. During that time, as may be seen from his prologues, he commonly abused his audiences for not appreciating his works. No matter who was to blame for the quarrel, it is certain that Jonson did not stand second in ability to strike, and strike hard, at his enemies. That he "wore his heart upon his sleeve for the daws to peck at," as Gifford said,[88] is at least a slight exaggeration.

As a commentator on Ben Jonson, Gifford was well fitted on account of his classical scholarship and a literary taste in sympathy with Jonson's. But his comments are also marred by his prejudice and by an unworthy show of temper. The notes, so far as they are critical, "are directed to eulogizing Jonson, and to showing that any adverse criticism arises from spite, jealousy, and incomplete knowledge."[89] Consequently we find him construing facts to suit himself, or rather, as Prof. Tennant says, to justify Jonson. In selecting his notes, he often ignored Whalley's notes entirely, unless he happened to know that one was incorrect. He would then pounce upon it and correct it.[90] Again, his admiration for Jonson's learning prejudiced him in his author's favor; and his judgment of literary values is not trustworthy. Though his admiration for Jonson's learning is wholly justified, the error is that he failed to see the faults which often accompanied such great crudition. He lost sight of the fact that Jonson sometimes failed to digest his learning. He excused, and even justified, the self-admiration of his hero. He excused, and even praised, the overweening arrogance towards others and contempt for audiences, because back of this attitude on the part of Jonson was the purpose of reforming taste.

His claims for his dramatist are in keeping with his admiration. He pronounced Jonson superior in almost every

department of the drama. Jonson, he held, was preëminent in masterly delineation of character[91] and in consistency of character presentation.[92] The great dramatist was the original source of countless literary allusions, ideas, and character conceptions, which writers after him used without acknowledging. Shakspere was indebted to him, and not he to Shakspere. Milton drew from him more than the poet or his editors were willing to admit. Even Samuel Butler's conception of the Puritan was merely a copy, Gifford declared, of Jonson's Puritans in *The Alchemist*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and other plays.[93] Gifford believed that as a result of Jonson's efforts, the English stage was little behind that of Athens, but that Jonson was far from receiving proper credit for the fact.[94] He asserted that Jonson had found the stage in a state of absolute nudity and left it enriched with scenery and properties. Again, he held Jonson's "unbounded learning" to be only "an adjunct to his fancy," which he considered "fertile, ardent, versatile, and excursive."[95] His praise of *The Sad Shepherd* is of the same nature. He considered the thoughts "natural and elegant, the style appropriate, and the language inexpressibly beautiful, and, in some detached passages, worthy of the highest praise." In this pastoral drama if complete, we should have possessed he declared, a poem "which might have been confidently opposed to the proudest effort of dramatic genius that time has yet bequeathed to us."[96] But Gifford's judgment in such matters was weak, as it was in estimating the harmony of Massinger. J. A. Symonds,[97] while admitting the superiority of the whole drama to *The Faithful Shepherdess*, not inappropriately characterized the language of one of the "detached passages" which Gifford thought "inexpressibly beautiful," as such as a lobster, not a lover, would use.[98] Gifford could, however, be singularly just in his criticisms of some of the plays. It will be generally agreed that *The*

Alchemist is Jonson's masterpiece, though it may not be so generally agreed that it is a "prodigy of human intellect." Gifford perceived the excellence of this comedy, and of *Epicoene* and *Volpone*, though to be sure in exaggeration; but he also put his finger on the weakness of *Cynthis's Revels* and *Every Man out of His Humor*.

Though Gifford failed to establish Jonson on the pinnacle on which he tried to place him, he nevertheless rescued his favorite from the position of a universal maligner of other dramatists of his time. He made clear Jonson's knowledge of the classical dramatists, and his grasp of their conception of comedy. He showed that Jonson, more completely than any other dramatist, revealed the customs and manners of the age;[99] but at the same time so much in the classical manner that only a thorough knowledge of classical comedy will make clear his method. He pointed out Milton's indebtedness to Jonson no less than to Shakspere. He made clear Jonson's contribution to literature in the form of the masque. And he was insistent in asserting that behind the endless array of incidents of low comedy and intrigue was the pure purpose of reforming the debauched taste and manners of the age.[100]

III

In 1827 Gifford brought out an edition of Ford's works in three volumes. The motive behind his determination to prepare an edition of this dramatist is found chiefly in the fact that a second edition of Weber's "Ford" was contemplated. In 1811 Henry Weber, Scott's amanuensis, at the request of Ballentyne prepared an edition of Ford's works in two volumes. Weber was ill qualified for such work, both in experience in editorship and in knowledge of the English language. Besides, he did not take time to prepare a critical edition. The venture was, in

a measure, successful, however; and the next year he published an edition of the works of Beâumont and Fletcher in fourteen volumes. The *Edinburgh Review*[101] had remarked that Weber was by no means the best of the recent editors, but had not gone into detail and pointed out errors. This latter fact seems to have rankled in Gifford's mind. Gifford himself reviewed the edition in a caustic article in the *Quarterly Review*[102] in which he ridiculed Weber's attempts at annotation and accused him of servile imitation of the recent edition of Massinger. The next year he gave further expression of contempt on a footnote to the Advertisement of the second edition of his Massinger. In his edition of Ben Jonson this feeling is much more in evidence. In several places throughout the volumes, contemptuous and abusive notes reveal the attitude of the editor to his rival.[103] When there was a likelihood of a new edition or a reprint of Weber's Ford being issued, Gifford determined to forestall such a move by preparing his own edition, thus saving "the press from disgrace by anticipating the booksellers' design of giving a republication of Weber."[104]

It may be granted that Gifford really felt an honest indignation at seeing an old author badly edited. This feeling alone, however, was not sufficient to furnish the needed spur. The "fierce tiger affection" that he had for Massinger and Jonson was lacking in this case. Gifford accused Weber[105] of relying, for the success of his work, not so much on the merits of his author as on the theme of Jonson's malignity toward him. Thus he revived the old charge the refutation of which had furnished him with the stimulus sufficient to carry him through all the pages ofJonson's works. And thus too, he did not rely on the merit of his author so much as on the defence of Jonson. Accordingly, he recalled Macklin's forgery (in 1748) of an alleged libel against Jonson; and by the time he reached W. H. Ireland's forgery of an alleged

Shakspere manuscript, he was in the characteristic mood for his editorial labors. The spectacle of George Chalmers "fighting knee-deep in authorities for the authenticity of this most ridiculous stuff, and Dr. Parr on his knees reverently kissing a vulgar scrawl dangling from a dirty piece of red tape, with Dr. Warton close behind him,"[106] is presented in true Giffordian style. In this key he continued the Introduction. He charged Steevens with deliberately espousing the authenticity of Ireland's manuscript for the sake of deceiving others, and Weber of copying him merely for the sake of gaining notoriety by becoming a calumniator of Jonson.[107] He charged him with being ignorant and insolent, calumnious and false; and all this after Weber was no longer alive. He again, in this last completed work, took upon himself the task of seeing that petulance did not "find immunity in its wantonness, and malevolence in its excess." So greatly impressed was he with the seriousness of his duty, that he digressed to remark that "in other departments of literature . . . the seasonable exposure of the stupendous ears of a *mâitre âne* (a Hunt or a Hazlitt, for example) frequently relieves the public from the wearisome braying of a drove of less audacious brutes." Denying that he felt any vanity or that he hoped for any other reward than that of serving the cause of truth and justice, he stated that his text was as correct as that of Massinger. To support his charge against Weber of incompetency and calumny, he prepared a number of corrections that fill one hundred pages immediately following the Introduction. These corrections he requested to have omitted from subsequent editions. Besides the collected errors, there are numerous notes of the same kind scattered throughout the pages.

The edition presents the usual characteristics of Gifford's editorship. The notes, though given, as he said, only to correct errors, are, if possible, more harsh and illiberal than

those in Massinger and Jonson. Exaggeration and ridiculous outbursts of feeling are everywhere. He called Weber's objection to his placing the songs, in his edition of Massinger at the end of the plays, "a wanton attack."[108] What Weber had said was that he considered the mere probability of Massinger's not being the author an insufficient warrant for their omission from their places. "I take this opportunity to enter a protest against a singular practice of Mr. Gifford in his excellent edition of Massinger."[109] Frequently Gifford's only observations upon Weber's notes are exclamations like "Nonsense!" "Molto obligator, Signor mio!" "Grammercy!" "Ringrazio!" In three successive corrections his comment[110] is "Good!" "Better!" "Best of all!"—ironically of course. The terms "fool" and "dolt" are applied to Weber in liberal measure. But Gifford was himself more than once guilty of the same faults for which he abused Weber. Though he censured Weber for referring to Cotgrave's French dictionary for the meaning of certain terms, he himself did the same thing. He divagated whenever he felt so inclined, or when his ire was aroused. He was so much inclined to differ with Weber that he made statements which his better judgment must have told him were wrong.[111]

Though the editor deserved some commendation for his labors in preparing this edition, his work acquired excellence by reason of the inferiority of that of his predecessor. Gifford was in reality resting on the laurels of his first attempt at editing old dramatists. He had earned a reputation which later editors discovered was not entirely justified. In 1869 Alexander Dyce overhauled Gifford's edition of Ford. He states[112] that when he undertook the task of reëditing Gifford's edition, he expected to have little else to do than see that Gifford's text and notes were carefully followed by the printer. But he soon found that he had much more to do. He readily admitted that Gifford had

done much in the way of correcting Weber's edition, but he had to confess that even Gifford's work was far from perfect. "To say nothing of the intolerable inaccuracy of his quotations and references in the notes, Gifford sometimes carelessly deviates in minute particulars from the original text; sometimes passes over, without any attempt to correct them, gross errors of the old copies;[113] and sometimes deliberately alters the readings of the quartos with what seems unaccountable rashness in one who had devoted so much time to the study of the early dramatists (See a remarkable instance of his alteration of 'a sister's thread' to 'a *spider's* thread,' Vol. III p. 54.)" Stuart P. Sherman confirms this statement, but adds that the Gifford-Dyce-Bullen edition (of 1895) still has "some needless contractions, numerous expansions of colloquial contractions, and changes in stage directions."

IV

Shortly after the publication of the edition of Jonson, Gifford announced that he would bring out an edition of Shirley's dramatic works.[115] Consequently, when J. P. Collier, in 1825, published a new edition of Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays*, all plays by Shirley were omitted.[116] The circumstances connected with Weber's Ford, however, caused Gifford to set aside Shirley until after he had completed his edition of Ford's works. That being off his hands, he took up again the work on Shirley. Ill health had in the meantime caused him to resign his position as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and it kept him from doing much at his other work. Nevertheless, when the last illness overtook him, five of the six volumes of Shirley had already gone through the press, and the sixth was about half finished.[117] Gifford's death left the unfinished work in the hands of John Murray, the publisher, at whose request Alexander Dyce undertook to complete the edition. Gifford had not written

a biographical introduction or completed the notes for the half of volume six. In 1833 the work was published as the Gifford-Dyce edition of Shirley.

About this work little need be said. In preparing it Gifford was not spurred on by the incompetency of a predecessor or the presence of a calumniator of his author. As a consequence there does not seem to be the same amount of enthusiasm felt for the author. The notes are more sparing than in his previous works; but they are of the same general nature. Gifford continued his attack on those editors who, he said, delighted in commenting on the indecent parts of the play. He continued to show his antipathy for the Puritans. He occasionally pointed out a beauty of his author; but the greater part of his work was that of noting errors of the text, making emendations, and giving cross references to his editions of Jonson and Massinger. Sometimes he tried to emend what he thought press errors, and sometimes he let them stand.[118] Occasionally he made an emendation on peculiar grounds. In one place he changed the word "Assyrian" to "Arabian" because "Shirley was too familiar with mythology to place the phoenix in that country (Assyria)"[119] In another place, he inserted "blockhead" in a break, observing,[120] "Having no particular spleen against the man, I have filled up the line with as harmless a word as I could think on." The meaning is perhaps suggested by the word, but the rhythm of the line is not maintained by it. These peculiarities, however, are characteristic of the editor. The edition shows haste and reveals little of the accuracy and systematic thoroughness of the Massinger. Professor Nason[121] has pointed out a few biographical errors in the work. It remains, however, the only complete edition.

V

In addition to editing the four dramatists mentioned, Gifford left at his death some manuscript notes on Shakspere.

These are dated 1813 and are now in the British Museum. Accordingly to John Taylor,[122] Gifford was very desirous of publishing a new edition of Shakspere, which he felt was needed; and in his notes he also expressed the wish that he had made more annotations on that dramatist. Without examining those in the British Museum, we yet have a pretty definite conception of their nature from the incidental notes scattered throughout his comments on the dramatists he edited. If he had prepared an edition of the great dramatist, it is not likely that he would have given many notes; and it is certain that he would not have added them to those of Steevens, Malone, and others in a variorum edition. In fact, from the disgust he showed at the collection of "trash" in Malone's variorum edition, we may be almost certain that his edition would be as bare of notes as his Massinger is; or if it had many notes, they would be confined to "correcting" other editors.

It is not greatly to be regretted that he did not bring out his edition. His attitude toward Shakspere was considered by some of his contemporaries (and not without reason) to be somewhat illiberal; but such an attitude can be explained from the fact that most of the notes concerning Shakspere in his editions of other dramatists were directed toward an attempt to make the dramatist he was editing appear the greater. This is especially true in his edition of Jonson. To be sure, Shakspere is nearly always spoken of with great respect and is called "our great poet"; yet comparisons are often unfavorable to him. But when Gifford makes incidental reference to passages in Shakspere for the purpose of citing parallel usages, or in matters of emendation, his remarks are usually characterized by good sense. And this is no less true of other dramatists than of Shakspere. Gifford was inclined to stick to earth in his interpretations.

A good example of common sense in interpretation is that

of Portia's remark to Nerissa when she and her maid are talking about the conquest of hearts they will make when disguised as young men. Portia, picturing to Nerissa the ladies who died because she refused them her love, says by way of exculpation, "I could not do withal." This Gifford says[123] means simply "I could not help it." His explanation has been followed as final. The same thing may be said of his interpretation of "young affects"[124] in *Othello* as "youthful heats" or "the passions of youth." The adjective *civil*, which Steevens invariably interpreted as "grave and decent," Gifford declares usually meant "the political regulations, customs, and habits of the city, as distinguished from the court," or sometimes civilized as opposed to barbarous,[125] though he admits that sometimes it meant grave and decent. One may agree with his interpretation of the line in *Henry* IV, Part I, which reads,

> And then I stole all courtesy from heaven;[26]

though he may not, perhaps, agree with him in his objection to Steevens' interpretation. Gifford interpreted the line to mean that the King's affability was too prefect to be from the earth. Steevens thought it meant that the King's courteous and pleasing manner defrauded heaven of its worshippers, an interpretation which Gifford considered impious. His explanation[127] of "hatch'd" in *Troilus and Cressida* as "inlaid or adorned" is at least plausible; and one need not take exception to the emendation of "chin" to "thin" in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*[128] But in many other instances, in spite of Gifford's positiveness, the emendations or interpretations are not so convincing. For example one may note his emendation of "discourse of reason" in *Hamlet* to "discourse and reason"[129] or the spleenful note in Jonson's *Staple of News*[130] about the scene in *Julius Caesar*, where the conspirators attract Caesar's attention.

Gifford's argument for Jonson's version because Jonson had too good a memory to forget how Shakspere worded it and because Jonson would never be guilty of changing the wording deliberately, is at least not convincing.

Again, Gifford rarely gave unqualified praise to Shakspere. He called him "the coryphaeus of profanation" of the Scriptures among the Elizabethans,[131] while he declared that not a single passage in Jonson could by any stretch of the imagination of his most inveterate persecutors be construed into ridicule of religion. According to Gifford's opinion, Shakspere, though no man ever had fewer enemies, was deserving of a feeling of resentment by his colleagues, for no man since Aristophanes, he declared,[132] was so great a sneerer and parodist. Jonson, however, Gifford felt, was innocent of all attempts to ridicule, and yet he was the butt of the jealousy of a number of contemporary dramatists;[133] or, to express it differently, Gifford implied that, though Shakspere's ridicule of others was usually without cause, Jonson's never was. If there was any blame to be attached in the relations between Shakspere and Jonson, Gifford believed that it should be to Shakspere. So also, if there was any indebtedness, Shakspere was the debtor.[134] If another dramatist borrowed from Shakspere, Gifford sometimes made it appear that the thing borrowed should have been used in the original author.[135]

Gifford's attitude toward Shakspere was not always consistent. At one time the great Elizabethan was the unequaled poet and dramatist;[136] at another he excelled only in "wit." Gifford agreed with the dictum of Cumberland that Shakspere was a poet "out of all rule, and beyond all compass of criticism, one whose excellencies are above comparison, and whose errors are beyond number." He therefore resented comparisons of Jonson or the other dramatists with Shakspere. But he himself offered such comparisons. He

considered, for example, Shakspere's wit to be "the distinctive quality . . . . by which he is raised above all prospect of rivalry." He adjudged Massinger superior in "rhythmical modulation." And he thought Beaumont as "sublime," Fletcher as "pathetic," and Jonson as "nervous" as Shakspere.[137] One of the most evident disparagements of Shakspere in Jonson's favor is found in Gifford's criticism of Bishop Hurd's remarks[138] about Shakspere's superiority over Jonson. Gifford assumed that for the masque in *The Tempest* (Act IV, Scene 1) Shakspere employed no scenery and only the ordinary actors for the dances. He considered the plot "trite mythology," and the whole masque "homely and unadorned." He even made the statement that the author must have acquired his knowledge of masques from Jonson's public masques, for he was not invited to Court to see them performed. Finally, he remarked[139] that "a small portion of the tenderness which is felt for this great poet [Shakspere] would not be cast away on Marlowe, Lilly, Kidd, and others of some note in their day, whom he incessantly ridicules without stint and without mercy, though he had obligations from some of them, and had received provocation from none." In what way Shakspere ridiculed these men, Gifford does not state.

VI

Gifford was in many respects well fitted for an editor of old plays. We have already seen that he had sufficient scholarship for such work and that he had long been interested in the drama of the later sixteenth and the earlier seventeenth centuries. He had the leisure for over twenty-five years (from 1782–1809) to master the background. He was by nature inclined to look after the petty details required in editing, and he had the patience to do tedious and drudging work. He had also a great amount of common sense.

But he was extremely warped by prejudice. His political

and religious attachments completely overshadowed his judgment and common sense at times, and he was utterly unable to take any view except that of the strict Tory and churchman. He was, moreover, swayed by an uncontrollable tendency to lash himself into a fury over what he considered injustices. He was pretty level-headed as to what was morally bad in the plays; but his fondness for the old dramatists made him see nothing but indecent ribaldry in the drama of his own time.[140] He could see that the author of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* and *Love's Sacrifice* was not very clear on the moral issue in these plays; but as Stuart P. Sherman points out,[141] he could not, or would not, see that the result of a tendency to pervert moral standards, as Ford apparently did in these plays and a few others, would inevitably be a reaction like Prynne's *Histriomastix* and the Puritan domination. His political and religious bias caused him to fail utterly to grasp the significance of the Puritan movement. It made him fail to estimate the true attitude of Jonson toward the Puritans, and it led him, because of that dramatist's close connection with the Court in masque writing, to look upon Jonson with undue reverence. His fondness for the classics helped him to overestimate a classicist like Jonson as a moral reformer, just as he overestimated him as a stylistic reformer. Jonson's opposition to the Puritans, says M. Castelain, was political rather than religious. "What he detested in these fanatics, was much less their narrow intolerance and their ignorant sectarianism, than their liberal aims and their anarchistic tendencies."[142] Though these tendencies would be grave enough in Gifford's eyes, yet the editor saw in Jonson's satires on this sect only proof that the Puritans as a class were hypocritical. While Gifford's fondness for the old dramatists made him speak disparagingly of Milton as the "great and unacknowledged plunderer" of their work, his unmixed hatred of the Puritans caused him to look upon the great

poet as merely their timeserver. He declared that Milton[143] used the expression that the sheep were poorly fed merely because it was the watchword of the time for the Puritans, and that Milton knew it was not ture, but was "actuated by evil passions." He asserted in his most positive manner that "the Church of England at the period was supplied with a ministry of as much wisdom, learning, and true piety, as ever adorned this or any other country since the days of the Apostles."[144] His bias is further shown in a note to Shirley's *Cardinal*.[145] Gifford interpreted the Duchess' censure of the Cardinal as a warning by the author that the prelates should not "push their pretentions too far, lest they should exasperate the Puritans (short-haired men) and unite them in a body against them." He added further that in 1641 (when the play was written) "this hint might not perhaps be very generous or charitable; but it might unfortunately be offered with impunity." His tendency to take sides violently led him into extremes that were untenable. It led him to assume that every time a commentator pointed out in Jonson's works a reference to Shakspere, that commentator considered it a "malignant sneer" at Shakspere, an assumption that is wholly unwarranted; and vice versa, it led him to picture Jonson in too favorable a light. It led him in all his works to have a tendency to substitute assertion for reasoned judgment. It made him waste time and paper on notes that have no value to the reader. It, together with a sort of pseudo-morality and reverence, caused him to bring against other commentators the charge of blasphemy and a desire to dwell on suggestions of indencency. The same piety led him to tone down the oaths of Jonson, especially those containing the name of Diety.

He is at his best in Massinger. His earlier work was thorough and reasonably accurate. The general plan is good, and it was carried out systematically. If Gifford had continued as he had begun, he would have produced much

better editions of Jonson and Ford than he did produce. To be sure, he declared with great positiveness that his Ben Jonson and his Ford were just as accurate as his Massinger. But as a matter of fact they are not. The only explanation of this fact is that Gifford, under the stress of the added duties of editing the *Quarterly Review* and his increasing physical infirmities, entrusted some of the work to others, became less attentive to details, either hurried over the whole or examined carefully a part and based his judgment of the remainder on the part examined, and in general substituted established reputation and positive assertion for sound scholarship.

"As an editor," says a writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*,[146] "he was acute and industrious; but in emendatory criticism, he had not the learning of Bentley, the sagacity of Porson, the patient research of Steevens, or that of the editors of the German school. . . . . But the editions of Massinger and Ben Jonson are valuable presents to English Literature." Such was the estimate of Gifford by a contemporary, perhaps Thomas Campbell, a judgment which seems discriminating and fair and in accord with that of later scholarship. Gifford is not one of the greatest editors of the dramatists. His research was not exhaustive enough, and his views were too prejudiced. But his interpretations, when they are divorced from prejudice, are characterized by common sense. Massinger especially, and, with all its defects, Ben Jonson also, perhaps, may be considered as a block in the monument to sound scholarship. The Ford and the Shirley are less important. Gifford's method of criticism was in a sense an antidote to the thoughtless and often silly criticism of many of Shakspere's admirers. It counterbalanced, if it did not check, the extravagance of Coleridge and Schlegel. Moreover, Gifford's editions directed attention toward other dramatists whose works had been neglected.

Chapter VII

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

I

The most important work of Gifford was his editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. Though almost as partisan as the *Anti-Jacobin*, this periodical was much broader in its aim and scope. Begun in 1809 for the express purpose of combating the influence of the Whig *Edinburgh Review*, it was destined to become the foremost Tory organ of the first half of the century, and even overshadowed, for a time, its rival. Gifford's most influencial work, if not his most judicious, is to be found here. The *Anti-Jacobin* was too short-lived and narrowly partisan to bring fame to its editor. And besides, Gifford's part in it was directed against the ephemeral daily political activity of the newspapers. With the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad* he had merely taken a fling at a "swarm of fools," and these satires were in a fair way to disappear along with their objects. His *Epistle to Peter Pindar* was only gross personal abuse. His criticism in his translation of Juvenal was not of great interest to his own time. Even his edition of Massinger was of little interest except to scholars. But as editor of the *Quarterly Review* he was brought into contact with the strongest literary and political forces of the century.

Gifford was selected for this position during the latter part of 1808. According to what seems to be the most likely account of the origin of the *Quarterly*,[1] young Stratford Canning conceived the plan of such a Review and communicated it to his uncle, George Canning, then Foreign Minister in the Portland Cabinet, who approved it. At the latter's suggestion, Gifford was selected as editor of the new Review

and was introduced by George Canning to John Murray, who was the owner and publisher of the periodical.[2] But Scott's part in the origin of the Review must have been a very important one. If he did not, independently of the London group of Tories, contemplate a new Review, his disaffection from the *Edinburgh Review* must have been known to these men when they first thought of the *Quarterly*. In the early part of 1808 the *Edinburgh*[3] contained a damaging criticism of *Marmion*, which disgusted Scott with that Review; and in the October number of the same year a political review[4] appeared that was especially obnoxious to the Tories. Scott ordered his subscription to the periodical stopped forthwith, and a house-to-house canvass made in *Edinburgh* to have other subscriptions discontinued. It was then, says Smiles,[5] that Murray, seeing Scott's disaffection from the northern Review, drew him into the new *Quarterly*, where he became a leading spirit. He himself was urged to take the management of the periodical,[6] but on his refusal Gifford was suggested. Scott entered into communication with Murray as to plans and contributors. The publisher had, in the meantime, broached the subject of editorship to Gifford, who accepted the position.[7] Scott, having learned of Gifford's acceptance, immediately wrote him a long letter outlining the policy of the Review.[8] He expressed his confidence in Gifford; pointed out to him the invaluable work of an editor in whipping clumsy articles into shape; advised against giving, at the outset, a distinctly political cast to the Review and against adhering at all times to the Ministry, at the same time pointing out the advantage of publishing official government information which Gifford by his intimacy with Canning would be better able to obtain than the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* would, and suggested the nature of the articles, the kind of contributors needed to begin with, and the time when the first number ought to

appear. Extreme secrecy was the order of the day, so that the new Review, by the suddenness of its appearance, might spread consternation among the enemy, and so that, with the fear of the discovery of the authorship removed, contributors would be less afraid to offer their services.

Gifford's position as editor is thus seen to have been, in the minds of the founders, at first a subordinate one, such as he held with the *Anti-Jacobin*. He did not have the entire confidence of the supporters of the Review. He had, to be sure, the backing of several of the best contributors to the former paper. His earlier experience had made him familiar with the practical work of editing. It had shown his loyalty to the Tory administration. It had revealed his ability to work under direction, to practice secrecy, and to use an unscrupulous pen when unscrupulousness was deemed necessary. On the other hand, his poor health rendered him unable to keep hard at work for a long time, and prevented him from mingling with people. Murray doubted[9] whether, because of his having lived too little in the world, he had the delicacy and tact to perceive what would "gratify public desire and excite public attention and curiosity."[10] Scott also thought, for the same reason, that he could not "be supposed to have the habitual and instinctive feeling enabling him to judge at once and decidedly on the mode of letting his shafts fly down the breeze of popular opinion."[11] The responsibility for the success of at least the first number, therefore, rested almost wholly with Murray and Scott. Gifford even intended to wait until Scott personally interviewed him before undertaking to launch the *Quarterly*; but this intention Scott changed because he was unable to come to London before the following spring.[12]

The task of securing contributors also fell largely to Murray and Scott, especially the former.[13] Gifford, of course, asked and urged a number of people to contribute,

but most of those he asked were suggested by others. He himself immediately suggested his friends, Dr. Ireland and John Hoppner. One of the first contributors to be secured was Southey. Both Scott and Gifford urged him to become one of their number, the latter approaching him through Grosvenor Bedford, Southey's close friend. Gifford wanted him to contribute an article on Spanish affairs, which was to be a counterblast to the *Edinburgh's* recent paper. But such an arrangement was objectionable to Canning, and Southey himself refused to write the article.[14] Gifford requested Hoppner to secure Samuel Rogers as a contributor: but the poet of *The Pleasures of Memory* was not at all enthusiastic; in fact, he declined entirely when he learned that the new periodical was to counteract the "deleterious doctrine" of the *Edinburgh Review*.[15] He promised, nevertheless, at both Gifford's and Hoppner's request, to sound Moore on the subject. He told Moore that while the pay per sheet was to be ten guineas, Gifford was willing in Moore's case to give twenty, the regular pay of the *Edinburgh*.[16] But there is no evidence that Moore was a contributor.

The launching of the *Quarterly* was by no means an easy task. Gifford received his full share of criticism; but this criticism helped, in a measure, to establish him more independently as editor. The first number, due in January, did not appear until the end of February. It contained at least three articles by Scott, one by Southey, one by Sharon Turner (Murray's legal adviser), one by Dr. Young, and some other articles by various contributors.[17] This number was far from satisfactory to all concerned. The delay was trying to Scott and Murray, but it had to be borne. Sharon Turner objected to the tone of Scott's review of Carr's *Tour in Scotland*,[18] which was one of sharp ridicule, though free from abuse. Both the inactivity and the judgment of

Gifford were criticized. Scott was displeased over his giving Sidney Smith's sermons to Dr. Ireland to review, and wrote to him requesting him to turn them over to William Erskine. Gifford's rejection of an article which Murray had invited James Mill to contribute[19] did not help to smooth out little irritations.

The second number was also behind time. Murray complained to Gifford of the delay and of the lack of system in the editorial office. William Erskine compared the *Quarterly* unfavorably with the *Edinburgh* as to promptness of appearance,[20] and called Gifford Palinurus. Gifford, in reply to Murray's note of complaint, stated frankly that "the delay and confusion which have arisen must be attributed to a want of confidential communication. In a word, you have too many advisers, and I too many masters. I can easily account, and still more easily allow, for the anxiety which you feel in a cause where so much of your property is embarked, and which you will always find me most ready to benefit and advance; but for this it will be necessary to have no reserves; in a word, we must understand each other." The dissatisfaction was voiced by Gifford himself in a letter to Francis Hodgson after the second number was out (six weeks late). Referring to the first two numbers, he says: "But in truth, there is vast room for improvement; and for this I am very anxious. Such articles as appear in some of the smaller Reviews might be got by the loads, but we aim at, or at least wish for, something better. That we shall succeed is indeed problematical; but without it, it is quite certain that we might as well sit with our hands before us and do nothing. It is not by common exertions that the *Edinburgh Review* can be met, and the others are no objects for contention. To write panegyrics and satires is easy enough; but this is not criticism: and I have already been obliged to omit more

than I inserted. From you, my dear Sir, I look for valuable assistance: for this, it will be necessary to put friendship out of the question, and to judge from established principles of the art. What has sunk the *British Critic* but the base dereliction of all independence? I know little of the other Reviews, but I suspect that they do not flourish greatly—and from the same cause."[21]

Sometimes, however, Gifford's omissions were not agreeable. It was through the influence of Scott and Ellis that what the former called "the saving article"[22] for the second number was accepted. Scott wrote no article himself for the third number. He was busy with his other voluminous works, and especially *The Lady of the Lake*. He wrote to Morritt[23] expressing surprise that Gifford had rejected Morritt's article on Warburton. He added, however, that his experience in London with the *Quarterly* management had convinced him that Gifford did not have the tact necessary to conduct with spirit the work he had undertaken. He admitted that the editor had excellent talent and no less excellent principles, but he felt that he was not decisive and energetic enough for such warfare.

Thus the criticism continued. Murray thought Number 3 very bad, but Gifford thought it very good. Ellis considered it profound but "most notoriously and unequivocally *dull*." Isaac D'Israeli was of the opinion that the *Quarterly* was in general not impressive enough. He did not consider Gifford sufficiently vigilant and active. He thought that the third number was, on the whole, good, but he did not like the management of the Review. The general feeling seems to have been that the *Quarterly* lacked wit and variety. William Erskine had disagreed with Gifford as to the interest people had in theology, the latter holding that most readers found it interesting.[24] Ellis declared he was unable to find anyone willing to read the review of a dissertation

on the "Greek Article."[25] It is very probable that the editor himself had selected the subject for review. At any rate Scott's hand was lacking. Ellis immediately got in touch with Scott and with Gifford. He himself urged Scott to contribute and impressed upon Gifford the need of that poet's help. The editor accordingly wrote to him, urging him to contribute lighter articles which he could so easily furnish. For two years afterwards, almost every letter from Gifford to Scott urged him to send in articles. "You know your forte, or at least I do—it is fun and feeling," he wrote at one time.[26] It seems almost certain, however, that these letters were prompted by Ellis and others; Gifford himself did not at first realize the need of the kind of article he was asking Scott to furnish. Nevertheless, as more regular contributors were secured, the Review became more uniformly good in the eyes of its supporters.

The lack of harmony is easily explained, and has been already suggested. The plans for the *Quarterly* had been drawn up independently of Gifford, and the editorship had at first been urged upon Scott. Gifford was a stranger to Murray, who was almost solely responsible for the financial success of the venture.[27] Naturally Murray did not entrust very much to Gifford until he knew him better. And although the editor's supporters recognized his scholarship, they were doubtful about his ability to manage such a work successfully. Gifford's complaint to Murray was a just one; but the situation was inevitable, and only time and familiarity with the people with whom Gifford associated would smooth out the difficulty. And it did take time for the *Quarterly* to become established. Although it steadily grew in influence, there were still many annoyances. Gifford's poor health caused his work to be broken up and less efficient than it otherwise would have been. After each issue was off the press, he hurried to the seaside in hope to gain

strength for the next one. It was therefore difficult to consult him speedily; and it was very probably for this reason that the issues were almost always behind time. This delay continued at least up to the end of the second year, and frequently occurred during the whole period of Gifford's editorship. Some of the contributors were irritated over the way their articles were mutilated. Southey was foremost in this respect. In fact, he put forth a quarterly howl, every time the Review appeared, over the way Gifford treated his manuscripts. Several times, according to letters to his friends, he was so thoroughly disgusted with Gifford's conduct that only the substantial payment he received for his articles kept him from severing entirely his connection with the *Quarterly*. Scott too, for about a year, was almost in despair over Gifford's management, and objected to the tone of some of the reviews.[28] Moreover, there still continued to be friction between Gifford and Murray. The latter considered the influence of Dr. Ireland on Gifford detrimental to the best interests of the *Quarterly*, and objected to the policy of attacking their rival, the *Edinburgh*, which he thought only advertised it. A criticism of Sidney Smith's *Visitation Sermon* had appeared in Number 5, to which Murray objected[29] and about which Ellis wrote to the publisher remonstrating against Gifford's severity. Murray also objected to an article on "Oxford and Mr. Coplestone," by the Rev. J. Davidson. This article was an answer to the calumnies of the *Edinburgh Review*. Gifford thought it a very good article, but Murray was afraid it would have a disastrous effect on his Review, and he urged the editor to consider how much was at stake before deciding to accept it. Gifford replied that it looked as if Murray were trying to intimidate him; whereupon the publisher immediately remonstrated with him and protested that he had no such thought in mind.[30] This disagreement

seemed to clear the air; for the relations between publisher and editor from that time on became smoother, and Murray came to rely again and again on Gifford's judgment in matters relating to his own business as publisher.

The prestige and influence of the *Quarterly Review* gradually waxed. The fourth number contained an article that excited general admiration and largely increased the demand for the periodical. This was Robert Grant's review of *The Characters of the Late Charles James Fox*,[31] which was somewhat severe. Both Scott and Ellis praised the fifth number, which contained Southey's celebrated article on Nelson, afterwards expanded to his *Life of Nelson;* though Ellis said that some of the articles were contributed by "good and steady but marvellously heavy friends."[32] By 1813 the *Quarterly* had reached a circulation of about 7000. John Barrow had begun contributing with the fourth number, and became a steady reviewer. Gifford had persuaded him (much against Barrow's will) to become a reviewer, and hung on so tenaciously that he made him one of the most voluminous writers. While this contributor's polar articles were appearing, the Review reached its highest point of circulation,[33] 13,000 copies. Another man who had become a steady contributor was John Wilson Croker, whom Gifford spoke of to Murray as "really a treasure to us."[34] Robert Grant was also a regular contributor who was very acceptable to Gifford.

Gifford's tendency was to raise the old cry of Jacobinism, a tendency which these three men especially, and several others, would gladly have seconded, had Murray and Canning been in favor of such a policy. Southey too was much against the tendency, and had early expressed his attitude toward it.[35] But during the Napoleonic crisis the political interest outweighed the literary. This condition was natural, but it was helped along by Croker's close connection

with the Cabinet. Gifford was always of the opinion that the *Quarterly* did not receive sufficient support from the government,[36] and Murray too liked the more decided tone in politics the Review was to assume as a result of Croker's personal call on the Prince Regent at Brighton.[37]

II

As editor Gifford seems to have determined originally not to write anything himself, but he did not always adhere to this resolution.[38] He exerted his influence and expressed his personality through his editorial prerogative of cutting, changing, augmenting, and correcting the reviews furnished by others; and in some instances he exercised this prerogative freely. He was supposed, moreover, to be the sole authority in selecting or rejecting entirely the articles furnished by the contributors. But almost from the first, we find pressure being brought to bear as to what articles should be included and what omitted. Scott, Murray, and Ellis were among those who exerted most influence; and Canning's judgment was always deferred to on matters of political importance. Often Gifford turned the articles over to him for final approval.[39]

There is no doubt that Gifford exercised the editorial prerogative of altering the reviews; but it is very difficult to determine the extent of his alterations. Southey's complaint is well known. Croker's articles were often changed, but he did not object. Sometimes new reviewers were so incensed over the changes that they either refused to let their work appear in print or never had anything more to do with the *Quarterly*. According to Smiles, Gifford sometimes added to certain articles the "pungent wit and attic salt" found in them; and Ellis termed the editor's alterations of Southey's articles "animating" them. Gifford himself indicated[40] in various letters that he had revised, more or less completely, a number of reviews.

The first of the articles he spoke of revising was Dr. Thomson's review of Kidd's *Mineralogy*. He said[41] he toned down this article by softening "some of the opprobrious language." He complained that as it stood, there was too much nationality in it; and that besides, Kidd did not deserve "to be attacked with sticks and stones like a savage." Another contribution that he said he "softened" was a note to Dr. Young's article on Archimedes.[42] Gifford struck out some of the sentences in Croker's review of Ann Plumtre's *Residence in Ireland*,[43] but Croker was not indignant. He wrote to Murray: "I regret that Gifford struck out the beastly . . . quotation from Miss Plumtre's book. But I am one of those who never complain (on personal grounds) of the despotism of the Editor, which I think is absolutely necessary to maintain." The editor also found it necessary to revise considerably Cohen's (afterwards Sir Francis Palgrave's) article on "Ancient and Modern Greenland."[44] He complained that Cohen's articles lacked selection to make what would otherwise be the very best articles. According to Smiles,[45] the article entitled "Mr. Brougham—Education Committee"[46] was originally written by the Rev. Prof. Monk, but that the "pungent wit and attic salt" were inserted by Gifford on the prompting of Canning and Croker. This article was evidently considerably "doctored," but the doctoring does not sound like Gifford's. He must have turned it over entirely to Canning and Croker. Grant's article on *The State of Public Affairs*[47] was one that Gifford increased by adding another selection of Canning's speech.[48] R. W. Hay, a later contributor, said[49] that in the revision of his own articles he always noted improvement, and he generally at once concurred in the changes. But James Pillans, then a tutor at Eton, was not so agreeable. He sent in an article on Pitt's and Warton's Virgil which Gifford did not

consider "quite correct," but thought it might be "corrected in the proof." The editor was so hard on it, however, that Pillans would not allow the article to appear. Its author afterwards became a contributor to the *Edinburgh*.[50] When Charles Maturin reviewed Sheil's *Apostate*, a tragedy, for the *Quarterly*, Gifford had to rewrite the article almost entirely; but Maturin accepted the revision without objection. "A more potato-headed arrangement, or rather derangement," Gifford told Murray,[51] "I have never seen. I have endeavored to bring some order out of the chaos. There is a sort of wild eloquence in it that makes it worth preserving." To what extent the ideas are Gifford's it is impossible to say; but the censure of mythology is very indignant and somewhat in Gifford's manner. So also are the views on French drama, and on the lack of moral teaching in Greek drama.

Southey complained from the very first that his articles were mutilated. The outcry he raised would seem to indicate important changes, but very little can be determined as to how extensive they were. Southey and Gifford give a few hints. The former said that his defense of Baptist missionaries was "materially weakened"[52] by mutilation. Gifford wrote to Murray[53] that though in Southey's *Nelson* he had "many erasures to make, I confess I think what remains very good." Both Southey and Lamb raised an outcry over the way the editor handled Lamb's review of the *Excursion*[54] for which Southey felt responsible. Of the mutilation of his review of *Chalmers' English Poets*,[55] Southey wrote to the Rev. Herbert Hill:[56] "It is a cruel thing to see how Gifford mutilates and emasculates my reviews and still worse to see what he fastens upon me. Not contented with cutting out all that was most striking and demonstrative in my remarks upon Pope's 'Homer,' he puts in a sentence to introduce these remarks, praising the

translation in a manner which gives a lie to all that follows." The sentence referred to is probably the following (p. 85): "Of Pope's Homer we are, as Englishmen, proud to acknowledge the great and general merits." Then follows a transition sentence: "It must be confessed, however, that amidst every beauty, we find much of the perverse style which is calculated to dazzle and mislead a young writer." What follows is an enumeration of faults with illustrations showing various ridiculous passages. There is no discussion whatever of the merits. In one instance Southey went so far as to have the press stopped in order to strike out an interpolation made by Croker at the instigation of the Duke of Wellington, and replace his own words.[57] He had the suspicion also that Murray, whom he did not like, was instrumental in making some of the changes.[58] In 1817 he wrote to John Richman:[59] "My Papal Forte has been converted by the hand of Gifford into a Papal Fraco (*flaccus*, *flaccidus*). He has, with more than wonted skill, pruned out everything of practical application, everything original, everything that was most forcibly expressed; in *pity*, as he says, *to the* TERRORS OF MINISTERS!!!"[60] Later he complained about Gifford's and Murray's setting aside some of his articles. More than once he was so disgusted with the mutilations that had he not needed the money which the *Quarterly* paid him, he would have stopped contributing. Once he returned a draft for an article, for which he had received less than a hundred pounds, the sum he asked. He declared[61] that Gifford had again and again promised him not to mutilate his reviews, but each time they came forth "castrated from under his hands."[62] He also accused Gifford of the inconsistency of quoting in the Review a passage from one of his letters, which was the very same passage he had formerly rejected from an earlier article. He also accused him of changing his article on

literature and science in New England[63] to imply the suspicion that there was no science or literature to be found there. In 1821 he wrote to Wynn that Gifford had for the first time printed a paper of his without mutilation worthy of notice except one, where he changed Southey's comparison of Hampden's name as "scarcely inferior to Washington" merely to a "a memorable name."[64]

Gifford also revised the review of Washington Irving's *Tales of a Traveler* by Canon Hughes,[65] though the article did not appear until after Gifford had severed connection with the *Quarterly.* Some of his criticisms were indeed carping ones. Irving spoke of cathedral towns; but Gifford observed to Murray that cathedrals made cities. He also complained to Murray that Irving ridiculed the provincial clergy of England and was totally ignorant of their character and function. He was especially furious at what he considered a slight of English peers. "Our travelling city and country squires are rude and ignorant enough, and cannot be lashed too much; but vulgarity and impudence are not the characteristics of an English peer; and then to contrast him with the politeness of Italians and Poles. Alas! alas! it was not thus that Mr. Irving obtained his deserved reputation." Accordingly he revised Canon Hughes' article to strike out some of these objectionable passages. The paragraph criticising "The Money Digger" is probably Gifford's alteration. The reviewer made some caustic comments on Irving's "Young Painter and the Italian Banditti," to the effect that the author probably got hold of the journal of Tom Popkin or his fair sister. "The Benighted Travellers" he considered probably a production of the youngest Miss Popkin, which she got from the prohibited pages of "Monk" Lewis. He thought the story of the young robber ought never to have been written and that Irving should omit it from a second edition.

Still other acknowledgments of revision were made by Gifford in connection with some of the articles on America. That the revisions were not made to "tone down" the articles, is certain. Southey's criticism of Gifford's severity toward America was voiced by many. In America the *Quarterly Review*, and therefore Gifford, were noticed especially, because of the attacks on that country. The statement of Smiles that Gifford never attacked America except in answer to her attacks upon England is not borne out by investigation. Although there was plenty of ill feeling shown on both sides of the controversy, the irascible Tory editor continued to add to it. He considered it a duty to belittle the new nation in every way in order that emigration from England to America might be discouraged. Accordingly, whenever reports were made by travelers in this country, whether they were inclined to disparage England or not, they were always noticed and reviewed at length. Gifford was, to be sure, not responsible for all the harsh criticism of this country. Southey, though usually lenient in his treatment of America, could nevertheless be as prejudiced and bigoted as many of the other Tories; and some of the things he advised for this country[66] make us smile. Barrow was the author of a few of the most peppery articles on America; and Gifford acknowledged revising at least one of them. Gifford said[67] that he almost rewrote Barrow's review of Birkbeck's *Notes on America*,[68] because the author of the review had entirely missed Birkbeck's character. In the review as it appeared, Birkbeck was represented as a defaulter who had slipped out of England, enticed a neighbor to go with him to the new world, set up in Illinois, and there acted as a seducer of English capitalists to America. Formerly a Quaker, he had then become an opponent of all religion. He acknowledged no god but interest, and no worship but that of self. The review concluded with the

observation that England could "well spare all such as Birkbeck, who is plying the trade of seducer of people from England for the purpose of disposing of the property which is a dead weight on his hands in America." Since Gifford believed that Barrow altogether mistook the character of this settler, and since he revised the article accordingly, it may be assumed that the character of ill repute was given by him.

The quarrel (for such it was) between the *Quarterly* and the American periodicals really began earlier. Southey, in his review of Holmes's American Annals,[69] had stated that there was "scarcely any medium in America between over-godliness and irreligion." The picture he drew of America was not the result of a desire to get at the truth, though he did plead for the destruction of the anti-Anglican feeling in this country. The review of Northmore's poem, *Washington, or Liberty Restored*,[70] a poem with more enthusiasm for America than good taste or good sense, was the next attack. In this instance the poet, not the *Quarterly*, was the aggressor. The last part of the review, especially, is very similar in tone to Gifford's work. The article on Inchiquin's *Favorable View of the United States*[71] was another that set the American reviewers agog. The review is really only a collection of all the worst things that had been reported about America. It was, of course, filled with the bitter feeling engendered by the War of 1812. It was in connection with this article that, according to Hazlitt, the son of Thomas Law (brother of Lord Ellenborough), who had been attacked, went to England to horsewhip the author of the article.[72] The author had insinuated that his mother was a bad character, "for the Tory reason that she was the wife of a Mr. Law who differed from his brother (Lord Ellenborough) in politics." The young man called on Barrow, Gifford, and Murray, but could not find out

who the writer was. "He called on the Secretary of the Admiralty," says Hazlitt, "but there were two Secretaries of the Admiralty! Murray publicly disavowed the falsehood, and on the occasion retracted some other calumnies on America." The review of Lewis and Clarke's *Travels to the Source of the Mississippi*[73] was not so objectionable. It consisted merely of a narrative summary of the *Journal* of the two explorers, with spiteful comments thrown in for spice. Another bone of contention for the American reviewers was the article on Bristed's *Statistical View of America.* This work[74] seems to be a mixture of indiscretion and gullibility written by a British lawyer who had come to America to live; and the *Quarterly Review* swallowed it whole. A more ill-natured article was that of Fearson's *Sketches of America* in the same volume.[75] It is little more than a tirade. One review which discussed several works on America, was clearly an anti-emigration article.[76] The attack on Birkbeck was continued, and the article concluded with a panegyric on the wonderful prosperity of England. Another extremely peppery criticism was that of Faux's *Memorable Days in America,*[77] by Barrow. Smiles believed that Gifford had a hand in furnishing the pepper, and the American reviewers assumed that he wrote it. Barrow evidently expected Gifford to add more of the spite.[78] It has, in fact, many marks of the editor's work. The beginning is exactly in the manner of Gifford's reviews of *Ida of Athens*[79] and *The Daughters of Isenberg.*[80] It also was written and "played up" to stop emigration. Dwight's *Travels in New England and New York*[81] was reviewed in a much more conciliatory tone. The article was most probably Southey's and the one he referred to when he complained that Gifford mutilated it to make it appear that there was no such thing as science and literature in New England. This assumption is actually made in the review, and if the article is Southey's

Gifford must therefore have made the change. The conclusion, however, shows no less Tory bias, though it is probably Southey's. The reviewer was very doubtful whether a government without a king could be efficient; whether it could be prosperous without a liberal public expenditure; whether it could advance in arts and literature without hereditary wealth and titled men; and whether its people could be virtuous and happy without a religious establishment. These were fundamental Tory views, and were Southey's no less than Gifford's.

This was the last article on America with which Gifford had anything to do. It is not at all certain that he materially changed the temper of most of the reviews mentioned, but it is probable. Those which he is known to have changed were made more obnoxious to America. And the outcry from the American Reviews was not slow in making itself heard. The *Analectic Magazine*,[82] which had earlier spoken very favorably of Gifford's work, complained that "if any American satirist shoud treat the great men of Europe, or even some of our own, with as little ceremony (as Leigh Hunt did in *The Feast of the Poets*) the Quarterly Reviewers, and the host of underling scribblers who re-echo their cry, would visit his sins with ten fold abuse, not only upon his own head, but upon that of his country." In a review of Pillet's and Vievard's works on England,[83] the writer wished it understood that if America should happen to be assailed "by the Quarterly Reviewer, or any other notorious libeller," he hoped that Vievard would not undertake America's defense. "It will be recollected by many of our readers that during the late war, that same termagant critic, the Quarterly Reviewer, took occasion to sweep the kennel of Grub Street of all the writers that had honored this country with their criticism, and to bring forward every solitary fact, or unauthenticated anecdote, as

furnishing a general criterion of national character and manners.[84] This blunderbuss, loaded with all sorts of murderous slugs, rusty nails, and broken bits of glass, he fired right manfully across the Atlantic: after the which he resolutely strutted about all England, believing he had utterly annihilated our good people." The *Portfolio*[85] also took up the quarrel. In 1819 it informed its readers that nobody read such books as the *Quarterly Review*—and that the leaves would remain uncut, were it not for the curiosity of servants. *A propos* of the review of Inchiquin's *Letters* and a few other articles, it remarked:[86] "We exhort him [the editor of the *Quarterly*] not to cherish an anti-American spirit, if he would soften the 'anti-Anglican' rancor which is so industriously diffused throughout this country." When the *Quarterly* article on Birkbeck's *Notes* appeared, the same magazine became facetious.[87] "Morris Birkbeck has not nourished that '*noble hate*'—that 'generous' *contempt*—that *affectionate detestation*, which the Quarterly Reviewers recommend, as fitting and proper to be cherished by all true born Englishmen towards America." It denied absolutely the charge Gifford made as to Birkbeck's character, and pointed out in vigorous language a number of other falsehoods.

The most celebrated American opponent of the *Quarterly*, however, was the *North American Review*. Its first issue contained a well-written refutation[88] of the charges made by the *Quarterly* in its review of Inchiquin's *Letters*. Some of the refutation was very clever, especially that in regard to the number of runaway wives, a charge which the *Quarterly* reviewer had taken great pains to build up effectively. At the same time it condemned the writer of an answer[89] to the *Quarterly* for too much abuse of Southey. Referring to the *Quarterly's* article on Pillet's *View of England*,[90] the writer declared that the work was the worst

possible with the exception of the article on Inchiquin's *Letters*. In noticing its antagonist's view of Bristed's *Statistical Account*, it aimed only to correct[91] misstatements spread by the *Quarterly*. But when Barrow's article on Faux's *Memorable Days in America* appeared, the *North American Review* answered with a vengeance.[92] Edward Everett wrote the article, and he returned blow for blow. Yet he did not abuse England in any way; he merely refuted the charges of the *Quarterly* and held up to ridicule, in a masterly way, a number of observations made by Barrow (and perhaps Gifford).

Though other articles followed criticizing the *Quarterly's* attitude toward America,[93] this one marked the climax of the relations of the *Quarterly* with the American reviewers during Gifford's editorship. It was a bitter quarrel and neither side was entirely free from blame. But the responsibility lay chiefly with the *Quarterly*. Considering the influence of that periodical during these years, it must have been largely instrumental in keeping alive the animosity of the English Tories toward America. And Gifford had a great share in this.

III

There is much uncertainty as to the amount of criticism Gifford himself wrote. Scott had urged him[94] to abandon his resolution to write nothing himself. That he did not write so much as Francis Jeffrey did for the *Edinburgh Review* or as Lockhart did later for the *Quarterly*, is certain. Smiles records[95] that Gifford wrote only one entire article for the *Quarterly*, which was the review of Weber's Ford.[96] But Dr. Graham has compiled from various sources and checked with Murray's "Register"[97] (now in possession of John Murray, Ltd., of London, owner and publisher of the *Quarterly* at the present time) five reviews by Gifford

alone and three in conjunction with others.[98] It seems almost certain, however, that he wrote other reviews. And there is internal evidence that one of those listed is not his (i.e., the review of Crabbe's *The Borough*). The following pages give a study of Gifford's listed articles with an attempt to determine the authorship of a few others that were, at the time, thought to have been his, or that present evidence of being his. Those of which he is said to have been joint author are given first.

It is very likely that the review of Bowles's *Poems* was in part Gifford's. His friendship for Hoppner was well known. He had, moreover, drafted his friend to secure contributors; and it is only natural that they should work together on this review. The quality of the article also points to Gifford's handiwork, although, according to John Taylor, Hoppner had the same tendency towards harsh satire. Extreme illiberality, tendency to exaggerate, and determination to ridicule everything that might be construed to disparage royalty, characterize the article. The reviewers regarded as utterly ridiculous the use of "music of the groves" as a reference to the sound made by the wind in the different kinds of trees and not to the birds in the trees; and they pronounced it impossibly bad taste to compare a king to a worker.

Gifford's part in the next two reviews is more difficult to determine. Lamb's review of *The Excursion* will be discussed later. No reason is apparent why the editor should not have revised it as he did other contributions. It is likely also that he added to Scott's review of his own *Tales of My Landlord*. It does not seem justifiable to ascribe to Scott that part of the review which praises the author of the *Tales*. Nor is it very probable that this part is Gifford's. What seems to be the case is that William Erskine added it and the editor added the last few pages. In expressions

like "looking not merely to the litter of novels that peep for a single day from the mud where they were spawned," we find the Giffordian touch. Furthermore, the forced admiration for the Scottish dialect; the lame effort to acknowledge the blame of the Church of England in the Cameronian rebellion; the quoting of a passage from one of the novels (*Old Mortality*), which reveals the fearlessness of Balfour and the fear which he inspired, merely to call attention to his squint eyes; the fear of the reviewer that it is a mistake to put Scriptural language in the mouths of the zealots for ludicrous effect—these are true Giffordian traits. The last sixteen pages of the review are probably not Scott's.

The first article in the *Quarterly* listed by Dr. Graham as Gifford's is that of *The Daughters of Isenberg*,[99] by Alice Tindal Palmer. It is the nearest approach to humor found among his reviews. The circumstance of his reviewing the novel accounts for this fact. When Miss Palmer sent the editor a copy of the book with the request for a review, she also sent a check for a few pounds to pay for the trouble of reviewing it. Gifford wrote her a note explaining that as she had not stated the precise object of her bounty, he hesitated for some time between the Foundling and Lying-in hospitals, finally deciding for the latter. He turned the check over to this institution and sent her a receipt acknowledging the gift. He then reviewed the book. The method of this review is typical of his work, but the tone is not characteristic. He begins with a quotation showing the extravagant style of description the author employed. He then gives a synopsis of the story, and makes a few ironical comments on the plot and characters. His chief objection is to the author's fondness for pagan mythology, which he calls "exquisite foolery." He gives her ironical commendation for the "very accurate notions of natural

history" which may be gathered from the novel, and from others like it. He praises her ability, calling her "a giant among the pigmies." Continuing in this ironic strain, he says: "She spells somewhat more correctly than Miss Owenson, whom she at once imitates and ridicules, and she appears to know the meaning of most of her words. She has also a pretty taste for literature, and translates, with no better aid than a pocket dictionary, several English nouns into French, with very commendable accuracy: thus landlady is rendered *la hotesse*, castle, *chateau*, artifice, *ruse*, etc. There is moreover an attempt at Italian, which only fails because the wicked vocabularies do not teach the art of putting *two* words together." The tone of arrogant superiority is characteristic of Gifford, though in this article there is less of it than usual; but the patronizing indulgence which he exhibits is nowhere else to be found in his reviews. In method this review is similar to those of Ford's *Dramatic Works*, Hazlitt's *Political Essay*, and Hope's *Anastasius*.

The review[100] of Weber's edition of Ford's *Works* is, however, a little more systematic. The reviewer gives some biographical details of the dramatist, and then presents his estimate first of some of the best dramas and then of Ford's work in general. The remarks are almost wholly derogatory, though they are justly enough made. But the greater part of the review is directed against Weber himself, who was Scott's amanuensis. In this part Gifford ridicules the practice of explaining the meaning of words "of which a girl six years old would blush to ask the meaning." In a tone of superior wisdom he writes: "Mr. Weber's attempts at explanation, (for explanations, it seems, there must be,) are sometimes sufficiently humble. 'Carriage,' he tells us, 'is behaviour.' It is so: we remember it in our spelling book, among the words of three syllables; we have therefore no doubt of it. But you must have,"

rejoins Gifford; "and accordingly, in every third or fourth page, he persists in affirming that 'carriage is behaviour.'" He belittles Weber's choice of a dramatist to edit, saying that he might better have spent his time with Marlowe, Marston, or Dekker. Finally, he accuses him of copying the general plan from his own edition of Massinger "with a servility which appears, in his mind, to have obviated all necessity of acknowledging the obligation," and of dipping into that edition "for no good purpose."

A few other remarks in this review are significant, either as pointing toward his later work with the dramatists or in connection with his attacks on contemporaries. He glanced at his prospective editions of Ben Jonson and Shirley in his defence of the latter dramatist against the charge of attacking Jonson. It is in this review that he ironically characterized Malone and Steevens as "the Dioscuri of the Shaksperian hemisphere." In connection with a charge that Weber did not understand the notes of other commentators which he inserted, he fell foul of Lamb's comment in *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* on Ford's *Broken Heart*. Weber, he says, "has polluted his pages with the blasphemies of a poor maniac who, it seems, once published some detached scenes of the 'Broken Heart.' For this unfortunate creature, every feeling mind will find an apology in his calamitous situation, but—for Mr. Weber, we know not where the warmest of his friends will seek either palliation or excuse."

With reference to the review[101] of Crabbe's *Borough*, there is a real doubt as to whether Gifford wrote it. Although it has been assumed by many critics to be Gifford's, and is so listed by Dr. Graham, it is not at all in the manner of Gifford. As a whole, it appears to have been prepared by some one especially commissioned to furnish the article. Gifford's reviews are informal, sketchy, and hurried.

They begin *in medias res* and end with a few scattering remarks. This article, however, is orderly and uninterrupted by the parentheses so frequent in Gifford's prose. It contains a formal discussion of poetry, especially pastoral, and of criticism. It shows no evidence of arrogance, indignation, spiteful ridicule, or sheer anger. It reveals very little bigotry. Moreover, the position taken by the reviewer is not entirely consistent with Gifford's views as expressed elsewhere. The author, for instance, criticizes Crabbe for his use of colloquial expressions, and of *be* for *are*, although these uses are defended by Dryden. A few years before, Gifford had defended himself and Dryden for their use of colloquialisms.[102] He himself used the subjunctive *be* as Crabbe used it. Again, the reviewer admits the propriety of humble life as a subject for poetry, though not, to be sure, of its ugliness. The review is discriminating and comprehensive and is mainly unfavorable. The absence of ill nature and other characteristic Giffordian expressions of disapproval in a criticism which is chiefly adverse surely tends to make Gifford's authorship of it doubtful. It is constructed more after the manner of Southey's or Scott's reviews than of Gifford's. Murray himself referred[103] to the review before it appeared. "Pitt arrived so late," he wrote to Gifford, "that it was impossible to get the number out this week. We may, therefore, hope for Crabbe, and this with Southey's article on the Faroe Islands will make a number good enough to apologize for a delay which otherwise carries ruin with it." The quotation is from a letter of remonstrance in regard to the Coplestone article, and from its nature seems to imply that Gifford had no control over the time when the article would be ready. It is not, however, positive proof of this supposition. Neither of the reviews mentioned appeared until the next number (Number 8).

There is one other article by Gifford to be noted here (that on *Political Essays* will be discussed later). The review[104] of Hope's *Anastasius* consists of eighteen pages, but is little more than a synopsis of the narrative. It is similar in method to Gifford's other articles. The reviewer found the work extraordinary but lacking in the quality of wholeness. He found the author sometimes bewilderingly unintelligible, sometimes improbable, sometimes flippant, and sometimes profane; the character (Anastasius) and the book he considered a paradox of contradiction.

The review[105] of Miss Owenson's *Woman; or, Ida of Athens* has been ascribed[106] to Gifford. It is a short article consisting of several quotations, which are followed by the reviewer's observation that he is utterly unable to understand them. The reviewer then explains how the volumes were printed. The publisher himself, not being able to read a word of the manuscript, fabricated the requisite number of lines. Or perhaps, suggests the reviewer, the author may have meant by *illegible* "what may be read, in case the situation is altered." Of the sentiments expressed and the language employed in the story, the reviewer observes: "The latter is an inflated jargon, composed of terms picked up in all countries, and wholly irreducible to any ordinary rules of grammar or sense. The former are mischievous in tendency, and profligate in principle; licentious and irreverent in the highest degree." He advised the author to secure a spelling book, learn to write, exchange idle raptures for common sense, practice a little self-denial, and gather a few precepts of humility from the Bible. The whole article is not ironical but indignant and offensively reproving. That the same author wrote this article and the one on Miss Palmer's romance is almost certain. He shows by his reference to the latter that he was familiar with both its content and the process of writing it.

The review[107] of Stephen Jones's *Biographia Dramatica*, though listed Octavius Gilchrist's, is nevertheless very much like Gifford's work in form, style, and content. The reviewer condemned Jones for copying mistakes, for abuse of Jonson, for not having looked into Gifford's Massinger for the correct Christian name of that dramatist's father, and for paying attention to such "ornaments of the present stage" as Cobb, Pillon, Morton, Reynolds, and Cherry, most of whom were attacked in the *Maeviad*. He showed temper at the way Weber handled Ford, at Jones's passion for what was characterized as "the trash of ancient days." He used peculiar expressions of disgust identical with those Gifford used in his Massinger and in his review of Weber's Ford. It is, nevertheless, difficult to distinguish Gifford's and Gilchrist's work, for Gifford was a follower of Gilchrist in his attitude toward Ben Jonson and in his attack on Weber. In Gilchrist's *Letter to William Gifford* (1811) there are apparent borrowings from Gifford's Massinger; but otherwise the style is not similar to Gifford's. The most that can be said with assurance is that in general and in particular the review in question resembles Gifford's writing much more closely than it does Gilchrist's other writings. There is the possibility that Gifford only added to Gilchrist's article.[108]

Some reviews of translations of Juvenal and Persius seem also to have been written by the editor. The first of these is of a translation of Persius.[109] Gifford had wanted to have Hodgson's translation of Juvenal reviewed for the first issue, but had been advised against it by Murray because such a review would necessarily invite comparison with Gifford's translation. At the same time he told[110] Murray that he himself wished to review a translation of Persius in an early number. He had then almost completed his own translation of that satirist, which he published nine years

later (1817). Since there was not the objection to a review of Persius that there was to one of Juvenal, it may be assumed that he carried out his intention. The article is almost wholly unfavorable and is not unlike Gifford's work.

In Number 15 there was an unfavorable review[111] of a specimen of an anonymous translation of the first Satire of Juvenal, the translator of which proved to be Dr. Charles Badham. When Badham completed and published his translation, he attacked the previous review roundly. He called the language offensive and the style of criticism ruffian. His remarks were accordingly noticed in a second review,[112] this time of the whole translation. The translator's words, "With those [translations] of more recent date it is not for me to interfere," were at first warped by the reviewer into an acknowledgment by the translator of ignorance of those works, and a little later, into a disavowal by the translator of any indebtedness to them. The reviewer accused Badham of imitating, or borrowing without acknowledgment, from one particular translation, which, by reference to the lines quoted as having been imitated, proves to be Gifford's. He also accused him of completely revising the First Satire without acknowledging that it was a revision; in other words, of profiting by the beneficial remarks of the early review without admitting any indebtedness. He judged the work to be without merit. From the nature of the dispute, it is most likely that Gifford was the reviewer. It was now twelve years since his own translation had been published, and the objection to a review was no longer felt. Besides, it was difficult for him to hold back when the opportunity offered, not to *answer* a critics, but to obliterate completely, as he thought, the existence of such people as dared to question his remarks. After Gifford's death, when Badham published the

Valpy Classics (second edition), he attacked in turn Gifford's translation of Juvenal.[113]

An article that attracted considerable notice at the time was the review of Lady Morgan's (formerly Miss Owenson's) *France*. In length the review was out of all proportion to the importance of the work, which was an ill-written conglomeration of praise of France, slurs on England, and childish impudence toward Christianity. The article is one of the harshest in the *Quarterly*. The reviewer is in a state of furious indignation throughout. He accuses the author of falsehood, licentiousness, and impiety. He shows extreme bigotry in politics and religion. He uses the tone and methods of the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin* in its most savage parts. "We shall not condescend to enter into any discussion of subjects of this nature [i.e., the "lie by implication" in her charge of tyranny of the Bourbons against former Revolutionists] with such a person as Lady Morgan but content ourselves with submitting to the indignation of our readers the whole of the passage, which is as false in fact as it is disgusting in principle and contemptible in style." The passage the reviewer becomes so furious about is a tolerably written plea for Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena and a charge that England had failed to show the magnanimity she had a chance to show and ought to have shown when the conquered warrior threw himself on the mercies of the nation. The tone of the review is that of one who felt called upon to administer punishment the second time. In the review of her novel, *Ida of Athens*, the critic had censured her for her impiety and irreverence, although he had assumed a more indulgent attitude toward her, even trying a little pleasantry. But now that the author had dared in the preface to her book to answer some of his remarks, and above all, to sympathize with the Revolutionists and criticize the Bourbons, to sympathize with the

Irish and criticize England, he felt it his supreme duty to answer her once for all, to blast her if possible with his withering scorn and indignation. He bursts out in scandalized horror at her impiety. He calls her "an audacious worm" and "a mad woman." He assumes the rôle (which was frequently assumed by the critics of the time) of guardian of the government and the religion of England. He assures the readers that he never would have read her "abominations" except to warn others not to read them.[114]

The authorship of the review is nowhere definitely fixed. The review itself is not mentioned in Dr. Graham's list. The Marquis of Abercorn, who had business dealings with Murray, said he heard that Lady Morgan suspected Croker of having written it and that she intended to be revenged.[115] Lockhart also believed that Croker was the author. Writing to Murray in 1825, he said: "His scourging of such poor deer as Lady Morgan was unworthy of a work of that rank." Lockhart, however, did not like Croker, and may have been overwilling to attribute the review to him. On the other hand, the biographer of Gifford in the *New Monthly* assumed the editor to have been the author. "After he became editor of the Quarterly Review," says this writer, "there were articles pretty well known to be his, and some directed against the softer sex, which no dislike of political principles or character could ever have drawn from the pen of a man who had the feelings of a gentleman, however angry he might wish to have shown himself."[116] Southey had the same feeling about the article but he did not say whom he believed the author to be.[117] "I would rather have cut off my right hand," he declared, "than have written anything so unmanly and so disgraceful; and yet there are some people who impute it to me, perhaps as much from stupidity as malice." It does not seem like Croker's work. Croker could be brutal and impudent,

as in the reviews of Mrs. Barbauld's poem, *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*,[118] and of *Endymion*,[119] and *Rimini*.[120] He also could be extremely facetious and ironical as in the review of *Foliage*[121] and other reviews. In his review of Ann Plumtre's *Residence in Ireland*, he assumed a tone of contemptuous ridicule. In that of Webster's *Battle of Waterloo*[122] he snapped his fingers contemptuously under the nose of the author. In the latter review he ended by observing that Didot, with his stereotype machine, had used the device of verse to make the pretended Englishman "write himself down an ass." This review elicited Webster's reply to the *Quarterly* through the pages of the *Morning Chronicle*. The article on Hobhouse's *Letters from Paris*,[123] which is almost certainly Croker's with perhaps some embellishments by Gifford, is wholly ironical. Hobhouse fell out with Gifford as a result of the review; but nevertheless the nature of the article is nothing like Gifford's work and it is like Croker's. Croker could and did string together illustrations to make a poem or other work appear wholly absurd. But the article on Lady Morgan's *France* does not contain these qualities. It contains examples, but they are not arranged for a certain effect. Their only purpose is to serve as an excuse for a lot of indignant sputtering. Gifford could be brutal; it is necessary only to turn to his review of Hazlitt's *Political Essays* to observe the fact. But in attempts to make a writer appear ridiculous, he was only clumsy. When he was defending English royalty, English peers, and established religion from the slurs of Jacobin writers he was not satirical; he was indignant and angry. So was the author of the article on *France*.

It was, moreover not characteristic of Gifford to let an attack on his own work go unanswered. Lady Morgan had dared to "talk back" to him; and a few years later she dared to write another book almost as bad as her *France*.

This the reviewer also noticed, and the quarrel continued.[124] But this time the reviewer took the attitude that there was no hope of reforming the author. The woman, he said, "is utterly incorrigible; secondly, we hope that her indelicacy, ignorance, vanity, and malignity are *inimitable*, and that, therefore, her example is very little dangerous,—and thirdly, though every page teems with errors of all kinds, from the most disgusting down to the most ludicrous, they are smothered in such Bœotian dulness, that they can do no harm." And so he said nothing more about the book, but ridiculed the *Morning Chronicle* for its clumsy advertising of a work which he said (perhaps correctly) was paid for before it was written. This review in particular is very much like the department of "Lies and Misrepresentations" in the *Anti-Jacobin*, in style and spirit as well as in form. Expressions like "'Pudet, pudet!'—but we have done with her Ladyship—we hope, and almost believe, forever!" are thoroughly characteristic of Gifford's writings, as is also the use of quotations there illustrated.

Of the few other minor reviews which Gifford may have had a hand in writing, that of *The Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club* is most like the editor's work. It begins abruptly in his manner, uses his devices for emphasis (i.e., italics and capitals), and contains his frequent use of exclamation. The tone of surprise and indignation and the frequency of questions to the reader are characteristic of Gifford's work.[125] But the similarities could be explained as merely attempts of another reviewer to imitate Gifford. The article on Maturin's *Melmoth the Wanderer*,[126] listed by Dr. Graham as Croker's, is in its form very much like Gifford's. But the reviewer begins ironically and finally recalls himself to seriousness. The same difficulty is found in the review of Thomas Parnell's *Maurice and Berghetta*[127] and in the subsequent answer[128] to Parnell's reply[129] to the first article.

Neither of these articles is listed by Dr. Graham. That of Parnell's *Letter* especially has a facetiousness more like Croker's than like Gifford's clumsier efforts. But it contains examples of the blindness to or intentional perversion of meaning so often found in the *Anti-Jacobin*. It is impossible to classify these two reviews with any feeling of assurance. Perhaps the editor added several touches to them after they had been written by Croker. Gifford was, in fact, more like Croker in his reviewing than like anyone else. If Gifford at his worst was more dignified than Croker at his worst,[130] Croker at his best was more effective than Gifford, although he may not have been less undiscriminating.

The question whether Gifford wrote other reviews is not very important. Those listed as his are, in connection with literature, among the least important that were written for the *Quarterly*. That of Crabbe's *Borough* alone, in importance of subject and in method of criticism, is worthy to be called a critical review; and I do not believe he was the author of it. As a writer, he is not to be compared with Jeffrey. His importance and influence are to be explained by the fact that his own spirit and personality were largely merged into and expressed by the *Quarterly*. This fact is due to two causes. First, he had as associates mostly Tory critics of the same taste and principles as his; and second, he exercised the power of bringing the articles into a certain type that came to be recognized as belonging to the *Quarterly Review*. Scott and Southey were not lacking in political prejudice and religious bigotry; but otherwise their contributions stand out, in the field of literature, as more liberal than those of many other contributors. If the *Quarterly* was at times more liberal than the *Edinburgh Review* in its literary criticism, the reason was that it had to take a more liberal stand in order to have an issue with

its northern rival, and because it was dominated by the personality of Scott and Southey, who were by nature more romantic than classical. The tenor of criticism in the *Quarterly* has been well summed up by Dr. Graham as that of consistency (except in literature) to the strictest Tory principles.[131]

IV

The *Quarterly* gradually increased in circulation and prestige; and as its reputation became more firmly established, what it had to say became a matter of greater concern to the writers whose works were reviewed in its pages. New writers of Whig or Jacobin tendencies were never overlooked. All of these felt the sting of the *Quarterly's* lash except Byron, and he too did later. From the very first this young nobleman had been the protégé of the *Quarterly*, and he looked upon Gifford as his literary god-father. Samuel Rogers, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Shelley, Keats, and Landor all felt in the *Quarterly* an enemy they had to fight against; and all despised, in a greater or less degree, its editor. Rogers felt this enmity in the review of his poems, especially "Columbus."[132] Lamb was aware of it first when his remark on Ford's *Broken Heart* was mentioned in the review of Ford's dramatic works.[133] Wordsworth felt it, though not severely, in Lamb's mutilated review of *The Excursion*.[134] Coleridge felt it, also not severely, in the review[135] of his tradedy, *Remorse*. Hazlitt felt it with a vengeance in the review[136] of his *Round Table*, and other writings. Hunt writhed under it in the article[137] on *The Story of Rimini*. Shelley came in contact with it in the review[138] of *The Revolt of Islam*. Keats was stung by it in the comment on his *Endymion*. Landor and Campbell, especially Landor, also met with disfavor at the hands of the reviewers.[139] A number of lesser writers received summary treatment from this guardian of public

taste. It is not going too far to say that Southey would also have been a subject for attack if he had not been a regular contributor to the *Review*. He had been one of those who were the butt of the ridicule of the political predecessor of the *Quarterly* (the *Anti-Jacobin*); and there were still those, even friends of the *Quarterly*, who thought he had no business in the ranks of contributors. Gifford was not, of course, directly responsible for all these attacks; but his prominence as editor would make a study of his work incomplete without some discussion of the relations between the *Quarterly* and the leading writers most severely dealt with.

Lord Byron's relations with Gifford and the *Quarterly Review* form an interesting comment on the *Quarterly's* deviation from its logical course. From the very first Gifford and the Review were favorably disposed toward the young lord. In his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, Byron had called upon the author of the *Baviad* to rise up again and hurl his satire. From that time Gifford looked upon Byron as his ward, and Byron in turn showed great deference to his judgment. Gifford was a member of the Alfred Club with Byron[140] and it is possible that Byron, when he wrote his early satire, knew him.[141] It is not likely, however, that they were intimate friends at the time, or even later; for Byron, finding the Club "a little too sober and literary and bored," probably did not frequent it. Byron was very solicitous of Gifford's opinion of his satire, and was very careful not to say anything about the humble origin of the critic.[142] Gifford had spoken highly of the satire and considered *Childe Harold*, I, II, the equal of anything of the time. According to Dallas,[143] it was Gifford who induced Byron to publish *The Giaour*. In a note to the young poet, he urged him not to give up his time to slight compositions when he had genius to make him rank with Spenser and Milton.[144] Byron declared[145] that he was highly flat-

tered by Gifford's favorable opinion of the satire. When he was preparing for the publication of *Childe Harold*, he was very anxious to keep Gifford from seeing the manuscript, lest it should appear that he was trying to obtain a favorable review of his work. But Gifford saw it and Murray wrote to Byron accordingly. The author at least pretended to be very indignant with Murray for showing it, and wrote to Murray and Dallas, voicing to the latter his contempt for publishers. But according to Moore he had so much respect for the opinions of Dallas and Gifford that to oblige these men he refrained from identifying himself with the hero of the poem and sacrificed one of his favorite stanzas because they objected to its heterodoxy. In a letter to Dallas,[146] he called Gifford his "Magnus Apollo," and said that his approbation was "more welcome

> Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
> Than all the gems of Samarcand."

Byron informed Murray, moreover, that in all points of difference between Dallas and Gifford, the latter was to have first place, and that in all points of difference between Gifford and anybody else, he would abide by the former. "If I am wrong, I can't help it. But I would rather not be right with any other person—there is an end of that matter." He even admitted Gifford might be right in politics; but he said that since his own political principles were a feeling, he was unable to control his politics.[147] And even in politics he was sometimes particularly deferential to Gifford.[148] He asked Murray to obtain Gifford's advice as to the importance of a manuscript poem by Lord Brooke, the friend of Sir Phillip Sidney. He wrote to Gifford himself expressing his obligation to him for his favorable comment, and voluntarily offered to abide wholly by his judgment on religious topics—an offer, however, which he did not always fulfill. In a letter to Murray in 1817,[149] Byron had expressed his opinion that

the poetical system of the school of Pope was superior to that of Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, and himself. He stated that only Rogers and Crabbe were free from the faults of the prevailing system. Gifford attached a note to the paragraph saying: "There is more good sense, and feeling, and judgment in this passage, than any other I ever read, or Lord Byron ever wrote."

There is abundant other evidence that Byron trusted greatly to Gifford's judgment concerning the poetic fitness of various phrases and even stanzas. Moore has given numerous instances of his submitting two or more readings of certain passages to Gifford's judgment as to which one was the better.[150] In a most contemptuous letter to Murray, he refused, however, to allow a single syllable changed. "If every syllable were a rattlesnake, or every letter a pestilence, they should not be expunged. Let those who cannot swallow, chew the expression on Ireland; or should even Mr. Croker array himself in all his terrors against them, I care for none of you except Gifford, and he won't abuse me except I deserve it, which will at least reconcile me to his justice."[151] Such outbursts were frequent. Byron rarely wrote to Gifford directly, because he did not wish to trouble him. He addressed his communications to Murray with the request to thank Gifford. He thus asked Gifford's opinion on various topics, and expressed his gratification for his favorable comments. Murray also conveyed to him Gifford's expressions of commendation or disapproval. The editor was particularly delighted with *The Corsair;* and when a number of men were discussing it, he repeated several passages from memory.[152] He assured Murray[153] that Byron would last far beyond any other poet of the time. He was very angry, however, at one act of Byron's, though he put the blame on the latter's friends. When Murray offered Byron 2,000 guineas for *The Siege of Corinth*, the

poet thought the amount too much, and, on the advice of Rogers and a few others, decided to give the difference (about 600 guineas) to William Godwin, who was then almost in poverty. Both Murray and Gifford remonstrated against this action, the latter declaring "a right down robbery—honorable to it." The political and religious principles of Godwin, of course, made such a gift dishonorable in Gifford's eyes; and Murray objected to having his generosity extended to some one in whom he had no interest. Byron finally accepted the 2,000 guineas.[154] Gifford was favorably impressed with Canto III of *Childe Harold*. In fact, he sat up at night to read the whole canto; and as a result, he was worse the next morning.[155] He thought that nothing could be more ingeniously told than the story of *Parisina*. He was pleased with *Manfred* and thought it "wonderfully poetical,"[156] though he evidently suggested considerable alteration in the third act. He considered the *Lament of Tasso*[157] especially interesting because of the novelty of style. The fourth canto of *Childe Harold* he thought more desultory, but taken in parts, perhaps surpassing the other three.[158]

Byron at this time was very friendly with Gifford. In writing to Murray he almost always inquired after Gifford's health and sent his best regards. In 1816 Gifford undertook, at his request, the correcting of the press for him.[159] When Hobhouse had his tiff with the *Quarterly* over the review of his *Letters from Paris*,[160] Byron was displeased with him for his attitude, and declared that of the two friends, Hobhouse and Gifford, he would, if choice were necessary, choose the latter. "Gifford and I are friends also, and he has moreover been literally so, through thick and thin, in spite of difference of years, morals, habits, and even politics; and therefore, I feel in a very awkward situation between the two, Mr. Gifford and Mr. Hob———."[161] At times he

was too lazy himself to read proof, and then he directed Murray to let Gifford correct it and not bother him. This was true of *Manfred*, after the third act had been rewritten and sent to Murray. At other times he abused Murray and reproved him sharply for not letting him see the proofs. Moore relates that when the fourth canto of *Childe Harold* was ready, Byron was willing to let it stand or be burned as Gifford and two other men whom Murray was to name should think fit. Moore says there were conditions, however to this power of disposal, but he does not name them; nevertheless, Byron was willing to entrust to these three men the power of deciding whether *Childe Harold* should stand with only three cantos or receive the newly written fourth canto. Byron submitted more than one reading of passages of *The Prophecy of Dante and Marino Faliero* for Gifford's choice. But *Beppo*, he insisted, had to be printed, if at all, in an ungarbled state. He was very much flattered with Gifford's remark on the first act of *Marino Faliero* that the English was "sterling *genuine English*"; and he waited eagerly for further criticism from his adviser and made a few alternate readings in later acts from which he might select.[162] His first letter to Bowles against that critic's strictures on Pope had been considerably edited by Gifford; and when he wrote the second letter, he directed Murray to consult with Gifford as to how much, if any, should be printed.[163]

Although he repeatedly afterwards expressed his respect for Gifford, and even gave him *carte blanche* power over some of his manuscripts,[164] he nevertheless at times felt a sort of contempt for Gifford, and a most profound one for Murray and the *Quarterly*.[165] He recognized Gifford's power over writers as editor of that periodical.[166] Hunt, whose opinion on any matter pertaining to Gifford is not altogether trustworthy, in his statement concerning Byron's

attitude toward Murray and the *Quarterly* is, nevertheless, supported by Byron's letters, and in spite of his own prejudice his words have weight. He declared [167] that had it not been for the fact that Byron was "too high-spirited and hard-mouthed" for the critics in the *Quarterly*, Byron would have shared the fate of other writers who did not conform to their dicta of criticism. They therefore "stroked his mane, patted his withers, and coaxed him to canter along the road quietly with them." Later events bear out this statement. Gradually the *Quarterly* turned against Byron. Scott genuinely admired the young poet and himself reviewed in a most tactful and helpful, and at the same time favorable, way the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*.[168] But Scott had no more opportunity. He still spoke highly of Byron's dramas; but the review of them was given to a churchman[169] and Byron suffered accordingly. Even Gifford became more and more disgusted with him. He recognized his genius, but he lamented that such genius was not better employed. He became more critical of Byron's works and made more changes. The fact of the matter is that the shock to his sense of propriety was becoming greater than his desire to please and encourage (I will not say flatter) the young nobleman. On July 1, 1819, he wrote to Murray:[170]

> Lord B's. letter is shockingly amusing. He must be mad; but then there is method in his madness. I dread, however, the end. He is, or rather might be, the most extraordinary character of this age. I have lived to see three great men—men to whom none come near in their respective provinces—Pitt, Nelson, Wellington. Morality and religion would have placed our friend among them as the fourth of the time; even a decent respect for the good opinion of mankind might have done much now; but all is tending to displace him.

To be sure, he had pronounced the drama, *Marino Faliero*, "sterling genuine English." He thought, too,

that Byron had the "true dramatic turn," and failed only in plots. "If he could but get a little into the bustle of our old dramatists, absurd as it sometimes was," Gifford continued, "it would do; otherwise he must die a martyr to his simplicity and singleness. . . . After all, he is a wonderful creature. If I had him, I would keep him very carefully, and show him only on high days and holidays."[171] He "cut out a good deal" of Byron's first letter to Bowles on the latter's criticism of Pope.[172] He thought the letter too vulgar for publication as it stood. He lamented Byron's squandering himself. "When will he resume his majestic march, and shake the world again?" he asked. The frequent changes made in his dramas irritated Byron, and he finally, in the case of *Don Juan*, Cantos III, IV, and V, refused to allow any changes made, taking upon himself the whole responsibility.[173] Referring to this poem, Croker wrote to Murray[174] urging him to have some friend, such as Gifford, point out to Byron "the cruelty to individuals, the injury to national character, and the injury to his own reputation" of certain passages. Gifford wondered why in the world Byron was forcing the publication of the cantos. He too thought they would only ruin the author's reputation.[175] He also had little good to say about Byron's later dramas, *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Cain*. To the latter he made no direct reference that has been recorded. He considered Byron's desire to rush into print more powerful than his judgment; and he felt that the poet lacked a fine sense of distinction between what was intrinsically poetic and what was merely petulance or childish impudence. Byron allowed Gifford to criticize his dramas although he was hurt by his opinion of them, and wrote to Murray to that effect. "I regret his demur more that he has always been my grand patron, and I know of no praise that would compensate me in my own mind for his censure."[176]

Of the review of his dramas in the *Quarterly*, there is no doubt as to his real feelings. According to Hunt,[177] he declared that the *Quarterly* reviewers merely scratched one another's back at a prodigious rate. Heber puffed Milman's *Siege of Jerusalem* extravagantly, he said. But Gifford praised it also, a fact which Byron did not know or pretended to overlook. The poet called the reviewers the Actaeon-hunters of literature; yet he declared that their praise or blame did not last long; it was "like straw thrown up in the air."

But Byron never broke completely with Gifford. To the very last he apparently regarded him with respect and veneration even bordering on affection. And Gifford also continued to express high regard for the poet. It is hard to reconcile the latter's veneration for the editor with his supreme contempt for the *Quarterly*. To Murray he implied a threat that if the *Quarterly Review* attacked him, he would see that it got enough of such action. But he added, "I do not allude to Gifford, who has always been my friend, and whom I do not consider responsible for the articles written by others."[178] Although Gifford never liked his later dramas, Byron excused the dislike on the ground of entirely different dramatic notions or ideals; and he was inclined to interpret his silence on *Cain* as favorably as possible.[179] He was loth to involve either Gifford or Murray in the outcry over that drama.[180] In 1822 he altered the parts of *Heaven and Earth* to which Gifford objected.[181] When *Ultra Crepidarius* appeared[182] it was ascribed by some to Byron; but when he heard of the charge,[183] he wrote to his legal representative, Douglas Kinnaird, and to Murray, denying emphatically that he "ever *did*, *will*, *would*, *could*, or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head." To the former he said, "I have always considered him my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal son';

and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal." To the latter he declared, "Whoever asserts that I am the author or abettor of anything of the kind on Gifford lies in his throat."

Such were the last words of Byron concerning Gifford. They have a ring of sincerity. Byron and Gifford were an oddly matched pair; yet they never appear to have had a quarrel, although Gifford was editor of a Review for which Byron had the utmost contempt. What more may be gleaned as to Gifford's opinion of Byron is not very important. Moore said[184] that Gifford and Canning advised Murray not to publish any of Byron's papers, neither his own nor those sent by his family. And John Russell, editor of Moore's *Memoirs*, states[185] that Murray submitted the manuscript of Byron's memoirs to Gifford, "who, on perusal declared them too gross for publication." It thus seems that he was largely responsible for the determination to destroy the memoirs.

But if Byron did not hold Gifford responsible for the articles in the *Quarterly*, there were others who did. Two of the most outspoken enemies of Gifford were Leigh Hunt and William Hazlitt. Both had received most unfair and scurrilous reviews in the Tory periodical. Although these were not written by the editor, there is no doubt that he would have treated the two men as severely and as unfairly. Hunt's relation with Gifford may be said to have begun in 1807 when the former, in some remarks on the condition of the stage, quoted from the *Maeviad* Gifford's observation on the subject.[186] When the *Quarterly* was begun, Murray invited Hunt to contribute on poetry or literature in general. He had a high opinion of Hunt as a critic, but considered him "most vilely wrong-headed in politics."[187] Hunt's brother John, however, answered that

on account of a difference in political sentiments, Leigh could not contribute to the *Quarterly*. Hunt was surprised at the invitation and was inclined to think that it was made at the suggestion of Gifford on the strength of the quotation from the *Maeviad*.[188] In this belief he was, however, probably mistaken, since Murray did most of the scouting for new contributors.

The first specific attack made by Hunt on the Tory editor was in *The Feast of the Poets*, which was published in 1813. This poem, while not characterized by good judgment, is nevertheless legitimate satire, if such poems as the *Baviad and Maeviad* and *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* are legitimate. Hunt professed to follow the plan of Suckling in his "Session of the Poets," and did not limit the attack to Gifford alone. *The Feast of the Poets* is not a bitter or brutal attack. It contains, to be sure, among some pretty sound observations on the poets of the time, much of the pert judgment of a young whipper-snapper critic. The author felt justified in his attack on account of personal disgust with Gifford, which was aroused by his unmanly attack on Mrs. Robinson. "The scourge of poetasters," said Hunt, "was himself a poetaster. When he had done with his whip, everybody had a right to take it up and lay it on the scourger's shoulders."[189]

In the satire itself, Gifford is represented as coming to the banquet hall, where the feast was held which Apollo was giving to the poets, with all-sufficient assurance of his right to be present. When Apollo saw him and did not recognize him, the satirist was indignant and informed him that William Gifford was a name pretty well known. Apollo then recognized him and acknowledged his valuable service in getting rid of the Della Cruscans; but he explained that the feast was not for small critics but only for poets.

> So saying he rang, to leave nothing in doubt,
> And the sour little gentleman bless'd himself out.

The notes to the satire go into a more detailed discussion of Gifford's work. Hunt gave him credit for being a man of strong natural sense. He lamented, however, the fact that Gifford had not measured up to the impression he gave in his Autobiography (prefixed to his translation of Juvenal) and to the talents he really possessed. He felt that Gifford had sunk to mere peevishness and vileness of temper. He thought the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad* very ungenerous, and the notes, though less vulgar in language, full of the "pert snip-snap which he deprecates." He called the *Epistle to Peter Pindar* "nauseous." He thought the translation of Juvenal "lame and prosaic." He considered Gifford, as editor of old dramatists and of the *Quarterly*, "only wrathful in speaking of the objectors to princely vices, and only personal upon dead men and respectable ladies."

When Hunt wrote *The Story of Rimini*, he asked Murray to publish it. He had recently been released from jail where he had been placed for libel on the Prince Regent. Murray asked Byron's advice in regard to the possible sale of the work and as to whether he would be the loser if he gave £450 for the copyright. He does not appear to have asked Gifford's advice, knowing perhaps that it would be prejudiced on account of *The Feast of the Poets*. Byron advised against the £450 for the copyright, and Murray arranged with Hunt to share the profits. Murray of course had no direct control over the nature of the reviews. It at least speaks well of his generosity for him to undertake to publish as a business venture a poem which he had reason to believe would be blasted by the Review which he himself owned. The political sentiments of Hunt and his recent imprisonment called for a blasting review in the *Quarterly*. There is little doubt that Croker was selected by "the Utican Senate" (as Byron called the group of reviewers) to accomplish this purpose. Hence there would

probably not be any attempt to estimate the poem from the viewpoint of literature. The criticism[190] is really brutal and unfeeling. Croker could, nevertheless, make out a case against his author, and he did so in this instance. He selected a goodly array of examples to support his charges, although he overlooked all the beauties. His statement that his attitude was entirely unprejudiced is, of course, utterly absurd, even if the principles of poetry as laid down by, or embraced in, Pope's and Johnson's writings are accepted as infallible. But in spite of his general attitude, Croker was not wholly condemnatory. "Amidst all his vanity, vulgarity, ignorance, and coarseness," he says, "there are here and there some well-executed descriptions, and occasionally a line of which the sense and the expressions are good—The interest of the story itself is so great that we do not think it wholly lost even in Mr. Hunt's hands. He has, at least, the merit of telling it with decency." This, it must be admitted, is faint praise, and what follows is worse yet. There was really no fairness in the review. Although Hunt did not believe that Gifford wrote the article,[191] he considered him responsible, and continued the warfare in the *Examiner*.

In the meantime, Hunt and Hazlitt had been contributing articles to the *Examiner* under the title of "The Round Table." In 1817 Hazlitt published the collected essays under the same title. This work was immediately noticed by the *Quarterly*,[192] and the war was on. James Russell was selected to fire this shot. It was from the first purely a political fight. Hazlitt had made no attack, but he was connected with the *Examiner* and was well known as a radical, and that was enough. This "review" was thoroughly brutal,[193] and made no pretense of being fair. During the next year[194] there occurred two more reviews like the preceding, one of Hunt's *Foliage* and the other of Hazlitt's

Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. The former was by Croker and the latter probably by Russell. Neither deserves to be called criticism. The article on Hazlitt has been attributed to Gifford, but it does not bear many of the earmarks of his work.[195] The one on *Foliage* ended with some arrogant advice to Hunt and a lament over his failure to be what he might have been. That on Hazlitt closed with the observation that Hazlitt's knowledge of Shakespere and of the English language was "exactly on a par with the purity of his morals and the depth of his understanding." In the *Examiner* for June 14, 1818,[196] under "Literary Notices," there appeared a short, stinging characterization of Gifford. It exposed all his alleged Tory characteristics with the gusto that only a radical like Hunt or Hazlitt could express. It characterized him as knowing no distinction between truth and falsehood, but only between Whig and Tory. It accused him of recommending to persons of fashion his own performance in rising from lowest origin, "by always abusing *low people*, with the smartness of a lady's waiting-woman, and the independent spirit of a traveling tutor." The writer continued, almost in Gifford's own style, to heap liberal abuse upon that editor.

> Every instance of prevarication he wilfully commits makes him more in love with hypocrisy, and every indulgence of his hired malignity makes him more disposed to repeat the insult and the injury. His understanding becomes more and more distorted, and his feelings more and more callous. Grown old in the service of corruption, he drivels on to the last with prostituted impotence, and shameless effrontery; salves a meager reputation for wit, by venting the driblets of his spleen and impertinence on others; answers their arguments by confuting himself; mistakes habitual obtuseness of intellect for a particular acuteness, not to be imposed upon by shallow pretentions; unprincipled rancor for zealous loyalty: and the irritable, discontented, vindictive, and peevish effusions of bodily pain and mental infirmity, for proofs of refinement of taste and strength of understanding.

The author of this article was without any doubt Hazlitt. There is the same hard-hitting abuse. In fact the content shows that it was the first draft of the first part of his later *Letter to William Gifford.* Every one of the quotations given above is found word for word in the *Letter*, with the necessary change from the third to the second person. Shortly afterwards, when Hazlitt's *Lectures on the English Poets* appeared, Russell again wrote the review.[197] The sum and substance of this article was that Hazlitt was completely meaningless and unintelligible.

These three reviews were more than Hazlitt could endure in silence. The *Examiner* article had been anonymous; but now he sat down and wrote *A Letter to William Gifford, Esq.* (one of the longest articles he ever wrote) and published it probably at his own expense. Being in the second person, it gains much in effectiveness over the article in the *Examiner;* in fact, by his device Hazlitt was able to be more personal and to express more pointedly his contempt for the editor. In both the articles he proved to be more than a match for Gifford and Russell; in precision of insult and vigor of invective this *Letter*, and the *Examiner* article too, far surpass the articles that Russell and Gifford wrote. He says again, this time to Gifford's face, what he had said before, and elaborates on the servility of the *Quarterly* to the Court and the fitness of Gifford as a tool. After declaring that "to crawl and lick the dust" was all Gifford's employers expected of him and all that he could do, and that to show some wit or some power of reasoning would be dangerous both to Gifford and to his employers, Hazlitt continues: "But luckily for yourself and your admirers, you are but the dull echo, 'the tenth transmitter,' of some hackneyed jest; the want of manly feeling in yourself only excites your suspicion and antipathy to it in others, as something at which your nature recoils; your slowness to

understand makes you quick to misrepresent; and you infallibly make nonsense of what you cannot possibly conceive." To this general description of Gifford, Hazlitt, assuming that the editor himself was the author of the three brutal reviews against him, adds a detailed answer to each one separately.[198]

This was his first outspoken signed attack on Gifford. In his next publication, *Political Essays*, which appeared later in the same year (1819), he made a few not very complimentary allusions to him. This volume Gifford took upon himself to "review."[199] There had been another attack on him in the *Examiner* for September 26, 1819. The occasion for it was the *Quarterly's* article on Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, for which Hunt held Gifford responsible, though he thought that Croker was probably the author.[200] The attack was continued in the next issue. Whether these attacks incited Gifford to answer Hazlitt it is not known. His article on *Political Essays* did not appear until almost a year after the publication of the work. It is not inconsistent with his former policy to answer in his own person all attacks on himself. Here, however, he could not do so because of the policy of the *Quarterly;* but he probably had the satisfaction of feeling that he was getting his revenge. Like the former articles, this one did not in any sense review the work. Gifford compared Hazlitt to the *sphinx atropos* or death's-head moth, "which safeguards itself, when plundering a hive, by its startling appearance and disagreeable noise." He thought Hazlitt's definition of a Jacobin "sufficiently hideous." He assumed that the author was already in a state of damnation—that he was an infernal spirit inhabiting a body still on earth. He frankly stated that he had "an unqualified detestation" for the spirit of this author's works. What made Hazlitt worse in his eyes was his association with Hunt, who, he said, having revived

King Arthur's Round Table and seated himself securely on the throne of Cockney, had "erected the ward of Billingsgate into a sort of county palatine, for this his 'chivalrous' squire." He attacked Hazlitt for warring with the dead, forgetting, of course, that he had done the same thing with Malone in his edition of Jonson. He concluded by comparing Hazlitt to a larva, or what appeared to be such; for it had reached the full grown stage, although it had powers of mischief "hardly extending beyond the making of some dirt and some noise." With characteristic assurance that the review he was making of *Political Essays* would completely wipe Hazlitt out of existence, he thought it a good thing that he had fastened the moth down to a sheet of paper along with the other specimens.

The war between Gifford and the *Quarterly Review* on the one hand, and Hunt and Hazlitt on the other was, for the next two years, carried on in a more desultory fashion. In July, 1821,[201] Reginald Heber reviewed J. H. Hunt's translation of *Jerusalem Delivered.* The review was not unfavorable, the chief objections being on religious grounds. An *Examiner* article for June 9, 1822, made an attack on the *Quarterly* in general. In answer to the charge that Hazlitt knew nothing but slang, the writer observed that it was as idle to call Hazlitt a mere dealer in slang as it was to call Gifford and Croker men of great talents. Other articles appeared in the June 23d and July 7th issues, which continued the attack, chiefly because of the *Quarterly's* treatment of Shelley and Keats. The writer remarked in the former article that nobody contributing to the *Quarterly* could write such a poem as Shelley's "Skylark" unless it were Wordsworth, whom he doubted very much to be one of Gifford's crew. "When Mr. Gifford 'sings,' as the phrase is, one is reminded of nothing but snarling." The latter article branded Gifford a coward for keeping silent on the

appearance of Keats's volume of poems containing "Lamia." When Hazlitt published his *Table Talk*, John Matthews took up the cudgel against him.[202] With an attempt at humor, he referred to the *Quarterly Review's* sacrifices of asses, such as Hone,[203] Hunt, Hazlitt, and other κνώδαλα which was Apollo's favorite amusement; and he dubbed Hazlitt a *slang-whanger*.

Both Hunt and Hazlitt enjoyed this kind of warfare, and both were preparing to renew their attacks. Hunt, shortly after the appearance of the *Quarterly* article on *Table Talk*, established the short-lived *Liberal*, to which Byron contributed his famous *Vision of Judgment*. In this paper[204] appeared a brutal heroic verse satire of one hundred lines directed against a number of men including Southey, John Wilson, and Gifford. The author informed the readers that he had cut a stick five years before to use on Gifford, but that out of a feeling of humanity he had "spared the dog a stick." The "stick" referred to was the satire, *Ultra Crepidarius*, which Hunt issued as a separate publication in the same year. In the preface to the latter poem, the author again reviewed the reasons why Gifford deserved another lashing. The main reason for this attack, he said, was not that he wished to treat Gifford's origin with contempt for its own sake, but that Gifford, affecting to feel indifference as far as he himself was concerned, set himself "by the side of an overweening aristocracy," and undertook to be "lofty and plebeian." The meter, like that of *The Feast of the Poets*, is an easy, ambling anapestic tetrameter, which suits the absurd and impudent argument of the poem. The argument follows.

Mercury had lost one of his winged shoes. When he could not find it, he inquired of Venus, who told him she admired it so much that she sent it to Ashburton to have a pair made exactly like it. The shoe, not thinking to return with-

out accomplishing the errand on which it was sent, unless expressly ordered home by its master, remained at Ashburton. Mercury saw that he had to go to earth for it, and Venus insisted on going along (to make up for the lack of one shoe). When they reached Ashburton, they were almost tripped up by an insignificant looking shoe, which refused to kiss Venus's foot when she asked it to do so. When Mercury remonstrated against such haughtiness, it informed the two deities that it hoped some day to serve under an earl, whom it considered much higher than Mercury and his female companion. The two immortals then realized that the shoe did not know their rank, and resolved to have some fun. On questioning the shoe, they learned that it was in an envious rage at seeing Mercury's shoe, which was more gifted than itself, and for that reason would not make a pair like it. In an outburst of jealous anger, the shoe revealed its littleness of soul; whereupon Mercury also became angry and pronounced a curse upon it. It should become, in form only, a human being; and though a shoe in soul, it should pretend to be a scholar. Mercury then foretold what the shoe would do as a would-be scholar. With a reference to Gifford's subservience to nobility and his treatment of Mrs. Robinson, the god turned and left the shoe alone. It immediately shook itself into the semblance of a human being with a rude, lachrymose face and mean spirit; and

> Like a rogue from a regiment be-drummered and fifered,
> It slunk out of doors, and men called the thing GIFFORD.

This satire is undeniably brutal, especially in its preface and notes; but it is vigorous and effective. Hunt here accused Gifford of the same things Hazlitt had charged him with—namely, of being a bootlicker to nobility and to anyone who vilified humble men; of having a fondness for editing old writers who mingled dirt with their talents; of

being the slave of the Court and defending the vices of those higher up in its circles; and of being a hater of women. The satire is the last attack Hunt made during Gifford's lifetime; but Hazlitt was about ready to launch his parting shot. In *Table Talk* he made several thinly disguised references to the Tory editor;[205] and in *The Spirit of the Age*[206] he concentrated all his gall into his most stinging criticism. In this sketch of Gifford he reviewed the whole of the editor's career. The article really stands for his conception of the *Quarterly Review* just as his article on Jeffrey represents in general his idea of the *Edinburgh Review*. The attack is brutal; and yet it is remarkably impersonal. Some critics are of the opinion that the article was unprovoked and unjustified,[207] that Hazlitt had said enough in his *Letter*. But the ridiculous "reviews" in the *Quarterly* were also unprovoked, especially the first three on Hazlitt. Besides, the author in this sketch wished to make clear another aspect of "the spirit of the age."

After Gifford's death Hunt glanced pretty sharply at the editor in his work on Byron, *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* (1828), and in his *Autobiography* (published about 1840), which was in part a continuation of this work. In the latter he gave a more detailed justification of his attacks on Gifford and a fuller estimate of the editor's satires. "What he did at first," says Hunt, "out of self-satisfied incompetence, he did at last out of an envious and angry one; and he was, all the while, the humble servant of power, and never expressed one word of regret for his inhumanity. The mixture of implacability and servility is the sole reason, as I have said before, why I speak of him as I do. If he secretly felt any regret for it, I am sorry—especially if he retained any love for his 'Anna,' whom I take to have been not only the good servant and friend he has described her, but such a one as he could wish that he

had married. Why did he not marry her, and remain a humbler and happier man? Or how was it that the power to have any love at all could not teach him that other people might have feelings as well as himself, especially women and the sick?"[208] Hazlitt made no further attack on Gifford after *The Spirit of the Age*. It is true that there are thrusts at him in *The Plain Speaker* (1826) where he said[209] that if he had been a government tool, "that old crab-apple, G—ff—d, would have relished or pretended to relish" his sketch of "that old honest Signor Orlando Friscobaldo . . . . with its fine, racy, acrid tone." The account of Gifford in the *New Monthly Magazine*[210] is very much like Hazlitt's work. It appears to have been based on the *Examiner* article referred to before,[211] for many of the same expressions are used.

Thus ended one of the most bitter literary quarrels of the period. Both sides frankly despised each other; and if Hunt and Hazlitt were more nearly correct in their criticism, they were no less bitter and brutal. So far as ability is concerned, it was almost entirely on the side of the radical writers. It is curious to find that Gifford never answered any of the attacks of Hunt. Perhaps he considered the libeler of the Prince Regent beneath his notice; for he certainly would otherwise have been disposed to do so, even under cover of the *Quarterly*. That he was not alone, however, in thinking these two men utterly contemptible as literary figures, has been pointed out.[212] What he actually thought of Hazlitt we have seen in his review of *Political Essays*. The only direct reference to Hunt is that in the Introduction to Ford's *Works*[213] where he digressed for the moment to observe that there were "other departments of literature in which the seasonable exposure of the stupendous ears of a *maître âne* (a Hunt or a Hazlitt, for example) frequently relieves the public from the wearisome

braying of a drove of less audacious brutes." This remark was made shortly before his death; so that to the last he saw nothing in the writings of either Hunt or Hazlitt but the ribald braying of two huge asses.

Southey's grievance against Gifford for the mutilation of his articles has already been mentioned. But there is another way in which he figures, and that is as a sort of buffer between the *Quarterly Review* and the other "Lakers" and Charles Lamb. Of the latter especially he stood in the anomalous position of being at once the champion and the accuser. It has been pointed out[214] that the "grievances which Charles Lamb held against the *Quarterly* may easily be overstated." The same is true of Coleridge, as will be shown hereafter. Gifford himself was the cause of the first of the accumulated grievances which Lamb cherished. In his review of Weber's Ford,[215] Gifford had ridiculed the editor for polluting his pages "with the blasphemies of a poor maniac, who, it seems, once published some detached scenes from the 'Broken Heart.'" Gifford referred, of course, to Lamb's remark about the scene (Act V, Scene ii) in which Calantha continues to dance, even urging livelier music, as she hears first of the death of her father, King Amylcas, then of her companion Penthea, and finally of her lover Ithocles, the brother of Penthea. Lamb had remarked:[216] "The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears us in imagination to Calvary; and we seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which we are here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which we dare no more than hint a reference." Lamb's comparison was no doubt unwise, but his language is reserved and not the least irreverent in spirit. Besides, he used the comparison, not to explain the degree of suffering, but merely to hint at its nature. Gifford's remark was inexcusably brutal even if he did not know Lamb's mis-

fortune. The motive seems to have been to denounce chiefly because the comment had been inserted by Weber. At any rate Southey immediately wrote to Murray remonstrating with Gifford's review and explaining the situation of Lamb and his sister. Gifford himself replied in what appears to be a genuinely sincere tone of contrition for making such reference to one who was burdened with the fear of insanity in himself and the actual state of it in his sister.[217] He declared to Southey that all he ever knew about Lamb was his name, and he had merely considered him "a thoughtless scribbler, who, in circumstances of ease, amused himself by writing on any subject." He said that he had been shocked by the comparison Lamb used; and not wishing to attribute such a statement to folly, because he "reserved the charge to Weber," he "unhappily ascribed it to madness." Although this letter is in itself an illuminating comment on the method of criticism then employed, Southey was greatly impressed with it and felt much more respect for Gifford, with whom he "had no literary sympathies."

The next grievance was Gifford's treatment of Lamb's review of *The Excursion*.[218] Southey said[219] that Lamb wrote the article for the *Quarterly* at his request. The number containing the review appeared about the end of the year 1814. On January 14, 1815,[220] Southey wrote to his friend, Grosvenor Bedford, urging him to recover if possible the manuscript of the review for Lamb; but there is no record that Lamb was able to recover it. At about the same time Lamb wrote his indignant letter to Wordsworth explaining how shamefully Gifford had mutilated the article.[221] The letter is undated, so that it is difficult to determine whether Southey's outcry preceded Lamb's or was occasioned by it; probably it was the latter. Lamb complained that more than a third of the substance had been cut away; that warm

eulogy had been changed to "a nasty cold one"; that the parts omitted made the remainder only nonsense. How true the first two charges were will probably never be determined. Lamb had made other excuses for the review, even before it appeared in the *Quarterly*. In the first place, Hazlitt had stolen a march on him by literally stealing his copy of the poem to prepare a review in the *Examiner*,[222] thus using the best quotations as illustrations. In the second place, he said his brain was in a muddled condition from too much gin, and that this condition and the haste with which he was compelled to write, made the article slighter than it should have been.[223] A comparison of Lamb's description of the article in his long letter to Wordsworth with the review as it actually appeared reveals marked changes, of course. Dr. Graham says that even in its mutilated state it was "the most favorable notice of Wordsworth that had appeared up to this time";[224] and that although Murray's "Register" gave Lamb and Gifford as joint authors, he himself could find no division of authorship in the article. This judgment may readily be admitted. There is certainly evidence, however, of omission, especially on pages 110 and 111, where the reviewer of the poem suggests that if the readers admired the poem but were scandalized at the nature of the hero, they might change his name from Peddler to Palmer or Pilgrim. This change, taken by itself with no preparation for it, is really absurd, as Lamb said. Besides, the other changes which Lamb pointed out are of the same kind as those of which Southey spoke, and the style is decidedly not Lamb's most characteristic one. The absence of the characteristic style may be explained by Lamb's desire to make as favorable an impression as possible upon the editor of the *Quarterly* and to conceal his own authorship of the review; but this explanation does not account for the evidence of omissions. Lamb was dis-

satisfied and vowed he would never be caught in the camps of the *Quarterly* reviewers again.

There were other annoyances. In 1816 Gifford advised Murray against publishing two volumes of essays by Lamb, which Barron Field had offered to collect and edit for the author. Murray according to Lamb,[225] admitted to Field that such had been the case. Lamb nevertheless wished Southey to review his works favorably in the *Quarterly*; but he wanted to show his contempt for that periodical by publishing afterwards an attack on Gifford. The attack he was contemplating was probably his sonnet, "St. Crispin to Mr. Gifford," which appeared later in the *Examiner* (in 1819). This sonnet represented the patron saint of cobblers as advising Gifford that he had much better be making good shoes than following the Muses, who were only making a stretching leather of his brain. But Southey himself now became the cause of his grievance. To be sure, he loved Lamb, but his zeal for orthodox religion made him publicly reprove his friend for the lack of a religious tone in his writings. In *The Progress of Infidelity*,[226] he observed that unbelievers had "not always been honest enough to express their real feelings. They could never divest themselves of fear nor destroy the imaginative faculty, no matter if they had renounced their birthright of hope (which Christianity afforded)." As an instance of the truth of this statement, he cited the *Essays of Elia*, "a book which wants only a sounder religious feeling, to be as delightful as it is original." This remark, coming as it did on top of the gratuitous information of Dr. Gooch[227] that Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard" was a true tale, for he had reason to know, was too much for Lamb. He wrote to Barton[228] that Southey "might have spared an old friend such a construction of a few careless flights, that meant no harm to religion. . . . . But I love and respect Southey—and will not retort. I HATE HIS RE-

VIEW, and his being a reviewer." He did, however, address an open letter to Southey in the *London Magazine*,[229] protesting against the remark that Southey had made about his religion. Southey replied in a friendly letter which was full of regret for what he had said; and Lamb answered characteristically and forgave all.

Southey's own relation to the *Quarterly* and the editor has been touched upon elsewhere. He was, to be sure, associated with that Review long after Gifford ceased editing it. But our concern is with Gifford. At the very first Southey protested to his friend Bedford against Gifford's supposing him "a troublesome man to deal with, pertinacious about trifles, or standing upon punctilios of authorship.[230] And yet he was, as we have seen, the loudest in his complaint about the way Gifford treated his articles. Of his own works, Southey had no complaint on the score of illiberal reviewers, at least during Gifford's editorship. Scott, Bedford, J. T. Coleridge, and Reginald Heber were generous enough with him, and Gifford did not interfere. Southey was undeniably a facile and excellent prose writer; and he himself knew it and perhaps knew that Gifford was aware of it. Smiles states that Gifford was very generous to him and often wrote to Murray of the excellence of his articles, though Southey did not know it.[231] What irked Southey, however, was the thought that Gifford should feel called upon to make changes; for he really held both Gifford and Murray in contempt.[232] But Gifford did recognize the value of Southey and the quality of his work. He even went so far as to postpone indefinitely an article by Croker on Brougham because, apparently, he feared it would offend Southey. At any rate, he wrote to Murray:[233] "If we could do without such men as Southey and Mr. Ellis, it might be possible to act differently; but at any rate I prefer Mr. Canning to William Erskine." Of Southey he wrote further: "Southey's prose is

so good that everyone detects him. But take care how you confess it. Mum is always the safest word. When Southey comes to town, let him do as he pleases." At another time he complained to Murray that Bedford had too much influence on Southey, but that the latter was, after all, "the sheet anchor of the *Review*, and should not be lightly hurt."[234]

Another thing that caused Southey to feel embarrassed for a time was the outgrowth of his activity in securing a new editor for the *Quarterly*. In 1822, when Gifford's health became so bad that he was unable to do his work alone, Southey urged upon both Gifford and Murray that J. T. Coleridge be appointed in his place. Smiles says that Southey himself was mentioned as a possible successor, but it does not appear that the position was actually offered to him.[235] Southey's own letters bear out this statement. He mentioned the fact that an offer was made to him to give him the editorship of a rival Review; but he preferred to see the present one put into capable hands. He wrote to the Rev. Herbert Hill that he was using his influence to "get John Coleridge chosen King of the Romans, upon the demise or abdication of Emperor Gifford." As for Gifford himself, he hoped that the old editor might live as long as he considered life desirable. He implied in the letter that his own name had been mentioned, but he did not state specifically that the editorship had actually been offered to him.[236] He thought that Gifford was "indifferent in all matters of taste, had a leaning, if at all, on the wrong side, and wrote most of his own papers in disgraceful temper."[237] He wrote to Bedford, December 7, 1822, that John May had informed him that it was all but decided that Coleridge was to become the editor, since Gifford continued very ill.[238] Naturally, when Gifford recovered, almost completely for a time, and was able to go on with his work, Southey felt ill at ease. He wrote to Bedford[239] that he had not heard from the editor

since his recovery and thought perhaps Gifford was not in very good humor over his premature efforts in behalf of a successor. There is no indication that his supposition was true; but six months later Gifford wrote to Southey informing him that he had promised Murray to conduct the Review, if he could, to the sixtieth number, and then he would "have done with it." When the sixtieth number was out and Coleridge became editor, Southey was elated. He looked upon the choice as a personal triumph for him.[240] He probably did not know that when his own name was mentioned to Gifford for the editorship, the veteran editor was sure that if Southey were allowed to manage the *Quarterly*, he would ruin it completely in a few numbers.[241] But he was not concerned with editing it himself. He felt that while Gifford was editor, he was between two fires;[242] and he was afraid that his recommendation of J. T. Coleridge might even be a hindrance. Gifford considered him too liberally inclined, and Murray, on the other hand, thought him too bigoted. But when Gifford actually resigned, Murray remembered Southey's recommendation and offered Coleridge the place. When the latter accepted, Murray notified Gifford and wrote to Southey, telling him of the appointment and asking him to write out his opinion and recommendation of Coleridge and send it to Canning and Croker.[243] Under Coleridge, therefore, Southey believed he would be free from the irritation he felt under Gifford. He wrote to Murray,[244] October 25, 1824, that he would allow no future editor to exercise the same discretion over his papers that Gifford had exercised. He was willing, he said, to curtail at any time what might be deemed too long; but he would not sacrifice his own judgment as to what he thought important. He also expected to see a better attitude toward the United States, and he wrote to George Ticknor to that effect.[245] But his relations with later editors do not concern us.

Gifford's relations with the other two "Lake Poets," Wordsworth and Coleridge, are soon disposed of. There is no evidence that Wordsworth had any direct dealings with Gifford, Murray, or the *Quarterly*; nor could there be found any direct reference on the editor's part to Wordsworth. The poet, however, had no high opinion of the talents of Gifford. Knight records[246] that he said that the stupidity of Gifford and the impertinence of Jeffrey destroyed the profits he would otherwise have realized on his poetry, and kept him from buying books he needed. Coleridge had a tale of woe to tell about the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. His arrangements with Murray for the publication of his writings were unsatisfactory.[247] He thought Gifford wrote the review of *Rejected Addresses*,[248] in which Croker had observed that he was afraid Coleridge would not be so much entertained as he himself was by the imitation of *Religious Musings*, "which begin with characteristic pathos and simplicity, and put us much in mind of the affecting story of old Poulter's Mare." He heard through Dr. Bell that "a man of great talents, both in prose and verse, who was himself impartial, . . . thought highly of [*Remorse*] as a whole." He learned that the man was Gifford, and that he had said "good-naturedly" that the author "ought to be whipped for leaving so many slovenly lines in a fine poem." Coleridge declared that Gifford did not say which were the slovenly lines, and he himself did not care to know. He held that a dramatic poem "must and ought to have" inequalities. He wrote to Thomas Allsop[249] that he was "left to decide whether the *Edinburgh Review* by its open, predetermined abuse, or the *Quarterly Review* with its cold, brief compliments, and warm regrets," was his worst enemy. He accused the Quarterly[250] of reëchoing his praise of the blank verse of Cary's translation of Dante without giving him the credit. When his nephew, J. T. Coleridge, became editor, he wrote to him

expressing pain and regret that his nephew should thus be compared with Gifford, even though the comparison would favor his nephew. He had reason enough to complain of the *Edinburgh Review*, but on the whole, he was not unfavorably treated by the *Quarterly*.[251]

It is perhaps best at this point to give a brief account of the relations between Scott and Gifford. There has been some difference of opinion as to the relation between the editor and the most important supporter of the *Quarterly* in the field of literature. Some writers have held that Scott was inclined to be illiberal with Gifford and to be the cause of friction between the editor and himself.[252] Others have felt that Gifford was inclined to find pleasure in making thrusts at the northern poet when the opportunity offered itself.[253] It is doubtful whether either of these views is entirely correct. R. W. Hay, in his letter to the publisher protesting against an attack on Gifford in a London periodical several years after the editor's death, stated that the only value the attack had was the fact that it quoted strictures on Gifford by Scott, Southey, and John Wilson. He suggested that the high station which these men held in literature might have made them "more than commonly sensitive to the corrections and erasures which were proposed by the editor." That Southey was sensitive there is abundant evidence. There is also no doubt that he was at times justly irritated. As to John Wilson, Dr. Graham[254] does not list him as one of the contributors, nor does Smiles record any contributions by him. It is nevertheless possible that he did furnish an occasional review for the *Quarterly*. The strictures referred to by Hay are probably those in *Blackwood's*[255] on the edition of Jonson, and have to do with Gifford's attack on Drummond of Hawthornden. Hay declared that Scott "was perfectly capable of writing so carelessly as to require correction." This assertion may be admitted without

question; but there is no evidence that Scott really did resent corrections. It was he who suggested to Gifford most of the rules for conducting the paper; and he was one of Gifford's main stays during its early years. Gifford was continually begging him to contribute; and whenever Scott did not, it was either because he was ill or was too busy with his other writing. When he neglected to furnish an article for the third number, Gifford and Murray both wrote to him. A few times he furnished no article for two or three numbers. But in his first letters thereafter he always expressed his regret at being unable to contribute, and inquired after Gifford in a friendly way. Once he wrote to Murray, after a period of neglect of the *Quarterly*, and promised to return to reviewing, "above all to please Gifford, who has reason to complain of me."[256] He also told the publisher it was not necessary to send the proofs of his article on *Emma*, for Gifford would correct all obvious errors and abridge it where necessary.[257]

Scott's earlier fears about Gifford's ability to conduct a Review successfully were shared by Murray and several others, and were not due to any personal feeling. His estimate of the editor, written after the latter's death,[258] is not unduly harsh, nor does it show any sign of bitterness or vindictiveness. "As a commentator," says Scott, "he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancor against those who had preceded him in his task, but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacement of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labors, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment." Scott was willing, moreover, to excuse or overlook this severity because he thought it might have been due to poor health

and valetudinarian habits. He elsewhere expressed great respect for Gifford's talents.

Gifford also seems to have had genuine admiration for Scott's work, though he found some faults in it. When Murray asked Scott to look over an article on Crabbe,[259] Scott replied that he would be very happy to do so if Gifford should wish it. When he sent his article "On the Correspondence of Lady Suffolk," after a lapse of several years, Gifford, says Smiles,[260] was overjoyed and wrote to Murray: "Scott's paper is a clever, sensible thing—the work of a man who knows what he is about." But he did not like the ending of *The Black Dwarf* and expressed his disapproval in strong terms.[261] Blackwood also, in conversation with Ballantyne, had spoken adversely of the ending, and Scott (who knew Blackwood only by name) in a joking way told Ballantyne to tell Blackwood that the author of *The Black Dwarf* belonged to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither gave nor received criticism. When Ballantyne sent the message, says Lockhart, he added a comment of his own to the effect that the author was sorry the novel had been shown to Gifford, but that he wouldn't cancel a leaf to please all the critics in Edinburgh or London. But Gifford did not like some of Scott's friends. He expressed to Murray his disapproval of William Erskine; and his ridicule of Henry Weber, who had been engaged by Scott and Ballantyne to prepare an edition of Ford and was the former's amanuensis, was certainly not tempered in any way out of respect to Scott.

We know very little definitely about what Gifford thought of Shelley and Keats; but we may infer that his opinions were merely seconded by J. T. Coleridge and Croker. Shelley believed that Southey wrote the review of *The Revolt of Islam*,[262] but Southey denied the authorship in a letter to the poet. It was generally believed that Gifford had written the

review of *Endymion*;[263] but Dr. Graham has shown that Croker was the guilty writer. Neither of these reviews is Gifford's in style, though he would most probably have subscribed to the sentiments expressed in them. The tone of scandalized and righteous indignation which the reviewer assumed in his treatment of Shelley is, to be sure, one found in Gifford's criticisms; but the method and plan of the review are not his. So also may it be said that the political bias of the review and the complete ignoring of the poetry in *Endymion* could easily be Gifford's. But this review has an impudence and an effectiveness of ridicule that Gifford could not command. Croker could risk saying in a general way that Keats had "powers of language, rays of fancy, and gleams of genius"; but neither his nor Gifford's sensibilities were pervious to the qualities of poetry found in the poem. Neither Keats nor Shelley made any attempt to reply to the *Quarterly*, or left many hints as to what he thought of Gifford. Keats thought that the Reviews had "enervated and made indolent men's minds"; that they were "like a superstition, which the more it prostrates the crows and the longer it continues, the more powerful it becomes just in proportion to their increasing weakness." He admired Hazlitt's power of invective,—of "damning,"[264] as he called it, and he quoted admiringly his *Letter to William Gifford.* He considered the cowardliness of the *Edinburgh Review* worse than the abuse of the *Quarterly.*[265] It is extremely doubtful whether the article on *Endymion* had the least effect on his physical condition, or was in any way connected with his death. It might, of course, be possible that the shock did really rupture a blood vessel in his already weakened body, and that this rupture caused tuberculosis which led to his death. But Keats's own nature and his attitude toward the *Quarterly* and other Reviews disprove the supposition that it did happen, Byron's contemptuous epigram

and Shelley's sympathetic indignation notwithstanding. That Shelley himself sincerely believed that the *Quarterly* was responsible for Keats's death, cannot be doubted. He addressed a letter of remonstrance to Gifford (c. 1820) which, however, he never sent. His belief as expressed in *Adonais* is well known. Concerning himself, Shelley seemed to feel that the *Quarterly's* review of *The Revolt of Islam* had alienated his friends from him. The insinuation of immorality in his private life was especially obnoxious to him.[266] He did not see the article in question until October, about six months after it appeared. Medwin described his mirthless laughter over the reviewer's comparison between him and Pharaoh of old.[267] The poet remonstrated with Southey, who he first thought had written the article. In his unsent letter to Gifford he said that he enjoyed some "exquisite entertainment" from certain parts of it. "Seriously speaking, I am not in the habit of permitting myself to be disturbed by what is said or written of me, though, I dare say, I may be condemned sometimes justly enough. But I feel, in respect to the writer in question, that 'I am there sitting where he durst not soar.'"[268] He admitted to Thomas Love Peacock[269] that the *Quarterly Review* was undoubtedly conducted with great talent, but he felt that it afforded all the more "a dreadful preponderance against the cause of improvement."

Walter Savage Landor was another writer who clearly was not one of the group of the *Quarterly's* elect, nor was he held in more regard by Gifford. As early as 1803, Gifford had remarked about *Gebir*[270] that it was "a jumble of incomprehensible trash—the most vile and despicable effusion of a mad and muddy brain that ever disgraced, I will not say the press, but the *darkened Walls of Bedlam.*" In 1811, when Landor published a pamphlet on the character of Fox, he dedicated it to President Madison. The dedication is not at all sensational; but Gifford was furious about it. He wrote to

Murray as follows: "I never read so rascally a thing as the Dedication. It is almost too bad for the Eatons and other publishers of mad democratic books. In the pamphlet itself there are many clever bits, but there is no taste and little judgment. His attacks on private men are very bad. Those on Mr. C. are too stupid to do much harm, or, indeed, any. The Dedication is the most abject piece of business I ever read. It shows Landor to have a most rancorous and malicious heart. Nothing but a rooted hatred of his country could have made him dedicate his Jacobinical book to the most contemptible wretch that ever crept into authority, and whose only recommendation to him is his implacable enmity to his country. I think you might write to Southey; but I would not, on any account, have you publish such a scoundrel address."[271] Southey, who was a friend of Landor's, suggested tactfully to him that Murray was uneasy about accepting the work for publication. The editor of a recent edition of the pamphlet[272] suggests that Landor had the mistaken notion that Gifford "lay ever in wait for him." It is not likely that Landor ever saw Gifford's letter to Murray; but he must have seen the remarks on his *Gebir* made by Gifford earlier. Southey reviewed his *Count Julian* not unfavorably,[273] for a friendly hand guided the pen. When the first publication of *Imaginary Conversations* was reviewed in the *Quarterly*, the writer was Henry Taylor,[274] and Landor was not spared. The article contained an absurd review of *Gebir*, as well as an equally absurd review of most of the *Conversations*. The reviewer considered his verses "consummately prudent, for they divulged no meaning whatever." With these gentle reminders Landor may have concluded, with some reason, that Gifford was lying in wait for him.

There were a great many other men of letters who came into contact with Gifford. His relations with Murray as

publisher and his duties as editor widened his circle of literary acquaintances, just as his associations with Pitt and Canning earlier had widened that of his political acquaintances. Murray himself maintained a sort of club room over his book store where authors met to read or exchange literary gossip. Here many writers became personally acquainted with the editor. Such men as Thomas Campbell, Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Thomas Hope, James Milman, Henry Hallam, Foscolo, and the Americans, Washington Irving and young George Ticknor (when they were in London) frequented the drawing room, as Irving called it. There were, of course, others who had dealings with him through Murray. It is doubtful whether James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was personally acquainted with him; but he, like the others, was subject to his judgment, either directly or indirectly. It is necessary to sketch briefly some of these relationships.

Campbell, Rogers, and Moore represent three Whigs with more or less Tory leanings and may be mentioned together. The first of these knew Gifford before the *Quarterly Review* was contemplated, and used to visit him at Ryde as early as 1807.[275] His relations with the *Quarterly* were apparently friendly during Gifford's editorship. Scott handled the review of *Gertrude of Wyoming* in a sympathetic manner, which was probably more laudatory than it should have been.[276] Campbell had a real respect for Gifford's scholarship. In his article on Jonson in Brewster's *Encyclopedia*[277] he spoke favorably of Gifford's edition of that dramatist. As to Moore and Rogers, we have already seen that they were invited to contribute to the *Quarterly* but declined because they were not in sympathy with its principles. Moore had no cause for complaint over the way he was reviewed in the Tory *Quarterly*. He too knew the editor personally, and sometimes called on him in his office. He considered him

"the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand, but then all gall and spitefulness."[278] Gifford admired his *Fudge Family*, and once asked Moore if he was not disgusted by the "vile imitation of the 'Fudges' just come out." Moore observed that the remark took him by surprise, but he made no further comment on it.[279] He was disgusted by Gifford's memoir of Ben Jonson and could scarcely read it.[280] He felt a sort of contempt for Gifford, Murray, and the *Quarterly*, and the feeling grew when the dispute arose over the publication of Byron's memoirs.[281] Rogers did not fare so well at the hands of the reviewers. He did not, it is true, charge Gifford with the authorship of the article on his *Poems*,[282] for he knew that J. W. Ward was the author. This man (later Lord Dudley) had communicated with Rogers while he was preparing the review, and then "in a tone of calculated depreciation, made more incisive by an affectation of respect," he had proceeded to demolish the poems, especially the one entitled "Columbus." The article provoked the following epigram, which Rogers, with the assistance of Richard Sharp, composed:

> Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it.
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.[283]

The review caused an estrangement for a time between Rogers and his reviewer. During the period of estrangement, says Clayden, a lady one day asked Rogers if he had seen Ward lately. "What Ward?" he asked. "Why, our Ward, to be sure!" she replied. "*Our* Ward!" sneered Rogers; "you may keep him all to yourself."[284] But there never was much cordiality between Rogers and Gifford. One day, shortly after the review of his poems appeared, Rogers called on Lord Grosvenor, and found Gifford sitting with him. They chatted away in a very friendly manner on that occasion; but when Rogers left, Gifford turned to Lord Grosvenor with a smile and asked if he thought Rogers had

seen the last *Quarterly*. Dyce[285] thought he had not, but Clayden[286] believed that he had, and showed the extra cordiality to keep Gifford from thinking he felt hurt. When *Jacqueline* appeared, printed with Byron's *Lara*, Ellis[287] dismissed the poem with the single remark that it was a "highly refined and somewhat vapid" pastoral tale, and discussed *Lara* at length. According to Lady Byron, her husband, when he saw the review, exclaimed that Ellis was a fool; for *Jacqueline* was as superior to *Lara* as Rogers was to Byron himself.[288] That Byron was sincere in this statement is doubtful. The remark may be construed to mean something else than a compliment to Rogers.

James Hogg, through the friendly offices of Scott, almost became a contributor to the *Quarterly*. Gifford, however, did not seem to be very enthusiastic over his ability,[289] though he said that he would be very glad to have Hogg furnish an article on contemporary Scottish poetry. At the time, Hogg was applying for help from Byron, Scott, Murray, and others. Scott, in 1818, sent an article on Hogg written by his friend, Grieve, for use in the *Quarterly*, if Gifford found it acceptable. Apparently Gifford did not find it so, for it never appeared. Hogg then wrote to Murray that he heard Gifford had a hard prejudice against him, but that he could not believe it; for he was himself a very harmless person. If he was an intruder into the field of literature, he was a mere saunterer, he said, and would "malign nobody who chooses to let me pass." He offered to bet Gifford a manuscript poem (which he had more frequently than money) that if the editor would suggest some light work for him to review, he would write it better than Gifford expected.[290] But he never furnished any articles.

In 1815 the young publisher, George Ticknor, met Gifford in Murray's literary club room. He was surprised to find the satirist and editor a small, deformed man with eyes

turned outward. He was more surprised to learn that he was a different man to meet from what he appeared to be in his writings. Ticknor declared him to be "one of the best-natured, most open and well bred gentlemen" he had ever met. Irving became pretty well known to the group that gathered at Murray's. His *Sketch Book* was reviewed in the *Quarterly* by Henry Mathews. The review[291] is on the whole fair in the estimate of the work, but it was in places extremely patronizing and irritating. Irving, too, was agreeably surprised at meeting the editor. "He is mild and courteous in his manners, without any of the petulance that you would be apt to expect, and is quite simple, unaffected, and unassuming." He said that Murray told him that Gifford did not write any full articles for the review, and that he was "very apt to extract the sting from articles that are rather virulent." The last remark is rather surprising. Irving himself would hardly have agreed with it if he had known that it was Gifford who had put much of the sting into the review of his *Tales of a Traveller*, which has already been discussed. But Gifford did not want him to find that out. He wrote to Murray concerning it: "If my name be mentioned, let it be tenderly, for he is a real favorite of mine."[292] Not many Americans were favorites of Gifford's. It does not appear that J. K. Paulding was personally known to Gifford or Murray. His *Sketch of Old England* was ironically reviewed in the *Quarterly*, but the reviewer seems not to have realized that his author was also attempting to be humorous. It cannot be said that the *Quarterly* under Gifford's editorship lent much assistance to the establishing of friendly relations with America.

Murray, as we have seen, often relied on Gifford's judgment as to whether a work should be published or not. After the earlier friction wore off and the publisher and the editor came to know each other better, the former relied

on the latter more and more frequently. Gifford's judgment often meant the prompt acceptance or rejection of the work in question. His recommendation concerning Landor's pamphlet on Fox was made in no uncertain terms. He was influential in determining whether Murray should publish Byron's works. He approved of Southey's proposal to Murray to write a *History of the Peninsular War*, which Murray was to publish. On his recommendation Murray published Jane Austen's *Emma*, Gifford offering to make the necessary revision of the manuscript. The editor did not have a very high opinion of Madame de Staël; and without reading her *Del'Allemagne*, which he termed her "suicidal work," he advised Murray not to publish a translation of it. On his advice the publisher rejected Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*.[293] Through Gifford's praise of Milman's *Fall of Jerusalem*, the author was able to make more favorable terms with the publisher. Gifford praised highly Thomas Mitchell's translation of *The Birds* of Aristophanes, and encouraged him to go ahead with *The Knights* and have it published. At first Mitchell was not impressed by Gifford, and wrote to Murray that he was not; but later he was pleased to learn that Gifford was overseeing the translation as it progressed.[294] But Sir John Dillon's play, *The Chieftain's Daughter*, was refused publication[295] because Gifford ridiculed it to Murray. He told the publisher that it was "very smooth, very pretty, very tame, very improbable, and very childish," and that he himself would "engage to write three such tragedies faster than a common letter." He added, however, that the audiences were sillier than the silliest writer and perhaps the play would suit them. Isaac D'Israeli was never very favorably impressed with the management of the *Quarterly;* but when he was preparing his work on James I for Murray's publication, he requested that Gifford should survey it before it went

to press. Although Gifford's likes and dislikes had a great deal of influence over the publications, such influence must have caused the doughty editor much extra work.

As editor and adviser for Murray, Gifford naturally had varied experiences. A manuscript was submitted to him which was unintelligible. He declared to Murray that it was not the work of a man. "A man," he wrote, "may write as great nonsense as a woman, and even greater; but a girl may pass through those execrable abodes of ignorance called boarding schools, without learning whether the sun sets in the East or in the West, whereas a boy can hardly do this, even at Parson's Green."[296] His experience with Alice Palmer has been recorded. At another time a man high up in government circles sent an article for publication. When Gifford insisted on paying him for the article, he became angry and refused the money; whereupon Gifford refused the article. A brother of Mrs. Hemans (Major H. Browne) asked Murray to offer a liberal sum for the copyright of his sister's play, *Abericerrages*, and requested him to see that Gifford alloted a page of the *Quarterly* to the review of the work. Of course, the latter request was refused.[297] Another more persistent writer was Lady Caroline Lamb, wife of William Lamb (Lord Melbourne) and author of *Glenarvon*, a romance in which the hero is supposed to be Lord Byron. She tried to have Gifford criticize *Penruddock* favorably, and was very much concerned when she received no word from Murray, lest the criticism should be unfavorable. When she sent in *Ada Reis*, her next work, her husband tried to persuade her to stop writing, or at any rate to take more time. But not being successful, he applied to Murray to urge Gifford (whose opinion he thought his wife would respect) to impress upon her, if he saw in her first two works sufficient excellence to counterbalance the faults, the necessity for careful revision.[298]

V

A successful editor of such a periodical as the *Quarterly Review* must have great power, and must necessarily exercise it at times in an arbitrary manner. Gifford undoubtedly did this, and was consequently much criticized by some contributors and many writers whose works were reviewed. He was conscious of his power and sometimes apparently exulted in it. As time went on, most of his contributors became more loyal to him. In a letter to Canning in 1824, he recalled that it was just sixteen years ago that Canning had written to him inviting him "to take the throne." He referred to himself as King Gifford, adding that several of the best contributors had declared they would submit to no one but him. "As far as regards myself," he wrote, "I have borne my faculties soberly, if not meekly. I have resisted, with undeviating firmness, every attempt to encroach upon me, every solicitation of publisher, author, friend, or friend's friend, and turned not a jot aside for power or delight." One of the rules of the *Quarterly*, which was recommended by Scott and patterned after the policy of the *Edinburgh Review*, and which seems to have been inflexible, was that of accepting no article gratis. If the pay at first was a flat rate of ten guineas a sheet, that rate was not maintained. Southey at the beginning received this amount, which was two and a half times what he received from the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. But according to Rogers, Gifford offered Moore an initial rate of twenty guineas a sheet for all he would contribute, the amount the *Edinburgh* was then paying. Southey too received double pay for his *Life of Nelson*.[299] He was afterwards given a fixed rate of a hundred guineas an article. Another contributor who most certainly received much more than ten guineas a sheet was the Rev. Prof. Monk of Cambridge who was the original author of the article in Number 38 entitled "Mr.

Brougham—Education Committee." Though Croker and Canning (and Gifford, according to Smiles) changed the article considerably, Monk received generous pay for it, which he acknowledged as "very handsome and indeed magnificent." He also declared that the opinion expressed by Murray and Gifford as to its merits was "far beyond" what he felt himself entitled to.[300] It seems clear, therefore, that the pay was not the same for all contributors. Very probably certain contributors were offered special inducements to furnish a particular kind of article, the nature of which inducement was kept a secret. This supposition helps to explain why Gifford was so desirous of having all the records destroyed of contributors and of the pay each one received.[301]

Gifford himself received originally £200 a year for the work of editing the *Quarterly Review*. In addition to this sum, Murray gave him 160 guineas, either before or after each issue appeared, to distribute as he himself thought best. This was probably used to pay contributors for their articles. The amount is about the equivalent of 10 guineas a sheet. But if such is the case, the sum was greatly increased later, for Southey himself received for his work in some numbers more than 100 guineas. The arrangement must have been only a temporary one.[302] Gifford's salary was increased until at the time he resigned he was receiving £900. But besides the regular salary, he received, as we have seen, numerous other gifts from Murray—so many that he frequently reproved Murray for being too liberal.

An examination of the *Quarterly Review* under Gifford's editorship, and even under that of Lockhart, reveals a few striking facts. The first is the seriousness of the work. This is seen in the general heaviness of the content and in the strong Tory bias of the reviewers. The content of the articles and the attitude of the writers were of more importance than the style in which the reviews were presented.

The fact, however, that most of the contributors were not literary men accounts for much of the heaviness of the articles and for their frequent dullness. Another characteristic is the varied nature of the content. Politics, theology, geology, medicine, antiquarian research, biography, literature, travels, all appear in articles of clumsy, indifferent, or skillful handling. The articles on different countries by John Barrow were eagerly read. Works on political science were of vital interest to those staunch preservers of British conservatism. Contemporary history was of interest because those were history-making days. Facts rather than theories, laws rather than speculation, form the key to the interpretation of the *Quarterly* to our age. Present-day Reviews are doubtless more readable; but they are hardly so substantial as the *Quarterly* was in its time. Much of the subject matter is now of no general interest. But it is fortunate that most of the material of more permanent interest was contributed by two of the prominent literary men of the time—Scott and Southey. Nevertheless, Gifford's part in whipping those diverse products of equally diverse individuals into a semblance of uniformity was no small one.

Chapter VIII

CONCLUSION

One of the most striking things met with in the study of William Gifford is the contrast between Gifford the man and Gifford the writer. John Taylor, Tom Moore, Scott, and many others testified to this contrast. While it is not possible to harmonize the two impressions, it is possible to explain the cause of the contrast. The explanation, I believe, is found in the kind of life Gifford led and in the methods of criticism then in vogue. On account of Gifford's infirmities, he did not mingle with men to any great extent, especially outside of Murray's "drawing room" or literary clubroom. By the small circle of his intimate friends he was naturally loved. The larger circle of political and literary friends and colleagues would not be inclined to cause any friction between him and themselves. Besides, it would be only natural for him to try to be agreeable to those men and women of letters who gathered in Murray's reading room. Irving states that though these visitors were men of different politics, they were most frequently ministerialists. But when the question was involved of propagating objectionable political theories or advocating literary principles contrary to the accepted ones, the case was far different. Gifford followed the prevailing practice. The warfare with the pen was not concerned with friendships but was concerned only with the objectionable principles. There was none of the attitude of "sweet reasonableness" among critics. The means used did not spare personalities, and as a result personal enmity often arose. Contemporary opinions in regard to Gifford are therefore likely to be prejudiced either in favor of or against him.

As a writer, Gifford belonged to an old order in a changing

era. The norms of drama, poetry, and criticism were for him those of Ben Jonson, Pope, and Dr. Johnson, or in general those of the mid-eighteenth century. He accepted the standards of this period and battled for them in his own way. His style of criticism was the approved type for those who accepted these standards. His rival of the *Edinburgh Review*, Francis Jeffrey, followed the same standards and employed much the same style of criticism. And even his arch-enemy Hazlitt, who did not adhere to these tenets of criticism, nevertheless often exhibited the same manner. Gifford was by nature satirical; and he therefore satirized the new order, which he believed was one of corruption and debased standards of morals, politics, and literature. Throughout his whole life he regarded it as his duty to brand what he considered "literary quackery" and to expose and ridicule what he believed to be "obtrusive ignorance" or "conceited dullness." His first essay at satire set forth this aim in life. He enunciated his mission either directly or indirectly in all his published works. He stated it at least four different times, and he implied it in his critical writings.

This feeling of the importance of his life exhibits itself in many ways. It caused him to take himself seriously at all times. It obscured or entirely obliterated all sense of humor. He early believed that he had considerable poetical ability, and looked upon his own poems with complacent pride. He assumed a tone of authority which he reinforced by violence of language and bitterness of spirit. He claimed for himself an excellence in his editions of the dramatists with which later scholarship has not been able to credit him. He was extremely impatient of other men's opinions if they differed from his. Especially was this true of those who differed with him in political beliefs. He let politics and religion too often be the factors which determined the

excellence of a writing. He was in consequence as much swayed by prejudices as by sound judgment. Or perhaps it is better to say that too often his rooted Tory prejudices were for him sound judgment. Only in others could he see that prejudice is "blinder than a mill-horse." He saw little good in the French people. He was a bitter opponent of the French Revolution, not only of the excesses of the Revolutionists, but of the fundamental principles of the movement. These are his outstanding faults, and they are everywhere in evidence in his works.

To try to excuse his weakness, or, if you please, to defend his methods, is unnecessary and, I believe, impossible. His was a type of mind that could not see things with the same understanding with which that of a Fox or a Hazlitt saw them. To say that he was right and Hazlitt wrong, or that he was wrong and Hazlitt right, is futile. If the brutal and unfair methods of criticism then employed appear to some people now as of shockingly bad taste and manners, and almost impossible of belief, there are others who still hold that the people of England who wanted to imitate France "had to be shot down like mad dogs; for a cur, though contemptible in ordinary cases, becomes tragic when he has got hydrophobia."[303] With such a wide divergence of opinion, there is little hope of finding a common ground. Perhaps criticism such as was made by Gifford and others of his time tends to prevent absurdity; and one may be tempted to wish that something like it were employed more often now. But again, perhaps greater injuries are done to writers of promise by such methods.

As a scholar, Gifford deserves some notice; he performed a real service to scholarship in his editions of the dramatists. But his influence is little felt in this field. As a translator, he also deserves some credit. It was generally held by his contemporaries that his translation of Juvenal was his most

important work. But here too his influence is little felt. As a writer of criticism, he was far less important than as editor of a great and influential critical journal. His own critical writings are few and deal with unimportant works. They lack the disinterestedness and universality necessary for good criticism. But he wielded a large influence as editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

NOTES

Chapter I

1. The first edition says 1757.

2. The name is given in the third edition (1817), Vol. I, p. v.

3. Rev. C. W. Boase: *Register of Exeter College*, Oxf. Hist. Soc., 1894, Vol. 27, pp. 202, 208. Gifford's age is here recorded as twenty-one years, which agrees with the date of his birth given in the first edition of Juvenal, namely, 1757. Moreover, unless he did not enter college for over a year after he was pronounced ready, the later date rather than the earlier agrees with the circumstances mentioned in the Autobiography. If he was born in April, 1757, he would have had eighteen months of his apprenticeship still to serve, as he says he had, when Cookesley found him in October, 1776. Two years and two months later (December, 1778) he was ready for the university. If he entered on February 16, 1779, he would be twenty-one years old.

4. See his Juvenal, 3d ed., Vol. I, p. xxi, note. He mentions two tragedies, *The Oracle* and *The Italian*. Nothing further is known about them.

5. It seems to have been the same friend who suggested that he present to Dr. Stinton his translation of the Tenth Satire. Gifford refers to him as "my friend." In the same place he is telling about the encouragement Smerdon gave him.

6. Former Governor of Madras and at the time Member of Parliament for Ashburton.

7. As quoted by Smiles, *Memoirs of John Murray* (Vol. I, p. 132), the letter is undated, but it must have been written shortly after Gifford entered Exeter; for it contains details relative to Gifford's affairs at Ashburton, namely a bill which Cookesley paid to Gifford's landlord, a Mr. Earle. These "Pastorals" are probably the eclogues referred to by "Eponymos" in the biographical sketch in the *Literary Gazette* for June 9, 1827.

8. The article was signed by the Greek word "Eponymos," used in the sense of "named after."

9. *Records of My Life* (1833), pp. 89 ff.

10. See Peter Pindar: *Works* (1812), Vol. III, pp. 493 ff., and Vol. IV, pp. 331 ff.

11. Hoppner's mother-in-law was Mrs. Patience Wright, a celebrated modeler of wax portraits. She lived and had her studio at the east end of Pall Mall. It is very likely that Gifford and Peters were familiar with this place and perhaps met Hoppner there. Moreover, Hoppner lived all of his life in this vicinity.

12. *Records of My Life*, pp. 89 ff.

13. Clayden: *Rogers and His Contemporaries* (1889), Vol. I, p. 57.

14. *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (1st ed., July, 1800), p. 35 (date on title-page lacking).

15. *Works* (1812), Vol. III, pp. 493 ff.

16. *Autobiography*, Vol. IV, p. 117.

17. The edition of 1797 has only the first and last named poems.

18. *Baviad and Maeviad* (1811), p. 95 f.

19. The statement in the *Annual Biography and Obituary* (Vol. XII, pp. 159 ff.) that "The Grave of Anna" is an elegy on his housekeeper Ann Davies, is, of course, erroneous; Ann Davies died about twenty years after the poem was written. This error is copied in several other short biographical sketches of Gifford, including the *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. VII.

20. *Journal*, Vol. I, p. 342.

21. See *European Magazine*, Vol. XVI, p. 294.

22. "Tears of the Salt-Box," *Eaton Chronicle*, p. 154.

23. Third ed., Vol. II, p. 102.

24. *The Annual Biography and Obituary* (1828) gives the date of the *Baviad* as 1794, which has been copied by most of the commentators on Gifford since that time.

25. See American reprint of edition of 1797, pp. 35–37.

26. *American Political Register* (1816), pp. 321–352.

27. The *Baviad and Maeviad* (1827) says that Gifford received £600 as Comptroller of the Lottery and £300 as Paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. Cobbett (*American Political Register*, pp. 321–352) also gives these amounts and says that Gifford received in addition £329 a year as Clerk of the Foreign Estreats.

28. The successor to the *Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner*, its only connection with it being that of receiving all the material left over from it. It was edited by John Richards Green, who at that time had taken the name of John Gifford.

29. Ninth ed. (1799), p. 51.

30. The signed statement by the publisher Wright in the *True*

Briton for Aug. 25, 1800. See *European Magazine* for Aug., 1800 (Vol. XXXIII, p. 86), in which the different accounts appeared.

31. The *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1828, p. 184, states that Wolcot actually wrote the satire, "A Cut at a Cobbler," but that it was "so lacking in wit and poetry and so filled with passion that it merely turned the people against him." This account has been copied by some later biographers. The *New Monthly Magazine* for Oct., 1818 (Vol. X), states that Wolcot, "not contented with resorting to some scurrilous verses, entitled 'A Lash for a Cobbler,' took an opportunity of attacking our author in a shop in Piccadilly." The *Annual Biography and Obituary* account is copied by Nichols in his *Literary History* (Vol. VI) and by Theo. Reiterer in his "Leben und Werke Peter Pindars" (*Wiener Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie*, XI Band); but the latter gives as the title of the satire "A Little Lash for a Little Cobbler" and explains that Wolcot wrote it before he learned that he had attacked the wrong Gifford. But this satire is not included in the complete works of Wolcot (5 vols., 1812); and if his own words are to be believed, he never wrote it at all. See Vol. III, p. 493.

32. Taylor's statement (*Records of My Life*, p. 390) that Gifford wrote his satire as a result of the cane attack is clearly erroneous.

33. *An Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers*, p. 13.

34. Lewis Melville: *Life and Letters of William Cobbett*, Vol. I, pp. 130, 139. Letters to Windham, Oct. 7, 1801, and Nov. 24, 1801, the latter telling of the sale of *The Porcupine*.

35. Vol. XXXVI 2d ser., September, October, and November.

36. Vol. XII, p. 99.

37. It appeared the latter part of 1826 but is dated 1827.

38. *Memoirs of John Murray*.

39. Quoted in the *Baviad and Maeviad* (1797), p. 139, note.

40. *Familiar Letters* (1894), Vol. II, p. 401.

41. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 262.

42. *Ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 337.

43. *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 56.

44. Aside from the index volume (20) only two numbers of the *Quarterly* appeared in 1818.

45. Stapleton: *Canning's Official Correspondence*, Vol. I, p. 224. Gifford's letter to Canning, Sept. 8, 1824.

46. Afterwards Sir Robert Grant, the Indian Judge.

47. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 163; also Stapleton: *Canning's Official Correspondence*, Vol. I, p. 129.

48. *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. II, p. 59.

49. Stapleton: *Canning's Official Correspondence*, Vol. I, p. 224; Vol. II, p. 233.

50. *Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. VI, p. 12.

51. *Autobiography*, Vol. III, p. 66.

52. *Literary Gazette*, Jan. 6, 1827, p. 8.

53. *Records of My Life*, p. 441.

54. Smiles, Vol. II, pp. 177–179.

55. *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* (1876), Vol. I, p. 60.

56. Quoted by Smiles, Vol. II, p. 130.

57. *Autobiography*, Vol. I, p. 241.

58. Lewis Melville: *Life and Letters of William Cobbett*, Vol. I, p. 163. Letter of July 9, 1802.

59. *American Political Register*, pp. 10, 321–352 *et al.*, and *Advice to Young Men* (1829–1830), par. 56.

60. Clayden: *Rogers and His Contemporaries*, Vol. I, p. 57.

61. June 6, 1827, p. 362.

62. He published, among other things, an edition of Pindar.

63. *Journal*, Vol. I, p. 341.

64. Wm. Jerdan: *Autobiography*, Vol. IV, p. 103. Gifford wrote to Jerdan: "By the by, your old acquaintance, Taylor, seems out of his wits. He calls his paper the 'Parson's Paper,' and yet he is daily printing the blasphemies of a poor ignorant wretch whom he calls Stockham." The paper referred to was the *Sun*, which Taylor edited.

65. James T. Hodgson: *Memoirs of Rev. Francis Hodgson*, Vol. I.

66. Rev. W. Beloe: *The Sexagenarian*, Vol. II, pp. 113–117.

67. "Eponymos" states that Gifford enjoyed a close intimacy with Pitt; that when he dined alone with the prime minister, or with a few other chosen friends, a servant was never permitted to remain in the room. But I could find no biographer of Pitt that even so much as mentions Gifford.

68. See *Baviad and Maeviad* (1797), p. 139.

69. Moore's *Byron's Works*, Vol. III, p. 110.

70. Melville: *Life and Letters of William Cobbett*, Vol. I, p. 158.

Chapter II

1. The Italian poet Pindemonte was a member of the circle, but he did not contribute any of the poems to the volume published.

2. See *Gentlemen's Magazine*, Vol. LI, p. 134.

3. Mrs. Paget Toynbee says that the contributors to *The Arno Miscellany* were Robert Merry, Allan Ramsay, Jr., and a Swiss by the name of Buignon (*Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. by Mrs. Toynbee, Vol. XIII, p. 175, note). But the *Dictionary of National Biography* lists Greatheed as a contributor.

4. Merry sometimes added the letters M.A. to his name, but he did not earn the M.A. at Cambridge, where he had received his education.

5. *Walpole's Letters*, Vol. XIII, p. 371.

6. Quoted from the Preface printed in *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVII, Pt. I, p. 3.

7. Vol. IX, p. 203.

8. Vol. LVII, Pt. II, p. 257.

9. Author of *My Own Life* (1787) and a book on travels (1795), and Bible reader at Whitehall.

10. Havens, in his *Influence of Milton* (p. 505), says that Greatheed and Parsons each contributed one poem.

11. *Life of Mrs. Sumbel, Late Wells*, p. 69.

12. Not, however, in the *World*.

13. See Clayden: *Early Life of Rogers*, p. 176; and Melville: *Berry Papers*, p. 58.

14. "To Him Who Will Understand" and "To Anna Matilda," by "Laura."

15. "The Interview," in *The British Album*, p. 163.

16. *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. XXXVII, p. 295.

17. See *British Album* (Boston, 1793), last poem.

18. *The Runaway*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, etc.

19. *Life of Kemble*, p. 216.

20. *Royal Recollections* (1788), by David Williams (?), p. 42.

21. Boaden: *Life of Kemble*, p. 284.

22. Vol. XIII (1788).

23. Vol. VI, p. 283.

24. Vol. 54, Pt. II, p. 613.

25. Vol. III, pp. 171, 198.

26. Published in 1791.

27. Vol. VI, p. 448; Vol. VII, p. 300.

28. Vol. XXI, p. 344.
29. Vol. XII, p. 153.
30. Vol. XVIII, p. 472.
31. *Dissipation* (1781) and *The Reparation* (1786) are typical. The latter was successful.
32. *Records of My Life*, p. 398.
33. *Life of Kemble*, p. 336.
34. Reynolds: *Life*, Vol. II, p. 122.
35. Vol. LXI, p. 399.
36. *Records of My Life*, p. 394.
37. *Life and Times*, Vol. II, p. 244.
38. *Table Talk*, p. 59.
39. Clayden: *Early Life of Rogers*, p. 176.
40. *Berry Papers*, p. 58.
41. *Life of Kemble*, p. 216.
42. *Life of Mrs. Sumbel, Late Wells*, Vol. II, p. 175. She gives by no means a flattering account of Topham and Reynolds.
43. *Bibliographers' Manual*, Vol. II, p. 728.
44. *Baviad and Maeviad* (American reprint, 1799, of 1797 ed.), p. 9, note. This edition will always be referred to unless otherwise indicated.
45. Gifford spells the name "Greathead," but it is spelled "Greatheed" elsewhere.
46. Introduction to *Baviad and Maeviad*, pp. XV-XX.
47. The Duke of Leeds, Lord Derby, Samuel Rogers, and Sheridan are referred to.
48. Vol. IV, 2nd ser., p. 193.
49. Vol. XIX, p. 349.
50. Vol. VIII, new ser., p. 93.
51. "See sniv'ling Jerningham at fifty weep
    O'er love-lorn oxen and deserted sheep
    —*Baviad*, ll. 21–22.
52. "See Cowley frisk it to the ding-dong chime
    And weekly cuckold her poor spouse in rhyme;
    See Thrale's gray widow with her satchel roam,
    And bring in pomp laborious nothings home;
    See Robinson forget her state, and move
    On crutches towards the grave, to 'light o' love.' "
    —*Baviad*, ll. 23–28.
53. *Baviad*, p. 125, note.
54. *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LXII, Pt. II, p. 749.

54a. *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. 126, note; p. 9, note; p. 103, note.

55. *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. 68, note. That all they wrote was received, is far from the truth.

56. Hunt: *Autobiography*, Vol. I, p. 172.

58. *Maeviad*, ll. 9–16.

59. *Maeviad*, ll. 27–47.

60. The Rev. John Ireland, later Dean of Westminster; John Hoppner, a portrait painter; and Lord Belgrave, Glifford's patron.

61. Begun in 1793 with Wm. Beloe and Archdeacon Nares as proprietors. See Vol. VI, p. 130.

62. Vol. XXII, p. 158.

63. Vol. XX, 2d ser., p. 458.

64. Vol. XVIII, new ser., p. 418.

65. Letter to Bedford, quoted in C. C. Southey's *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*, p. 83.

66. *Journal and Correspondence of Miss Berry* , Vol. I, p. 414.

67. *Walpole's Letters*, Vol. XV, p. 162.

68. *Pursuits of Literature*, p. 47, note.

69. *Ibid.*, Book II, ll. 273–276.

70. Introductory lines "To William Gifford, Esq.," in the American (Philadelphia, 1799) reprint of the 1797 *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. vi. See also *Analectic Magazine*, Vol. III, p. 429.

71. "A Rod for the Backs of the Critics," prefixed to Cobbett's *A Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, p. viii

72. *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. II, pp. 624 ff. See Edmonds: Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin, p. 106.

73. *Monthly Anthology*, Vol. III, p. 582; Vol. I (1804), p. 63; Vol. V, p. 197.

74. Vol. I, p. 173.

75. Quoted in Smiles, Vol. I, p. 136. (See also his *Political Register* for Apr. 22, 1809, p. 603.)

76. The prose Cobbett refers to is probably the *Autobiography*.

77. *Modern Dunciad*, pp. 5, 6.

78. *Journal*, Vol. I, p. 340. Yet either Scott used one of the poems of those "coxcombs" as a model for his "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, etc.," or the two poems were from a common model. See the "Ode to Miss Farren," (*Poetry of the World*, Vol. II) quoted in the *English Review*, Vol. XII, p. 126.

79. Vol. II, pp. 113–117.

80. See *British Critic*, Vol. XXXIII, p. 180.

81. *Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, Vol. VI, pp. 2, 3, 4.

82. Hunt's *Autobiography*, Vol. I, p. 238. See *Maeviad*, p. 69, note.

83. Vol. XCVII, Pt. I, pp. 105–112 (Feb., 1827). See also F. W. Shelton's *The Trollopiad*, p. 38, for further praise of Gifford.

84. *Maeviad*, pp. 66, 91.

85. *Pursuits of Literature*, p. 30, note.

86. "A Poem on the Author of the Baviad and Pursuits of Literature," reviewed in *British Critic*, Vol. XI, p. 14.

87. Vol. XXXVI, 2d ser., p. 14.

88. Vol. II, pp. 671 ff.

89. *Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, Vol. I, p. 179.

90. *Records of My Life*, pp. 99, 441.

91. Vol. XXI, p. 125.

92. *Feast of the Poets*, p. 60, note; *Autobiography*, Vol. I, pp. 238, 240.

93. *Spirit of the Age*, "Mr. Gifford."

94. See *British Album* (Boston, 1793). To this poem is appended an ironical note stating that a "furious modern satirist," who was in a rage at the success of Merry's poetry, fell foul of him in desperation and charged him with "the heinour offense of poetical inconstancy" for having addressed love verses to a variety of women. The writer observes that the justice of the accusation could not seriously be denied, and adds, "All we can say is that we hope Mr. Merry's Muse will behave with more fidelity in the future."

95. Stephen Jones's remark (*Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. II, p. 380) that it was favorably received seems incorrect.

96. Clayden: *Early Life of Rogers*, p. 169.

97. *Life of Kemble*, p. 279.

98. Vol. XVIII, p. 145.

99. Vol. V, new ser., p. 201.

100. Vol. II, 2d ser., p. 275.

101. *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 508.

102. *Walpole's Letters*, Vol. XV, p. 142.

103. Clayden: *Life of Rogers*, p. 284.

104. Probably *Fénelon*, published in 1795, which was never acted. See *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 508, and *Critical Review*, Vol. XV, 2d ser., p. 226, the latter of which though that the stage would be improved if it accepted more of such plays. His opera, *The Magician No Conqueror* (1792), failed the fourth night.

105. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 136.

106. Quoted by E. Mangin in *Piozziana*, p. 4.

107. Page xiv, note.

108. Gifford's opinion may have been colored by what the author says about the word *satirist*—if he happened to run across the passage. Mrs. Piozzi groups *libeller*, *defamer*, *lampooner*, and *satirist* as synonyms, explaining that it is only the satirist's intention, "best known to himself too, that preserves, if indeed it does of right preserve him, from a place among this class of noxious —although in some degree useful—animals." *British Synonymy*, Vol. I, p. 376.

109. Hayward: *Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, p. 195.

110. Vol. XXV, p. 361.

111. Hayward: *Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, Vol. I, p. 194.

112. Vol. XII, 2d ser., p. 121.

113. See the *Journal of Miss Berry*, Vol. I, p. 412.

114. *Works*, Vol. V, p. 294.

115. *Life of Kemble*, p. 219.

116. *Works*, Vol. V, p. 128.

117. *The Fate of Sparta.*

118. Vol. LXXVIII, p. 406.

119. Williams: *Children of Thespis*, p. 250, note.

120. See *Maeviad*, p. 75, note; and *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. III, p. 197.

121. See Melville: *The Berry Papers*, p. 193; and *Journal of Miss Berry*, Vol. I, p. 435.

122. *Journal of Miss Berry*, Vol. I, p. 441.

123. See *Poems*, Vol. II, p. 210.

124. Vol. VII, p. 548.

125. Probably the *Siege of Berwick*, published in 1794, which was not successful.

126. See *Journal of Miss Berry*, Vol. I, p. 414; *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. III, p. 396; *Analytical Review*, Vol. XXII, p. 165. His poems in three volumes were published about 1796. *Peckham's Frolic*, a comedy, appeared in 1799.

127. *Journal of Miss Berry*, Vol. I, p. 430.

128. Vol. XIX, p. 352.

129. "Sniv'ling." *Vide supra*, p. 52.

130. *Records of My Life*, p. 99.

131. *Cit. supra.*

132. Vol. XXXV, new ser., p. 175.

133. Vol. XXXII, 2d ser., p. 176. For *The Fate of Sparta* see *Critical*, Vol. LXV, p. 213, and *English Review*, Vol. XI, p. 250. *The Town Before You*, a comedy (1795), was thought little of by the *Critical*, Vol. XIII, 3d ser., p. 475.

134. See his poem, "The Stranger Minstrel," in *The Golden Book of Coleridge* (London, 1895), p. 258.

135. See *European*, Vol. XXVI, p. 214.

136. Vol. XX, p. 111.

137. *Life of Kemble*, p. 335.

138. *Free Knights* appeared in 1810.

139. *Life of Kemble*, p. 334.

140. William T. ("Gentleman") Lewis.

141. *Life of Kemble*, p. 292. See *Analytical Review*, Vol. XXII, p. 48, for his *Deserted Daughter*, 1795.

142. *The Lady of the Rock* appeared in 1805.

143. Performed in 1794.

144. *Blue Devils*, *Poor Gentlemen* (1802), *John Bull* (1805), etc., are some of his comedies.

145. Vol. VIII, p. 144; Vol. IX, p. 346.

146. Frederick Pilon and John St. John.

147. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 102.

148. See p. 218.

149. *Records of My Life*, p. 318. Taylor says that he succeeded in establishing friendly relations between Gifford and both Kemble and Jerningham. See *Records*, pp. 440 and 99. Lamb gives an appreciation of Bensley in *Essays of Elia*—"On Some of the Old Actors."

150. *Vide supra*, p. 17.

151. Taylor: *Records of My Life*, p. 159.

152. *Records of My Life*, p. 160.

153. See *Modern Dunciad*, by Geo. Daniel, pp. 46, 47.

154. *Letters*, Vol. XV, p. 162.

155. Taylor: *Records of My Life*, p. 398.

156. *Life of Kemble*, p. 217.

157. Vol. XII (1788), p. 99.

158. *Children of Thespis*, pp. 42–44; *cf. Maeviad*, ll. 31, 32.

159. *Ibid.* p. 57; *cf.* last of *Baviad*, and *Maeviad*, ll. 31, 32.

160. Author of *Art of English Poetry* (1702). See *Thespis*, p. 250, *Cf. Baviad*, l. 181: "And ask no culture but what Byshe supplies."

161. *Supra*, p. 65.

162. *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. 75, note.

163. See *Analytical Review*, Vol. IX, p. 193.

164. Page xx.

165. *Whalley's Correspondence*, Vol. II, pp. 360, 309, *et al.*

166. Seward's *Works*, Vol. V, p. 41.

167. Vol. LIV, Pt. II, p. 613.

168. *Works*, Vol. V, p. 189; *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIV, Pt. II, p. 693 *et al.*

169. *Whalley's Correspondence*, Vol. II, p. 47.

170. *Poetry of the World*, Vols. III, IV. See *Analytical Review*, Vol. IX, pp. 444–447.

171. *English Review*, Vol. IV, pp. 25, 28; Vol. X, pp. 199, 189.

172. *Critical Review*, Vol. XIV, 2d ser., p. 361.

173. Fitzgerald: *Croker's Boswell and Boswell*, p. 280.

174. *Journal of Miss Berry*, Vol. I, p. 319.

Sm175. *Works*, Vol. V, p. 249. For a study of the Hayley-*fluith*-Williams-Della Cruscan type of sonnet, see Havens: *Inence of Milton*, pp. 500 ff.

176. *Spirit of the Age*. "Mr. T. Moore and Mr. Leigh Hunt."

177. *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. XXXVII, p. 295.

178. The note was omitted in the 1811 edition, but not the lines.

179. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vols. LIX, Pt. I, pp. 291, 389; LX, Pt. I, p. 386; LX, Pt. II, pp. 974, 1169.

180. *Baviad*, ll. 248–252, and p. 44, note.

181. *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. 65.

182. Pages 68, 69, note.

183. *Literary Gazette*, Jan. 6, 1827, p. 8.

184. Vaughan denied the authorship of the former poem.

185. *Baviad and Maeviad*, pp. 56, 57; 97, 98. Bell's justification of his conclusion that the wooden horse was a mare is Virgil's *foeta armis*, which he translates "armed with a foetus." *The New Morality* translates a phrase of Ovid, *coctilibus muris*, as "cock-tailed mice"—humorously, of course.

184. *Baviad*, ll. 24–27.

185. See *Maeviad*, ll. 155–202. In addition to the two tragedies mentioned earlier, he wrote five eclogues and a volume of verse which Cookesley wanted him to publish by subscription.

186. *Spirit of the Age*. "Mr. Gifford."

187. Vol. XXI, pp. 125 ff.

188. See *Maeviad*, p. 105, where he accuses Mrs. Robinson and others of robbing him.

189. Three editions of the *Epistle to Peter Pindar* were issued

within one month's time, for no apparent purpose except to show Gifford's contempt for the person who was attacking him anonymously.

190. *Survey of English Literature*, Vol. I, p. 36.

191. *Baviad*, ll. 311–316.

192. *Maeviad*, ll. 75–78.

193. See *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. 75.

Chapter III

1. "A Rod for the Backs of Critics," by Humphrey Hedgehog, prefixed to Cobbett, *A Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, 1797.

2. Robert Bell: *Life of Canning*, pp. 132, 133.

3. Treaty of Campo Formio, Oct., 1797.

4. Edmonds: *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (1890), p. xxiii. Lines 29–42 of *The New Morality*.

5. *Political Register*, Apr. 22, 1809, p. 603.

6. John Bowles had written several pamphlets against Jacobinism, including the following: *A Protest against Paine's Rights of Man* (1795); *French Aggression Proved from Mr. Erskine's View of the Causes of the War* (1797).

7. *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. I, pp. 77, 109, 161.

8. In 1785.

9. The last stanza of "The University of Göttingen" song in *The Rovers* and lines 370–380 of *The New Morality* have been attributed to him by some biographers, but his part in both has been denied by others. See Rose's *Pitt and the Great War*, p. 337; and Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, Vol. III, p. 85.

10. *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1828, p. 184. I have been unable to check up this statement and determine who Dr. Grant was. The most likely person was Andrew Grant, M.D., author of a *History of Brazil* which was popular enough to be translated into both French and German a few years after its publication in 1804.

11. *Life of Canning*, pp. 129 ff.

12. *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1828.

13. *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, Carisbrooke Library, Vol. VI.

14. Edmonds: *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, pp. 41, 111.

15. *Annual Biography and Obituary* for 1828, pp. 159 ff.

16. *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. I, p. 49.

17. *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. I, p. 156.

18. Vol. I, p. 538. All references in this chapter are to the *Anti-Jacobin* unless otherwise specifically stated.
19. Vol. I, p. 183.
20. Vol. II, p. 486.
21. Vol. I, p. 219; Vol. II, p. 413.
22. Vol. I, p. 190.
23. Vol. II, p. 338.
24. Vol. I, p. 297.
25. Vol. I, p. 298.
26. Vol. II, p. 398.
27. Vol. II, p. 484.
28. See Vol. I, p. 40; Vol. II, p. 262.
29. Vol. II, p. 262.
30. Vol. II, p. 294.
31. Vol. II, p. 309.
32. Vol. I, p. 58.
33. Vol. II, p. 14.
34. Vol. II, pp. 522–524.
35. "Epistle to the Editors of the Anti-Jacobin." See L. C. Sanders: *Lord Melbourne's Papers*, p. 4.
36. It was supposed to have been written by Canning and George Hammond.
37. Vol. I, p. 500.
38. Vol. I, p. 574.
39. Vol. I, p. 157.
40. Wilberforce belonged to the evangelical branch of the Church of England.
41. Vol. I, p. 219.
42. Vol. II, p. 325.
43. Feb. 20, 1798.
44. Vol. I, pp. 574, 575.
45. Vol. II, pp. 192, 193.
46. Vol. II, p. 383.
47. Vol. II, p. 227.
48. That from the controversy over William Lamb's "Epistle to the Editors of the Anti-Jacobin."
49. Vol. I, p. 69.
50. Vol. I, p. 307.
51. Vol. I, p. 313, *et al.*
52. Vol. I, pp. 351–362.
53. Vol. I, pp. 398–407.

54. Vol. I, pp. 550 ff.
55. Vol. II, p. 113.
56. Vol. II, pp. 179–186.
57. Vol. II, pp. 211–219.
58. Vol. II, p. 358.
59. Vol. II, pp. 615–623.
60. Vol. I, pp. 91, 125.
61. Vol. I, p. 195.
62. Vol. I, p. 408.
63. Vol. II, p. 525.
64. Vol. II, pp. 494, 554.
65. Vol. I, pp. 77, 109, 161.
66. Vol. I, pp. 91–101.
67. Vol. II, p. 494.
68. *Memoir of Canning* (2 vols.), Vol. I, p. 194.
69. *Life of Canning*, p. 131.
70. Bell: *Life of Canning*, p. 131.
71. *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, p. x.
72. Vol. II, p. 192.
73. Vol. II, p. 515.
74. Vol. II, pp. 600–603. *Vide supra.* p. 92.
75. *Political Register*, Apr. 22, 1809, p. 603.
76. See *Critical Review*, 2d ser., Vol. XXV, p. 193.
77. J. H. Rose: *William Pitt and the Great War*, p. 327.
78. *Life of Canning*, p. 131.

Chapter IV

1. *History of Peter Pindar*, by Tom Fact (pseud.), 1788.
2. *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XI, p. 274.
3. "A Rod for the Backs of Critics," prefixed to Cobbett, *A Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats*, p. lxxv.
4. *Records of My Life*, p. 362 f.
5. *Table Talk.*
6. *Works*, Vol. XII, p. 348.
7. Vol. XI, p. 42.
8. *Epistle*, p. 8.
9. See the reviews of the *Baviad* and the *Maeviad*, Vols. IV, p. 193; and XX, 2d ser., p. 458, which are the only articles about him. See also Vol. XXX, 2d ser., pp. 473–478.
10. See Mathias: *Pursuits of Literature*, p. 51.

11. *Works of Peter Pindar* (1812), Vol. III, p. 496, and Vol. IV, pp. 331–340.

12. *Anti-Jacobin Review*, Vol. IV, Nov., 1799, p. 321.

13. *Works*, Vol. IV, pp. 335–339.

14. *British Critic*, Vol. XVI, p. 194. The couplet is ll. 125, 126.

15. *Epistle*, p. 35, note.

16. *Epistle*, p. 24.

17. Vol. XXX, 2d ser., p. 473.

18. Introduction to the *Epistle*, 3d ed. See *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. VII, p. 54.

19. *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, 2d ed., with postscript, Aug. 4, 1800.

20. *Vide supra*, p. 19.

21. See *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. VII, p. 54.

22. This edition must have been issued after Aug. 18 (the date of the cane attack) for it makes reference to Wolcot's waylaying him. Otherwise there is no evidence for this assumption except that a review of the edition did not appear in the *Anti-Jacobin* until September.

23. *Works*, Vol. III, pp. 495–497.

24. *American Political Register* (1816), p. 335.

25. From *A Trip to Cambridge*, by Christopher Smart.

26. See "The Battle of the Bards," by Mauritius Moonshine, in *The Harp of Erin*, Vol. II, pp. 1–27.

27. The *Critical* (Vol. XXXII, 2d ser., p. 475) thought he favored Peter.

28. "Bardo-machia, or The Battle of the Bards." See *Critical*, Vol. XXX, 2d ser., p. 475; *Monthly*, Vol. XXXIII, new ser., p. 321; *Anti-Jacobin*, Vol. VIII, p. 193.

29. *Works*, Vol. III, pp. 495, 496.

Chapter V

1. The following is the order in which the satires were translated: The tenth, the third, the fourth, the twelfth, the eighth, the first, the second, the thirteenth, the eleventh, the fifteenth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the ninth, and the fourteenth. The sixteenth was not included, partly because Gifford was in doubt as to its authenticity and partly because the man to whom he had given it to be translated did not finish it in time for publication.

2. Smiles: *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. I, p. 136.

3. Vol. VI, p. 280.

4. Introduction (3d ed.), Vol. I, p. lxxx.

5. *British Critic*, Vol. XX, pp. 514, 615.

6. *Monthly Review*, Vol. XL, new ser., p. 1.

7. Vol. LXX, Pt. II, pp. 898, 906.

8. *Critical Review*, Vol. XXXVI, 2d ser., Sept., Oct., and Nov.

9. *Anti-Jacobin Review*, Vol. XV, p. 57.

10. The reference is to Peter Pindar.

11. *Vide supra.*, p. 105.

12. Satire I, ll. 180–183.

13. Satire VI, ll. 61–62, Gifford's translation, with slight changes.

14. *An Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers on the Translation of Juvenal*, 1803.

15. *British Critic*, Vol. XXII, p. 261.

16. Published in 1798.

17. Vol. XXII, p. 261.

18. Milbourne had translated Virgil and tried to ridicule Dryden's translation to advance his own.

19. Vol. LXXIII, Pt. I, p. 547.

20. Vol. XLIV, p. 130.

21. Vol. XXXVII, 2d ser., p. 337.

22. Satire XV, ll. 87–88.

23. Gifford's translation, ll. 120–122.

24. See *British Critic*, Vol. XXIII, p. 689.

25. Vol. XXXIX, p. 18.

26. The *Anti-Jacobin* (Vol. XVII, p. 325) said that a Mr. Parsons wrote the reviews in the *Critical*, both of Gifford's and Rhodes's translations. I have been unable to find out anything about this writer. He was probably Phillip Parsons, a divine, and miscellaneous writer from the college at Wye. James Parsons, a congregational minister of Norwich, might have been the man, for the *Critical* was known as a dissenting Review. Phillip Parsons, however, was a more widely known writer.

27. *Critical*, Vol. XVI, 3d ser., p. 225.

28. In the *Examination* (p. 5) he made his defense concerning this criticism.

29. Satire I, ll. 81–86.

30. See Vol. II, 3d ed., p. x.

31. *Ibid.*, p. x.

32. Vol. XII, p. 53.

33. Vol. XXI, p. 125.

34. *Blackwood's Magazine* gave somewhat ambiguous praise. The writer ("Von Lauerwinkel," Vol. II, p. 672) was of the opinion that Gifford had done "full justice, if not to the majestic eloquence, at least to the savage spleen of that terrible declaimer."

35. See American reprint of 1st ed., Vol. I, p. 208, l. 484; p. 213, l. 560; p. 215 l. 592; p. 217, l. 629, and other places.

36. Satire VI, ll. 464–465.

37. American reprint, Vol. I, p. 222, l. 691.

38. *Ibid.*, p. 75, ll. 34–35.

39. *Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers*

40. American reprint, Vol. I, p. lxxxi.

41. *Journal*, Vol. I, p. 340.

42. *Survey of English Literature*, Vol. I, p. 36. Harold V. Routh (*Cambridge Hist. of Eng. Lit.*, Vol. IV, p. 377) thinks Juvenal's "systematic thoroughness and aggressive indignation" largely a pose, however.

43. Loeb Classical Library ed. of Juvenal and Persius, p. lxxix.

Chapter VI

1. MS. notes on Shakspere, by W. G., 1813, are in the British Museum.

2. *Vide supra*, p. 7.

3. *Maeviad*, l. 91.

4. *Examination of the Strictures*, *cit. supra.*

5. Rev. Jas. T. Hodgson: *Memoirs of Rev. Francis Hodgson*, Vol. I, p. 74.

6. Introduction, Vol. 1, p. xcix, 2d ed. (1813). References are to this edition unless otherwise stated.

7. *Life of Edmond Malone*, p. 274.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 281.

9. Introduction to Massinger, Vol. I, pp. cii-ciii.

10. *Ibid.*, p. xciii.

11. *Ibid.*, p. xciii.

12. *Ibid.*, p. xcvii.

13. Massinger, Vol. III, pp. 543–544.

14. Massinger, Vol. IV, p. 67.

15. *Ibid.*, p. 10.

16. Massinger, Vol. II, p. 246, *et al.*

17. Massinger, Vol. IV, p. 100.

18. Massinger, Vol. III, 500.

19. Massinger, Vol. IV, p. 115.

20. Massinger, pp. cvi, cvii.
21. Massinger, Vol. I, p. 281, *Duke of Milan.*
22. Massinger, p. cvii.
23. Massinger, Vol. III, p. 433.
24. Massinger, Vol. I, p. 149.
25. Massinger, Vol. II, p. 467.
26. Massinger, Vol. IV, p. 370.
27. *Anti-Jacobin Review*, Vol. XXII, p. 123; *British Critic*, Vol. XXVII, p. 346; *European*, Vol. LXXIII, p. 243; *Monthly Review*, Vol. LII (new ser.), p. 1; *Critical Review*, Vol. VI (3d ser.) pp. 68, 135.
28. Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 118–120.
29. *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XII (Apr., 1808), p. 99.
30. *Baviad*, ll. 187–199, and note, p. 37.
31. *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XII, p. 101.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 101.
33. Massinger, Vol. III, p. 372, *The Fatal Dowery.*
34. *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. XII, p. 103.
35. See Massinger, Vol. I, pp. 279, 315, and Vol. II, p. 135.
36. See Massinger, Vol. IV, p. 87, *The City Madam*, and p. 50; and Vol. I, p. 137.
37. Massinger, Vol. I, p. 121, *The Virgin Martyr.*
38. Pages viii–ix.
39. Massinger (2d ed.), Vol. I, p. x.
40. Vol. III, p. 372.
41. Massinger, Vol. I, p. xiii.
42. The 1811 edition of the *Baviad* omitted the note on Kemble and the couplet on him and Bensley at the end of the satire.
43. Massinger, Vol. I, Introduction, p. xxii.
44. Massinger, Vol. II, *The Renegado*, p. 135.
45. See Massinger, Vol. I, p. 109; Vol. II, pp. 227, and 244. I have given these somewhat tedious details because they form the best comment on Gifford's strength and weakness as an editor. The nature of the *Edinburgh's* criticism really does not justify his charge of personal malice and a determined attempt to ruin his reputation.
46. Massinger, Vol. I, p. iii.
47. See Massinger, Vol. I, p. xviii.
48. *Ibid.*, p. iii.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 17.

50. One vol. ed. of Gifford's Massinger, with *Believe as You List*, 1867, 1897.

51. *Dramatic Works of Massinger and Ford* (1875). Introduction, *passim*.

52. Mermaid Series of Massinger in two volumes. Vol. II, Preface. See also T. W. Baldwin: *Massinger's Duke of Milan*, Princeton dissertation (1918), p. 8; and Cruikshank: *Philip Massinger* (Oxford, 1920), p. 25.

53. *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XXI, p. 126.

54. Massinger, one-vol. ed. (1897), p. xix.

55. Prefixed to the edition of Shakspere, 1790.

56. Prior: *Life of Malone*, p. 307.

57. Jonson, Vol. I, 1st ed., p. xx.

58. *Ibid.*, p. cxvii.

59. *Ibid.*, p. cxxxiv.

60. *Ibid.*, pp. cxci, cxcii.

61. *Ibid.*, p. lxvii.

62. *Ibid.*, p. lxii.

63. Jonson, Vol. I, p. 34.

64. Jonson, Vol. II, p. 21.

65. Jonson, Vol. I, p. cxliii.

66. See *Ibid.*, pp. 155, 156, for his explanation of Jonson's enmity to Daniel.

67. *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 248, Jan. 1, 1819.

68. Vol. XXVII, p. 224, note.

69. Vol. II, p. 497.

70. The younger James Boswell wrote an advertisement and a life of Malone for the Malone edition of Shakspere which appeared in 1821. In both of these essays he defends Malone against the aspersions thrown on him by Gifford. Boswell, although a minor victim of the *Baviad* and *Maeviad* (l. 7 and note), is not bitter; but he makes out a good case for Malone.

71. Jonson, Vol. I, p. ccxxxvi.

72. *Ibid.*, p. ccxxxviii.

73. One against Steevens and Malone in 1808, and "A Letter to William Gifford, Esq., on the late edition of Ford's plays," in 1811.

74. Jonson, Vol. II, p. 40. See also Cunningham's note, (Cunningham ed., 1875), Vol. II, p. 64.

75. Jonson, Vol. I, p. ii.

76. Maurice Castelain: *Ben Jonson, l'homme et l'œuvre*, p. xix.

77. See also Aurelia Henry: *Jonson's Epicoene, or the Silent Woman*, Yale dissertation, 1906; DeWinter: *Jonson's Staple of News*, Yale dissertation, 1905; A. C. Judson: *Jonson's Cynthia's Revels*, Yale dissertation, 1912; W. S. Johnson: *Jonson's Devil Is an Ass*, Yale dissertation, 1905; Florence N. Snell: *Jonson's Tale of a Tub*, Yale dissertation, 1915; for investigations of specific plays.

78. Jonson, p. ccxliii.

79. *Ibid.*, p. ccxliii.

80. *Ibid.*, p. ccxliii, note.

81. See, for instance, his explanation of the lines by Jasper Mayne, Vol. I, p. cxcvii, and that of Jonson's reference to "Broomes sweepings" in his Ode. For the latter see G. B. Tennant: *Jonson's New Inn*, Yale dissertation (1908), pp. xii–xxix.

82. Jonson, Vol. I, cclxxviii.

83. See W. S. Johnson: *Jonson's Devil Is an Ass*, Yale dissertation, 1905.

84. Jonson's *Works* (1838), p. ix.

85. *The Stage Quarrel* (1899), p. 198.

86. *The War of the Theaters* (1895), p. 13.

87. Jonson, Vol. I, pp. 155–156.

88. *Ibid.*, p. cxvii.

89. Florence M. Snell: *Jonson's Tale of a Tub*, Yale dissertation (1915), p. xii.

90. Jonson, Vol. I, p. 106; Vol. II, p. 67, *et al.*

91. Jonson, Vol. II, p. 280, *et al.*

92. *Ibid.*, p. 329.

93. See Jonson, Vol. IV, p. 100.

94. Jonson, Vol. VI, p. 10.

95. Jonson, Introduction, pp. ccxxiv–ccxxx.

96. Jonson, Vol. VI, pp. 306–307.

97. *Ben Jonson*, English Worthies Series, p. 194.

98. Act I, Scene iii.

99. Jonson, Vol. II, pp. 139–140.

100. Jonson, Vol. IV, p. 471, *et al.*

101. Vol. XVIII, p. 275.

102. Vol. VI, p. 463.

103. Ford, Vol. V, pp. 32, 310; Vol. VI, p. 164, *et al.*

104. Stapleton: *Official Correspondence of Canning*, Vol. II, p. 233. Letter to Canning, Nov. 15, 1826.

105. Ford, Introduction, Vol. I, p. lvi.

106. *Ibid.*, p. lviii, note.
107. *Ibid.*, p. lx.
108. *Ibid.*, p. clxv.
109. Weber's Ford, Vol. II, p. 367.
110. Ford, Vol. I, p. cv.
111. See Ford, Vol. I, p. 29; Vol. II, p. 143.
112. Gifford-Dyce-Bullen edition of Ford (1895), Vol. I, p. v.
113. Ford, Vol. I, pp. 102, 291; Vol. II, pp. 23, 101, 195, etc.
114. Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* and *The Broken Heart*, Belles-Lettres Series, p. lvi.
115. See *Athenaeum*, Feb. 9, 1833, p. 87.
116. Nason: *James Shirley, Dramatist*, p. 427.
117. See *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XXI, p. 125; and the *Mirror*, Vol. IX, p. 21.
118. See Shirley, Vol. IV, pp. 138, 144.
119. Shirley, Vol. II, p. 248, *Love's Cruelty*, Act. IV, Scene ii.
120. Vol. IV, p. 575, *The Humorous Courtier*, Act. IV, Scene i.
121. *James Shirley, Dramatist*, p. 9.
122. *Records of My Life*, p. 440.
123. Jonson, Vol. III, pp. 470–471.
124. Massinger, Vol. II, pp. 30–31. See *Othello*, Act. I, Scene iii.
125. *Ibid.*, p. 218.
126. Act III, Scene ii. See Massinger, Vol. II, pp. 467, 468.
127. See Shirley, Vol. II, p. 301. *Troilus and Cressida*, Act. I, Scene iii.
128. "And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown." See Shirley, Vol. III, p. 515.
129. Massinger, Vol. I, pp. 148, 149. *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene ii.
130. Jonson, Vol. V, pp. 162–4.
131. Jonson, Vol. I, p. clxxxvi.
132. Jonson, Vol. II, p. 175.
133. Jonson, Vol. V, pp. 162–164.
134. See Jonson, Vol. 1, p. lx; Vol. II, pp. 545, 520; Vol. III, p. 452.
135. See Massinger, Vol. II, p. 480. *The Great Duke of Florence*, Act. III, Scene i.
136. Jonson, Vol. I, p. ccxii.
137. Massinger, Vol. I, p. lxxix.
138. *An Essay on the Marks of Imitation.* See Jonson, Vol. VII, pp. 300–303.
139. Jonson, Vol. V, pp. 162–164.

140. Jonson, Vol. I, p. ccxxxi.
141. Introduction to Belles-Lettres Series edition of Ford.
142. *Ben Jonson*, p. 173.
143. See "Lycidas," ll. 113–129.
144. Jonson, Vol. VI, p. 259. *The Sad Shepherd*, Act I, Scene ii.
145. Vol. V, p. 302. Act II, Scene ii.
146. Vol. XXI, p. 125.

Chapter VII

1. See Walter Graham: *Tory Criticism in the Quarterly Review*, Chap. I.

2. Captain Josceline Bagot in *Canning and His Friends* (Vol. I, p. 51) states that the *Quarterly Review* was said to have originated specifically at a dinner party at the home of George Hammond, who was the first accredited minister to the United States and a contributor to both the *Anti-Jacobin* and the *Quarterly*. But I have not been able to substantiate this report.

3. Vol. XII, pp. lff.

4. Vol. XIII, p. 215. "Don Cevallos on the Occupation of Spain."

5. *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. I, p. 96.

6. *Familiar Letters*, Vol. I, p. 131. Letter to Patrick Murray.

7. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 98.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 105.

9. *Ibid.*, p. 109.

10. Gifford had urged, against Murray's judgment, a review of Hodgson's translation of Juvenal for the first number.

11. Lockhart: *Life of Scott*, Vol. II, p. 99.

12. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 113.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 154.

14. *Ibid.*, p. 108. Ellis finally wrote it.

15. *Table Talk*, ed. by Dyce, p. 209; and Clayden: *Rogers and His Contemporaries*, Vol. I, pp. 55–57. The quotation is from Scott's letter of instruction to Gifford.

16. Moore's *Memoirs*, Vol. VIII, p. 70.

17. The Cambridge History (Vol. XII, p. 165) says that Scott furnished four articles. But Ballentyne, writing to Murray on Jan. 27, speaks of three articles, and only three have been identified. There are eighteen articles in this number, and it is possible Scott furnished four of them. See Smiles, Vol. I, p. 142.

18. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 146.
19. *Ibid.*, pp. 149, 155.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 156.
21. Rev. Jas. T. Hodgson: *Memoirs of Francis Hodgson*, Vol. I, p. 114.
22. "Australian State Papers," by Canning and Turner (?), Vol. I, p. 437.
23. *Familiar Letters*, Vol. I, p. 138.
24. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 158.
25. See *Quarterly*, Vol. II, p. 187.
26. *Familiar Letters*, Vol. II, p. 339.
27. Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 157, 181.
28. Especially Mrs. Barbauld's poem, *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, reviewed by Croker, Vol. VII, p. 309.
29. Vol. IV, p. 177.
30. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 183.
31. By Philopatris Varvicencis (Dr. Parr). See Vol. II, p. 375.
32. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 176.
33. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 45, Nos. 36–41 of the *Quarterly*.
34. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 201.
35. Warter: *Southey's Correspondence*, Vol. II, p. 86.
36. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 52.
37. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 249.
38. See Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 104–105.
39. *Ibid.*, p. 157.
40. See Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 163, 293, Vol. II, pp. 52, 158.
41. *Quarterly*, Vol. I, p. 153. See Smiles, Vol. I, p. 163.
42. *Quarterly*, Vol. III, p. 89; Smiles, Vol. I, p. 176.
43. Vol. XVI, p. 337. See Smiles, Vol. II, p. 44.
44. Vol. XVIII, p. 197. See Smiles, Vol. II, p. 46.
45. *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. II, p. 48.
46. *Quarterly*, Vol. XIX, p. 493.
47. Vol. XXII, p. 492.
48. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 52.
49. *Ibid.*, p. 177.
50. Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 123, 193, 194.
51. *Ibid.*, p. 293.
52. Vol. I, p. 193.
53. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 176.
54. Vol. XII, p. 100.
55. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, pp. 60–90.

56. Warter, Vol. II, p. 393. Jan. 14, 1815.
57. Warter, Vol. III, p. 5. See *Quarterly*, Vol. XIII, p. 448.
58. Warter, Vol. III, p. 33.
59. *Ibid.*, p. 62.
60. Probably article on "Popular Disaffection", Vol. XVI, p. 511.
61. Warter, Vol. V, 167.
62. Warter, Vol. II, p. 336.
63. Warter, Vol. III, p. 336. *Quarterly*. Vol. XXX, p. 1.
64. Warter, Vol. III, p. 281. See Southey's article on Cromwell, *Quarterly*, Vol. XXV, p. 293.
65. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 158. See *Quarterly*, Vol. XXXI, p. 473.
66. See *Quarterly*, Vol. II, p. 319; and Vol. XXX, p. 1.
67. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 51.
68. *Quarterly*, Vol. XIX, p. 54.
69. Vol. II, p. 335, 1810.
70. *Ibid.*, p. 365.
71. Vol. X, p. 494.
72. Hazlitt: *Works*, Vol. IX p. 247.
73. Vol. XII, p. 317.
74. Vol. XXI, p. 1.
75. Pages 124–167.
76. Vol. XXVII, p. 71.
77. Vol. XXIX, p. 338.
78. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 157.
79. Vol. I, *Vide infra*, p. 189.
80. Vol. IV. *Vide infra*, p. 193.
81. Vol. XXX, p. 1.
82. Vol. IV, p. 244.
83. *Analectic*, Vol. XII, p. 177. See also *Quarterly*, Vol. XIII, p. 442.
84. See *Quarterly*, Vol. X, p. 494.
85. Vol. VII, p. 73.
86. Vol. XV, n. s., p. 533 (1816).
87. Vol. XL, p. 138.
88. Vol. I, p. 61.
89. This pamphlet happened to fall into Southey's hands, and he immediately wrote a letter to the London *Courier* denying the Inchiquin article and the editorship of the *Quarterly*. He very haughtily stated that the pamphlet was too indecent to deserve a personal reply.

90. Vol. III, p. 61.
91. *North American Review*, Vol. XI, p. 197.
92. Vol. XIX, p. 92.
93. See Vols. XXII and XXIV.
94. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 105.
95. *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. I, p. 200.
96. Vol. VI, p. 462.
97. *Tory Criticism in the Quarterly Review*, pp. 41–53.
98. Those by Gifford alone:
    Crabbe's *The Borough*, IV: 283, Nov. 1810
    Ford's *Dramatic Works*, VI: 462, Dec. 1811
    Hazlitt's *Political Essays*, XXII: 15, Nov. 1820
    Hope's *Anastasius*, XXIV: 511, Jan. 1821
    Miss Palmer's *Daughters of Isenberg*, IV: 61, Aug. 1810
    Those by Gifford and another:
    Bowles's *Poems*, II: 272, Nov. 1809 (Gifford and Hoppner)
    Scott's *Tales of My Landlord*, XVI: 430, Jan. 1817 (Scott and perhaps Gifford and Erskine)
    Wordsworth's *Excursion*, XII: 100, Oct. 1814. (Lamb and Gifford).
99. Vol. IV, p. 61.
100. *Quarterly*, Vol. VI, p. 463.
101. Vol. IV, p. 281.
102. *Vide supra*, Chap. V.
103. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 182.
104. Vol. XXIV, p. 511.
105. Vol. I, p. 50.
106. By David Douglas, editor of Scott's *Familiar Letters*, Vol. I, p. 164.
107. Vol. VII, p. 282.
108. See also Gilchrist's review of Clare's *Poems*, *Quarterly*, Vol. XXIII, p. 166.

109. Vol. I, p. 355.
110. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 111.
111. Vol. VIII, p. 60.
112. Vol. XI, p. 377.
113. See Redding: *Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell*, Vol. I, pp. 261, 262.
114. Vol. XVII, p. 260.

115. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 65. See also p. 225, and the *New Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XXI, p. 125.

116. A footnote mentions Lady Morgan specifically.

117. Warter, Vol. III, p. 78.

118. Vol. VII, p. 309.

119. Vol. XIX, p. 204.

120. Vol. XIV, p. 473.

121. Vol. XVIII, p. 324.

122. Vol. XV, p. 345.

123. Vol. XIV, p. 443.

124. Vol. XXV, p. 529. *Italy*, by Lady Morgan.

125. Vol. XXVI, p. 425.

126. Vol. XXIV, p. 303.

127. Vol. XXI, p. 471.

128. Vol. XXIII, p. 360.

129. *A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review.*

130. As Lockhart suggests. See Smiles, Vol. II, p. 225.

131. *Tory Criticism in the Quarterly Review*, p. 39.

132. Vol. IX, p. 207.

133. Vol. VI, p. 462.

134. Vol. XII, p. 100.

135. Vol. XI, p. 177.

136. Vol. XVII, p. 154.

137. Vol. XIV, p. 473.

138. Vol. XXI, p. 460.

139. Vols. XXX, p. 508, and XXXI, p. 342. The review of Campbell did not appear until the second issue after Gifford resigned.

140. Byron's *Works* (London, 1901), Vol. II, p. 86.

141. The first draft of the poem, as Dallas received it, did not have the lines on Gifford. Byron later sent to Dallas 110 more lines on Gifford, Kirke White, Crabbe, and a few others, and an argument which gave his estimate of the superiority of Rogers, Campbell, Gifford, *et al.* See R. C. Dallas: *Correspondence of Byron*, Vol. I, p. 47.

142. Dallas, Vol. II, p. 39.

143. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. I, pp. 61, 242.

144. Dallas, Vol. III, p. 51.

145. Henley: *Works of Byron.* Letter to Hodgson, p. 48.

146. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. II, p. 27.

147. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. III, p. 17.

148. See letter to Murray relative to the "Ode" on the fall of Napoleon, *ibid.*, p. 66.

149. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. IV, p. 169.

150. See Moore's *Byron*, Vol. II, pp. 316, 320; Vol. III, pp. 30, 31, *et al.*

151. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. III, p. 31. Jan. 15, 1814.

152. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 223.

153. *Ibid.*, p. 225.

154. *Ibid.*, pp. 354–356.

155. *Ibid.*, p. 365.

156. *Ibid.*, p. 359.

157. *Ibid.*, p. 382.

158. *Ibid.*, p. 395.

159. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. III, p. 298.

160. *Quarterly*, Vol. XIV, p. 445.

161. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. III, p. 344. See also *Works* (1833), Vol. IV, p. 524.

162. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. IV, pp. 60, 291, 337.

163. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. V, p. 143. See Bowles' letter to Campbell on *The Invariable Principles of Poetry.*

164. Byron's *Works*, Vol. IV, p. 43. Letter to Murray on *The Siege of Corinth.*

165. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. III, p. 31.

166. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. II, p. 259, "Journal," Nov. 17, 1813.

167. Hunt's *Byron*, Vol. III, p. 393.

168. *Quarterly*, Vols. XVI, p. 172; XIX, p. 215.

169. Reginald Heber. See *Quarterly*, Vol. XXVI, p. 476.

170. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 402.

171. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 401.

172. *Ibid.*, p. 419. The second letter was not published until 1835.

173. *Ibid.*, pp. 417, 427.

174. *Ibid.*, p. 415.

175. *Ibid.*, p. 422.

176. *Ibid.*, p. 422.

177. Hunt's *Byron*, Vol. II, p. 368.

178. Moore's *Byron*, Vol. V, p. 232.

179. *Ibid.*, pp. 248, 280.

180. *Ibid.*, p. 306.

181. *Ibid.*, p. 346.

182. In 1823, by Leigh Hunt.

183. In 1824 when he was at Missolonghi.

184. *Memoirs*, Vol. V, p. 154.

185. Vol. IV, p. 191 note.

186. *Critical Essays*, 1807. See *Baviad and Maeviad*, p. 68. "It seems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had started up, and exclaimed, *una voce*, come! let us write for the theaters."

187. Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 154, 307.

188. *Autobiography*, Vol. I, p. 238.

189. *Autobiography*, Vol. I, p. 240.

190. Vol. XIV, p. 473.

191. See Moore's *Memoirs*, Vol. VIII, p. 215.

192. Vol. XVII, p. 154.

193. Henley called it and the other reviews of Hazlitt's works "the very dirt of the mind"—Hazlitt's *Works*, Introduction, Vol. I, p. xvi. Dr. Graham has summed up the quarrel between the *Quarterly* and Hazlitt in *Tory Criticism*, pp. 23, 24.

194. *Quarterly*, Vol. XVIII, pp. 324, 458.

195. It is not listed by Dr. Graham.

196. Page 378. The *Examiner*, established in 1808 by Leigh and John Hunt, was a Sunday magazine, newspaper, and critical journal.

197. *Quarterly*, Vol. XIX, p. 424.

198. The last part of the *Letter*, however, is an explanation of an earlier work, *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action*, which the author himself especially liked.

199. *Quarterly*, Vol. XXII, p. 158.

200. Reginald Heber was the reviewer in this instance.

201. Vol. XXV, p. 426.

202. *Quarterly*, Vol. XXVI, p. 103.

203. A brutal attack had been made on William Hone for his publication of *An Apocryphal New Testament* (*Quarterly* Vol. XXV, p. 347.) Hone replied with a pamphlet entitled *Aspersions Answered* (1824), which called forth another attack from the *Quarterly*, (Vol. XXX, p. 472).

204. No. 3, 1823.

205. See *Works*, Vol. VI; p. 70, "On the ignorance of the Learned," which undoubtedly aims at Gifford and others like him, though not directly; also p. 211, "On the Aristocracy of Letters," where he makes a direct reference to him; and p. 225, the last paragraph of "On Criticism," where he describes the "verbal critics."

206. See *Works*, Vol. VI, p. 70.

207. See Graham: *Tory Criticism*, p. 23.
208. *Autobiography*, Vol. I, p. 241.
209. *Works*, Vol. VII, p. 121, and a few other places.
210. Vol. XXI, p. 125.
211. *Supra*, p. 214.
212. See Graham: *Tory Criticism*, pp. 40, 41.
213. Vol. I, p. lxiii, 1895.
214. Graham: *Tory Criticism*, p. 24.
215. *Vide supra*, p. 191.
216. *Works*, ed. by Lucas, Vol. IV, p. 218.
217. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 200.
218. *Quarterly*, Vol. XII, p. 100.
219. Dowden: *Correspondence of Southey with Caroline Bowles*, p. 71.
220. Warter, Vol. II, p. 393.
221. *Works*, Vol. VI, p. 452. Letter 203.
222. Aug. 21, 28, and Oct. 2.
223. *Works*, Vol. VI, p. 443. Letter 203.
224. *Tory Criticism*, p. 25.
225. *Works*, Vol. VI, pp. 492, 615.
226. A review in the *Quarterly*, Vol. XXVIII, p. 524.
227. In the preceding volume, XXVII, p. 110, Reed—*On Nervous Affections*.
228. *Works*, Vol. VII, p. 615.
229. Vol. VIII, Oct., 1823.
230. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 108.
231. *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. I, p. 198.
232. See Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 204, 259, *et al.*
233. *Ibid.*, I, p. 260.
234. That is, by the omission of Southey's friend's article, which he had sent to Murray for the *Quarterly*.
235. *Memoirs of John Murray*, vol. II, p. 160.
236. See Warter, Vol. III, pp. 335, 345. Two other things he objected to in the *Quarterly* at this time were its stand on the Catholic Emancipation question and its relations with Byron, which he thought disgraceful. Canning, and even Croker, were for the former; but Southey was dead against it.
237. *Ibid.*, p. 336.
238. *Ibid.*, p. 353.
239. *Ibid.*, p. 382, March 22, 1823.
240. *Ibid.*, p. 455.

241. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 162.

242. Warter, Vol. III, p. 455.

243. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 166.

244. *Ibid.*, p. 160.

245. C. G. Southey, *Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey* p. 428.

246. Wordsworth's *Works*, Vol. XI, p. 418.

247. Smiles, Vol. I, pp. 299–307.

248. *Quarterly*, Vol. VII, p. 172. See Coleridge's *Letters*, Vol. II, p. 605.

249. *Letters*, ed. by E. H. Coleridge, Vol. II, p. 697.

250. *Ibid.*, p. 676.

251. *Christabel* was reviewed in the *Edinburgh* by Hazlitt. Jeffrey himself wrote the note to the review of his *Biographia Literaria.* For *Christabel*, see Vol. XXVII, p. 58; for the *Biographia Literaria*, Vol. XXVIII, p. 488, and note (pp. 507–512), which was in answer to a note in *Biographia Literaria.*

252. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 177. Letter by R. W. Hay to the publisher Murray.

253. Cunningham in his edition of Gifford's Ben Jonson.

254. *Tory Criticism*, appendix.

255. Vol. II, pp. 671 and 497.

256. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 244.

257. *Ibid.*, p. 289.

258. *Journal*, Vol. I, pp. 340–343.

259. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 290.

260. *Memoirs of John Murray*, Vol. II, p. 159.

261. Lockhart, Vol. III, pp. 144–145.

262. *Quarterly*, Vol. XXI, p. 460.

263. Vol. XIX, p. 204.

264. Forman: *Letters of Keats*, pp. 105, 292 ff.

265. *Ibid.*, p. 405.

266. See *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, by Helen R. Angeli, pp. 120, 122, 124, *et al.;* and Medwin's *Life of Shelley*, pp. 2, 171, 225, *et al.*

267. *Life of Shelley*, p. 225.

268. Angeli: *Shelley and His Friends in Italy*, p. 124.

269. *Ibid.*, p. 228.

270. *Vide supra*, p. 119.

271. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 199.

272. *Charles James Fox*, A commentary on his life and character by W. S. Landor (London, 1907), ed. by Stephen Wheeler.
273. *Quarterly*, Vol. VIII, p. 86.
274. Vol. XXX, p. 508.
275. See Beattie: *Life of Campbell*, Vol. II, p. 110.
276. Vol. I, p. 241.
277. Vol. XI, p. 390.
278. *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 230, Dec. 1st.
279. *Ibid.*, p. 246.
280. *Vide supra*, p. 147.
281. *Memoirs*, Vol. II, p. 329, and Vol. V, p. 154.
282. *Quarterly*, Vol. IX, p. 207.
283. Haward: *Selected Essays* (1879), Vol. I, p. 99.
284. *Rogers and His Contemporaries*, Vol. I, p. 557.
285. *Rogers' Table Talk*, p. 151, note.
286. *Rogers and His Contemporaries*, Vol. I, p. 122.
287. *Quarterly*, Vol. XI, p. 428.
288. *Rogers' Table Talk*, p. 151, note.
289. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 347.
290. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 6.
291. Vol. XXV, p. 50.
292. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 158.
293. Dowden: *Life of Shelley*, Vol. II, p. 118.
294. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 18.
295. *Ibid.*, p. 35.
296. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 342.
297. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 32.
298. *Ibid.*, p. 143.
299. Smiles, Vol. I, p. 176.
300. Smiles, Vol. II, p. 48.
301. *Ibid.*, p. 176.
302. See Smiles, Vol. I, p. 109.
303. *Quarterly Review*, Vol. CI (1909), p. 422.

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